

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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## MALAY DAYS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

### I

I SQUATTED cooliewise on a fallen tree-trunk, poised gingerly on my toes, for the leaves about me were all aquiver with hungry leeches. Behind me was the rose-covered dâk bungalow on the crest of the Malay mountain range.<sup>1</sup> In the compound the mail-lorry smoked and snorted and resented every attention which the Chinaboy mechanic paid to the reluctant engine. Before me, and far beyond intervening valleys, stretched the bamboos and tree-ferns of the Pahang hinterland, whither I was bound.

At this very moment, across the ranges, far to the eastward of my fallen tree, a sultan and his court and nobility, armed with kris and knife, and clad in silks and satins of rose and blue and emerald, were making their way slowly to the central square of their town, eager to begin the day of top-spinning. Nearer to my dâk, close under the lofty jungled heights, deep within a blind, hanging valley, six white men weltered in the stifling heat and planned the impossible — the combatting of virulent cholera among superstitious Malays. And still nearer

were wild men of the mountains, Sakais, almost monkey-like in their life, and wandering lepers with dissolving surfaces which once were faces.

And in the same country with all these people whose lives were respectively so incongruous, so hopelessly altruistic, and so pitifully hopeless, threading the bamboos and the tree-ferns, were wonderful pheasants, indescribable argus, and green peacocks in flocks. These I sought, and of these alone I thought as the hectic horn of the mail-motor gave forth a cracked, blatant blast. I rose, flicked off a few threadlike leeches hastening over my puttees, and made my way back to the dâk compound, the little level acre balanced on the shoulders of the mountain pass, filled with roses and the odor of burning oil and ill-mixed gasoline. Kuala Lipis is very near to one's visualization of Hades, so it was appropriate that the mail-lorry should always arrive in weltering heat, with blistered rubber tires and boiling engine.

Far behind, as we left the higher altitudes, the last tree-ferns and bamboos disappeared, and here we found dense jungle tangles, warped and woofed with thorny rotans and climbing canes,

<sup>1</sup> For an account of an earlier part of this trip see 'From Sea to Mountain-Top in Malaysia,' in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1918.

while every open spot was self-sown with coarse elephant grass.

From the small shadow of the dāk veranda I looked through the glaring heat across to a few scattered hospital buildings. A dozen yards down the white dusty road was the single store, and behind was the inevitable clubhouse. Beyond these, in all directions, rose the irregular heights of mountains, admitting two small rivers but no air or coolness. The heat and humidity seemed to gather in trembling waves over the steep jungle-slopes, and all day to roll downward, making of Kuala Lipis a furnace, a nerve-destroying place of dust and silence. Two dozen Malays, a scattering of Chinese, and six white people existed in this valley cauldron.

At daybreak a chorus of dyal birds awakened me, and the distant crow of a wild jungle-cock brought me to my feet with a leap. Then came a dismal clank of iron links, and a half-dozen convicts, all lugging balls and chains, filed up, under an armed Sikh guard, and proceeded to do chambermaid, janitor, and gardener duty. It was an experience worthy of this weird Malay land to have one's room swept by a leering, villainous-mouthed Chinese murderer, with his ball rolling about the floor after him, and getting tangled in bed-legs and chair-legs. Finally, laden with garbage and weeds, the anvil chorus died away in the distance. Later, we saw two members of the gang painfully rolling the tennis-court, carrying their iron balls over their shoulders so as not to damage the court.

I made a short, unsuccessful trip to the jungle, and returned well torn by thorns and with no hint of pheasants heard or seen. Then I called on the three white men, made arrangements to go down river on the government houseboat, and was invited to a formal dinner the coming evening. I shall

never forget that entertainment — because of its sincere hospitality, its discomfort, and the element of tragedy which ever played and flickered so near the surface. In breathless heat we donned full evening dress, and soon there arrived the half-broken rickshaw which was the only vehicle Kuala Lipis possessed. By dint of one man pulling and another pushing, we accomplished a hundred yards or so, and then had to walk the rest of the way through dense reeds to the house of the Government Agent. The air was still and saturated. Crickets chirped, and once an elephant trumpeted far in the distance. The smoking lantern covered the narrow path with a tapestry of shooting lights and shadows. Once the pulling convict shied, and we stood still while a big black cobra undulated slowly away into the reeds.

We dined on a full-course English dinner, with heating alcoholic drinks, waited on by a quartette of turbaned Indians, with the perspiration pouring down their shining faces. The lamps were gratefully dim, the servants stood silent as ghosts. The atmosphere was tense with an undercurrent of racked nerves. We had heard rumors of nerve-broken men, and we found only four of the six white people to greet us. Something, and something petty and unreasonable, had kept the other man and woman away.

All knew that a deadly epidemic of cholera was surely working its way up river, and preparation for this added to the ghastly climatic and isolated conditions of their daily life. The sight of evening dress brought the memory of the outside world vividly to mind and intensified the terrible trials of this breathless hell. First one, then another, snapped out angrily from time to time, then looked ashamed but never apologized; that would have been to recognize the deadly overwrought nerves,

which must not be spoken of. The strain of the breaking-point rose and fell, throbbing like the heat-waves. Once a man smashed in and flatly disputed an assertion. For five minutes there was silence heavy with embarrassment and attempts at control. The only sounds were the pattering of the Malay's feet over the split bamboo, and the squeaking of the punkah-rope, dim jungle sounds, and the rustling of a gecko or snake in the roof. Then I spoke of some casual thing in the outside world, and all leaped hysterically to answer; someone swore at a servant, and again the thread of normal conversation was mended. They begged us to talk, talk, of the coast, of Singapore, of England; but the conversation always settled back to cholera. A woman decided — and changed her mind three times in two courses — to clear out to Kuala Lumpur, then to stick by her husband.

The club was a cheery little building, which gave an impression of coolness that its thermometer refused to second. There were old magazines, an interesting little library, a tennis-court a bit weedy and aslant, and a fifty-yard golf-course, besides an abundance of whiskey and soda-pop. When I visited it next day, I found three Englishwomen — the two who had dined with us the night before, and a third reading by herself.

The third day fever descended quickly upon me, and as the white physicians had gone down river in an attempt to head off the cholera, I sent for the Bengali doctor left in charge of the hospital. He took several hours to dress up in honor of attending a white Sahib, and appeared with hair shining with grease and a collar and necktie, whereas Kuala Lipis etiquette demanded only an undervest. With him he brought a large, black, locked bag, as shining as his hair. From this he took a pair of goggles, and

began a series of questions more appropriate to the victim of a census-taker than to a fever-stricken Sahib. I lost patience at this juncture, and demanded a certain definite specific which my kit lacked. Rather crestfallen, from the very bottom of the bag he fished out the powders I wished, and when he went to mix them, my sense of humor and curiosity overcame my excess of temperature, and I opened the bag and found that it was empty. My specific had exhausted the dusky physician's resources. It was true Bengali philosophy — an inverted Christian Science!

## II

After another day, the Kuala Lipis cauldron began actually to steam; for the monsoon set in and rain came down in torrents all night and was drawn up again through the heated air all day. My fever vanished, and in spite of dismal warnings I got my possessions aboard the tiny houseboat and stretched out full length in my water-line berth, waiting for the retinue of servants-of-all-nations who were at the village bar, absorbing cholera medicine. As I rested, dabbling my hand in the tepid, muddy stream, the houseboat swung out a little, leaving a ribbon of open water between me and the shore. This tiny separation gave me sudden perspective. For the past week I had been in this fever-ridden station and of it. Now, as if the six inches of water which separated us had been as many hundred miles, I saw these splendid British men and women in the true perspective of their terrible isolation: their pluck in preparing for the oncoming fight against cholera, their holding true to the best traditions of their race. I remembered the justice and fairness of government of tiny Indian villages, of Burmese hinterland hamlets, of Sarawak Dyaks, and I thanked God

that, next to my own country, I could claim blood-relationship with and loyalty to the other great English-speaking people.

Cleopatra was addicted to house-boating of sorts, and she was supreme in beauty, tact, and courage; house-boating gave freest play to Mark Twain's humor; Moses knew the delights of quiet drifting through reeds and rushes, and great wisdom was his portion. Whenever I go a-houseboating, — and I go whenever I can, — I also attain supremacy — in contentment. Volplaning earthwards from eight-thousand-foot levels, running before a steady breeze in a catamaran — these are smooth, efficient, but tense methods of progress. But to lie in canoe or houseboat and let the current of some stream drift you where it will is a mastery of relaxation. You become a veritable corpuscle in an artery of Mother Earth, one with the drifting leaves all about, and a worthy member of the little company which acquires merit at the shrine of kindly Jabim.

When tearing across the face of the earth in a train, or surging ahead in a great steamer, I usually have a boding feeling of finality: this little farmhouse or that crow-dotted clump of trees I shall surely never see again; the distant island must be dropping irrevocably below the horizon. Drifting, however, engenders a peculiarly optimistic frame of mind; I am complacently confident of coming cycles; I am conscious of a close spiral of reincarnation. Like the drops of water which support and drift with me, I pass mighty tacubas and fallen trees, masses of brilliant bloom and peering monkeys, with a satisfied conviction that, like the drops of water, I shall again return to drift down this stream, and again rejoice in all its beauty and mystery.

So, when my motley crew was gathered, I gave Matsam, the Malay cap-

tain, orders to drift, not paddle. But even when the six inches of open water between boat and shore had increased to as many yards, I found that I was still within the British sphere of kindly influence, and the District Officer ran down and tossed across to me a big green hand-grenade-looking thing, shouting that he had just picked it from his garden — the biggest cucumber ever grown in Malaysia.

If there was a Lloyd's rating of house-boats, my craft would occupy an intermediate position. It was far superior to an ark of bulrushes, daubed with slime and pitch; but, on the other hand, it was not of beaten gold, or provided either with silver oars, or purple, perfumed sails. But the Strander, as I called it, from its chief occupation, had a jolly little cabin amidships, with storeroom and kitchen aft, and men's deck and paddling-space forward. Overhead was a tiny awninged nook just large enough for a steamer-chair; while over the storeroom sat the captain, with a tiller-end which wandered aimlessly but effectively down and back to a rudder far below.

My cabin was a magic cabin; and just as magicians of old wrought their spells by necromantic passes, so I controlled the metamorphosis of my cabin by posture. When I lay in my bunk it was bedroom, when I sat up, my head boy Aladdin wafted in a tiny table from somewhere, and it became dining-room. With the curtains lowered, I stood and leaned over my various trays and graduates, and my cabin became dark-room. And finally, when my *rookha* chair was brought and an erring member of the crew summoned, the dignity of a courtroom descended upon the lowly little place.

So began days of drifting, and never in my experience was a crew more enthusiastic about a mode of travel. Only for occasional meals and more fre-



quent strandings did they break their slumber. One of them I doomed to stand continual watch because he snored unpleasantly. I could not find the Malay word for snore, so to this day he never knows why I picked on him. An extra allowance of pay, however, palliated my linguistic ignorance. Even if I could have made my motive clear, I should have been in difficulty; for another paddler also snored, but in a minor, inoffensive key, his timbre and rhythm partaking of the quality of natural sounds around us. In fact, for several days I mistook his *ronflement* for the sound of a gentle wind, or water rippling beneath the bow.

Day after day I drifted down the Jelai, sometimes stranding on a sandbar, which would be so interesting that I spent the day. At evening we would tie up to an overhanging branch beyond the reach of mosquitos and leeches, and swing slowly at the hest of wind and current. In the heart of one of the wildest regions of the world, with elephants and tigers, fierce black leopards, and equally dangerous wild cattle in the surrounding forest, it was a joy to lie in pyjamas full length in my bunk in the cool air, dabbling my hand in the water, and listening to the night sounds of the Malay jungle. My dabbling was intermittent and rather conscious, and always on the shore side of the boat, for crocodiles were too abundant in mid-stream to permit of carelessness, although I had just taken a plunge and a good swim.

I clapped twice, and my Cinghalese boy Aladdin appeared with a lime-squash; and as I sipped it, I thought of envious friends at home. But I wondered how many of them would have enjoyed earning this luxurious hour by the day's tramp through swamps, crawling through leech-infested thorn thickets, with heat and gnats and crackling leaves hindering the noise-

less approach to a flock of peafowl, or a solitary argus, or a family of peacock pheasants. Only aching muscles and excited memory of new facts achieved could make perfect the enjoyment of such an evening.

From the front of the boat came the sound of low, minor singing, my Malay paddlers droning weird falsetto songs or sleepily chanting proverbs in turn. A great fish, perhaps crocodile-chased, leaped frantically into the air, so close that a shower of drops fell on me. From a long distance away came two sounds, low and of short duration, but powerful in their appeal to the imagination: the brazen trumpet of an elephant and the penetrating cry of a male argus pheasant on its dancing-ground. Then arose a muffled, palpitating series of vocal waves, which rolled in, rising higher, clearing to a crisp utterance, and finally reaching the full swell and power of a rollicking chorus of wa-was or gibbons — great ape-like monkeys which fill the Malay jungles with the exuberance of their emotions.

No imaginable sound would seem less fitted to the wilderness — it was so unsophisticated, so youthful, so full of joy and laughter. It recalled the words of Dunsany's frightened Man: 'Rock should not walk. . . . Rock should not walk in the evening.' And here in my swaying houseboat I listened and said over and over again, 'Children should not laugh in the jungle. — They should not laugh in the jungle at night.'

At last the wa-was died down to a low, sleepy mumbling, with now and then an individual, ringing, staccato whoop, like the final dying flares of the fire-music. Soothed and rested, I turned over and had almost found slumber, when I heard a suspicious swashing forward. I sat up, reached for the electric light which lay with my revolver, and leaning far out over the water,

suddenly flashed it along the boat. There was the villainous Chinaboy cook in sharp silhouette, washing a handful of forks, knives, and spoons in the river. I leaned back and clapped for Aladdin.

'Bring cookie, lantern, pail of boiling water, dishes.'

'Going, marster.'

Cookie appeared and salaamed, rather yellow-white and trembling; Aladdin's eyes were big with excitement.

'I told him always cook spoons.' (Aladdin always allied himself with the side of right early in any dramatic situation.)

'On your knees, cookie, and wash each fork carefully in boiling water.' (This he had been told to do at the beginning of the trip.)

'If ever not do so again, will throw overboard to crocodiles.'

Cookie, whiter, mumbles to Aladdin, who whispers officiously aside, 'Tink will never do again, marster' (as one Supreme Court Justice confers with another).

Each night afterward, however, there occurred the rite of 'visible spoon-washing.' Often I would not be there, but would come in from the jungle to find cookie on his knees washing to an empty cabin; and once, coming softly, I surprised Aladdin, sitting in my rookha chair, receiving the obeisance of the ritual in solemn state. He was extolling 'Marster's' lenience in not throwing cookie to the crocodiles; so I pretended not to see him, and, coughing, gave him a chance to seem making ready the bed for the night, although the clothes were already turned down.

With dead cholera victims floating past, children and others, and two hundred cases dying down river out of every two hundred, I dared take no risk. Our drink was the universal Japanese mineral water Tan-san, or thrice-boiled river water.

### III

Another evening and its following day — the day of peacocks — stand out even among a month of wonderful Malay days. We tied up in some unknown reach of the Pahang on a moonless evening, when men came softly and, talking to my boatmen, wished to be hired. I needed some extra help, so called ashore to engage three. Before I slept I looked out and tried to pierce the blackness; but the jungle rose, a solid wall of jet, sending to my strained senses only an occasional fragrant wave of perfume from nocturnal blossoms, a shrill monotone of insect, or the sinister sighing of some small animal. Once a half-submerged tree drifted past, scraping the sides with its withered foliage, and flicking off a beautiful tree-cricket, which awakened me by crawling over my face. After its capture the night passed quietly.

To wake in a tent, open the flaps, and look out is good; to sit up in one's blanket cocoon in a hammock and see the jungle dawn is better; but best of all is opening one's eyes in a houseboat bunk, and without further movement seeing water and jungle and sky, and the exciting early morning doings of fish, crocodiles, birds, and monkeys. One feels as yet unburdened with a human frame; and for an hour I am only a pair of disembodied eyes, which search and record, begrudging even the interruption of winks, and viewing all through fresh-colored sidewise vision.

As one wakes slowly from slumber, so came the dawn, gradually, in these tropical lowlands. The glare of the sudden leap of the sun above the horizon was dimmed, delayed, diluted, by the thick morning mist — mist whose grayness I loved to think of as the exact shade of 'elephant's breath.' As I looked out over the side of the boat, the swift current became more and more

distinct through the fog, which drifted slowly downward like a sluggish, aerial river flowing gently over the denser one below. As the light grew and the mist lifted and frayed upward, a brown line quartered the fore-glow in the sky and masses of foliage took shape and color beyond the sand-banks. Here and there white-barked trunks gleamed like ghosts; the saturated air was heavy with the odor of plume-blossoms, and the eddies were filled with their petals. A pair of great hornbills crossed high overhead, hidden by cloud-mist, but registering every wing-beat in a loud, deep, *whoof! whoof!* Bulbuls burst into song, drongos sent down their hoarse cries from the tree-tops, with showers of drops which pattered on my cabin roof.

Another veil of mist was drawn aside, and I sat up, breathless and tense, for on a sand-bar up-river and up-wind four great black forms became dimly visible — giant, statuesque *sladang*, the biggest bull standing at least six feet at the shoulder. Even against the pale sand their cream-colored stockings showed clearly, and their magnificent curved horns lay far back as they stood with nostrils outstretched toward me, striving to make out by sight what the wind refused to explain. We seemed harmless — some huge tree stranded during the night; but with wilderness folk, vague suspicion is interpreted as proved danger, and the wonderful jungle cattle, still headed our way, moved slowly through the shallows around and behind an arm of foliage.

The other end of the sand-bar held for me even greater interest. Resting my stereo glasses on the edge of the bunk, I was fairly in the midst of five green peafowl. They had me under surveillance, but were too confident of their powers to think of leaving. Two had sweeping trains which cleared the damp sand as they walked. Now and then a bird stood quite erect and flapped

his wings vigorously, to rid the feathers of excess of moisture. I could even see the others shake their heads as the drops flew over them. Two young of the year were very active, running about, chasing one another, or stopping to scratch among the gravel.

A passing log drew the attention of the peafowl, and they all stood motionless, watching it, until they were certain it was wood, not crocodile. The sun shone brightly for a moment, and the mists swirled away, showing distant hills. Peal after peal of rollicking laughter came from a family of serious-faced *wa-was*. Then a rush of wind and fog blotted out the sun, and a sudden shower pitted the smooth water. From the depths of this renewed twilight rang the piercing, unrestrained cry of a wild peacock; and when I plunged in and swam swiftly to the bar, I found only tracks — cloven and tripartite — to hint of the rare vision which this fortunate dawn offered to me.

Returning, I clapped for breakfast and prepared for a long day's matching of my poor senses and wood-craft against those of the wary peafowl. I went ashore and was balancing my ammunition, when a face suddenly appeared, more horrible than any beast, more inhuman than the lowest monkey. It was but the memory of a face, and should have belonged to a corpse long since buried; but, instead, it surmounted a living, well-made body. Then I saw three men, and realized that I had engaged, 'sight unseen,' three lepers. I gave them money and food and sent them on their way swiftly, with Aladdin to escort them well beyond the limits of our explorations — a duty over which he was not enthusiastic.

This horrible shock, together with a brief but sharp return of fever, made that forenoon a nerve-fashioned mirage. I felt the change as soon as I was within the hot, steaming shade. The

heat and humidity pressed upon me like material substance. I listened, yet dreaded to hear sounds, fearing them only less than the endless silence which framed them. When I squatted on a log, the rhythm of the hosts of advancing leeches would sometimes seem to merge into a thousand endless, undulating lines of vermin, closing in on all sides, and the feel of their measured loopings on neck or wrist or hat-rim was almost unendurable. The windless *shush, shush* of leaves under their combined movement increased, until it became a veritable bellowing. Once I stood up and fired both barrels of my gun into the tree-tops, and for a while my mind cleared. Then I watched a small python stalking a lizard—watched without interest, until I realized that I was observing a real tragedy and not a heat-induced mirage of the mind.

I longed to return, but knew I must not. I could not give in to this terror of jungle things which usually aroused only interest. Then came the climax. I had the chance of my life, — ten peacocks at close range, — and for a while was pulling myself together, when I fairly screamed and dropped my gun, leaping from my hiding-place and climbing ten feet into a tree tenanted by fire-ants, in a trembling sweat of fear. A tiny squirrel — one of the little dwarfs scarcely as long as one's hand — had jumped on my back, and I had reacted as from the charge of a buffalo.

The fever seemed simultaneously to have broken, and although weak and dizzy, I set out to achieve something definite before I gave in and returned to my bunk. The peacocks had taken refuge in distant, tall dead trees, high above the jungle; and clearing my neck and ankles of the abominable leeches, I began a stalk. I shifted my firing lever to the third, a rifle-barrel, and changed the .303 soft-nose to a steel-jacket. Only occasionally could I see my bird,

a beauty in full plumage, who shared the bleached, lightning-struck giant with a trio of courting drongos. I dared not approach too close, and the last twenty yards I crept forward from the blind side, from which the bird's head was hidden by a splintered branch. When I first aimed, the gun-barrel wavered like wheat in the wind; but after sitting quietly for a few moments, I felt myself steadying, I thought of lime-squashes to come, and fired. The bird leaped a yard or two into the air, then spread wings and train and came down in a veritable tail-spin which awoke shuddering memories. Marking down the compass direction, I stepped heedlessly forward and went myself into a nose-dive of sorts. I fell and fell, and ended in a shower of sparks of physical pain. I had stepped off the edge of a sheer bank into a hidden gully, and hung suspended in mid-air in a cruel netting of rotan thorns. There was still eight feet more to solid ground, and for fifteen memorable minutes I was the plaything of gravitation and all the needle-thorns in the world. Every strand of barbed wire which I cut would gain me a few inches of descent and a score more scratches. I could only defend my eyes with handkerchief-wrapped hand, as I descended that awful round of purgatory, and rested at last, leech-regardless, on the wet moss.

Retrieving my gun, I was fortunate enough to find my bird on the second circle cast; and taking it under my arm, with the jeweled train streaming far behind, I trudged slowly back. I am sure that old-fashioned cupping and bleeding must have miraculous powers, for between the leeches and the thorns I had been thoroughly treated, and no ill effects followed. The following day I had to rest; but when again I made my way through this same jungle, I saw it only as a place of wonder, of keen delight, and of deepest interest.

# THE MENACE OF THE WORLD

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

## I

STANDING, as I stand, in the capital of Europe, — Paris, — I sweep my eyes round from this centre and I see about me a world which dances and makes merry in the midst of death and destruction and the menace of to-morrow. America is beyond my vision; and it may be held that in some respects the materiality which has gripped America is different — America, at any rate, is not a great graveyard. But although the immediate consequences of the war are not so terrible as in Europe, and although on your side of the Atlantic it can be urged that there is no special reason for sitting tight on the chest of Pleasure, still, all the reports that reach me make it clear that the symptoms are the same. There is a new world-disease; an epidemic that spreads from red Moscow to gaunt Vienna, to hectic Paris, to morbid Berlin, to London lively as a galvanized corpse, out to the Balkans (even Constantinople is aflush), and right to the States.

The diagnosis of the malady is not difficult. There is, first, this crazy seeking after artificial amusements, generally of an unpleasant kind; there is a love of display that runs to the utmost eccentricity; there is a wave of criminality; there is an unscrupulous profiteering, a cynical disregard of suffering, a mad desire to get rich quickly, no matter by what means; and there is a reluctance to do any genuine work. You can visit any capital, and you will find these characteristic stigmata. This

pathological condition is certainly the legacy of war. Men's mental outlook has changed. Those who were sober, industrious citizens, content to rear up their families and to walk usefully and humbly in the world, are now stricken by the wild notion of having a 'good time'; a good time that means the easy earning of questionable money, its prodigal dispersal, forgetfulness of the family, non-production of necessities, hopeless confusion and incompetence, which affects private as well as governmental persons, and a lowering of moral values, a debasing of intellect.

It is a gloomy picture which I paint; and at once I wish to make the proviso that it must not be taken to represent the whole truth. There is much that is sound in present-day society; and if, as in the Bible story, the whole city might be saved for a handful of righteous men, then there are certainly still enough healthy elements to save civilization. Let not this study of the post-war Europe prevent anyone from lending a helping hand: on the contrary, this sickness is such that we should tackle it in ourselves and in our neighbors, lest it complete its deadly work, and our world as we knew it collapse in rotteness. At any rate, I am not writing with the desire of condemning, but only of describing and analyzing a specific trouble which is more contagious than influenza and worse in its consequences than the plague that our marvelous hygienic methods suppressed on the battlefield.



It is a year and a half since the war ended, and we have not yet settled down. We have hardly begun to put our house in order. To have expected that we should instantly drop the sword and put our hand to a ready-made ploughshare, would have been too much. We had to have a breathing-space after the conflict. It was natural to indulge in a joy-burst. There had to be an interregnum. But what is really surprising is that the transitional period has lasted so long — or, to speak more correctly, that a sort of No-Man's Time, before the transitional period, should have lasted so long. What was inevitable for a moment becomes alarming when protracted. A passing fever was nothing; but a chronic St. Vitus's dance is deplorable.

One may well ask at the outset whether these phenomena come out of a new permanent philosophy, — the philosophy of the fool who said in his heart, 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!' — or whether they are a prelude to an energetic resumption of work — a mere general holiday for mankind. Probably both explanations are partly true. There are many folk in the old world who have given way to a sort of despair, a despair that does not manifest itself in weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, but rather in a determined gayety. If there is really nothing to hope for, they seem to say; if the reconstruction of a ruined continent is impossible, or at least painfully slow; if we who possess a little wealth, or who can make a little wealth, are at the perpetual mercy of an ever-threatening revolution or of a constantly menacing economic chaos; if in a month or a year we shall be beggared, struggling desperately for dear life in the vortex, then let us enjoy ourselves while we may. Do not let us worry about what may be. 'After us,' as Louis XV cried, 'the deluge!'

This spirit accounts for much. So does the pure holiday spirit. At first holiday-making was legitimate. Everybody who remembers his school-days, or who even remembers his last vacation, knows how hard it is to take up the task again. Discipline has been broken. Routine has been disturbed. We take another and another day before we begin. Those who have been in the army will realize that army training is the worst preparation for normal life that can be imagined. Even on the front there was a strange mixture of laziness, hardships, and rigorous discipline. It is good to escape the discipline; but its removal after we have been accustomed to it for so long, after we have lost our initiative, leaves us at a loose end, drives us by reaction into undisciplined ways. As for the hardships, we consider that we are entitled to taste the sweeter, more luxurious things; and we go on tasting them beyond measure. Nobody in the army worried about the next day. Nobody worried to work more than was necessary. If one was not sure of life, one was sure of the necessities of life.

When it is considered that the bulk of the man-power on the Continent was subjected to this enervating, demoralizing régime for years, the clue to much of the present discontent is found. There have arisen out of this long habit of soldiering, out of what I may call the military philosophy of heedlessness, — unconcern for human life, one's own and the enemy's; disregard of property, one's own and one's neighbors'; disregard for the sanctity of women, disregard of time and eternity, — a philosophy essentially material, — there have arisen a hundred social evils, which can be eradicated only if we recognize the causes and if we apply ourselves resolutely to the cure.

For the civilians also everything has been dislocated, and it is not easy for

them to find themselves again. Continuity has been broken. All is in the melting-pot. The old landmarks have vanished. People were torn up by the roots. Their habits were shattered. Their beliefs were destroyed. Their very soul was melted in the fiery furnace of war, and moulded and twisted into new shapes. To straighten it back will be a prodigious feat. They have trampled on their religion. They have abandoned those good prejudices which kept society together. They have become cynical and selfish. If I were asked what is the most conspicuous trait of the modern man and woman in Europe, I should unhesitatingly reply — Egoism. The instinct of the hive has gone. We are indifferent to what happens to others. The only person who matters is one's self.

What! you will cry; surely, if the war did anything for Europe, it taught people to think and act in the mass and not as individuals. It made nationalities where nationalities did not exist, and it strengthened nationalities where nationalities were disappearing. It gave everyone a clear-cut sense that he belonged to a particular country. He was not any longer his own man: he was part of the hive. Nay, more: it awoke a new sense of international solidarity. Mankind came to realize that the ego was not sufficient, that the nation was not enough, that the individual was of no importance and must be sacrificed in the common cause, without hesitation and without regret. And since then surely it has been borne in upon all men who think, that not only the fortunes and the misfortunes of their friends and the friends of their country matter greatly to them, but also that the *bonheur* and the *malheur* of their late foes cannot be ignored. Surely the simple truth that the world is one and indivisible has penetrated into the universal conscience. The Gospel

of solidarity has been preached as never before, and who so dull as to be deaf to the formidable voice of strident facts?

That indeed was my hope, as it was the hope of all men of good-will around the globe. It was the doctrine that was inherent in Mr. Wilson's messages, that permeated his declared policy, and that really did thrill the world — the eloquent enunciation of an old truth ever new. What was the Society of Nations in its inception but an endeavor to erect the new church and to found the new religion of mankind — a religion in which there should be no distinction between Jew and Gentile, no distinction between friend and foe; a religion that would give us an intense consciousness, not of ourselves, but of our kind?

Alas! whatever may happen to the projected Society of Nations as an institution, it is certain that the first fine rapture is over, and that, except for a comparatively few earnest spirits, altruism, the human religion, even, to express it in more material terms, the instinct of the hive, is dead; and that for the majority of men the practical creed of life is 'Everyone for himself and the Devil take the hindmost!' Never was Carlyle's image of a basket of serpents, each struggling to get its head above the rest, so expressively precise a picture of humanity as it is to-day.

## II

It is not my purpose to discuss the economic and the financial condition of Europe. Yet it has obviously a considerable bearing upon this 'immorality,' — as it has been called by M. Merrheim, a prominent French syndicalist, — which is submerging society. He used the word 'immorality' in a somewhat special sense. He meant, rather, materiality. Now Merrheim has always been looked upon as an advanced revolutionary. He is one of those working-

class leaders who want to transform the world in a hurry. His sympathies are naturally with the bottom dog. He has, with the view of benefiting the laborer, engineered more strikes and preached more violent revolt than, perhaps, any other man. Yet this revolutionary, surveying the situation, watching strike after strike explode like so many mines around him, suddenly grew disgusted and disheartened, suddenly saw that a strike or a revolution that was inspired by no ideal was useless, nay, was disastrous.

What did he discover? He discovered that there was an eternal demand for higher wages and less work. He had always stood for that. Should he not then be pleased at the success of his propaganda? Ah, but he had personally looked upon higher wages and less work, not as an end in itself, but as a means to an end — the giving of an opportunity to the workers to uplift themselves. For him the revolutionary spirit was not a claim to so many dollars or francs or pounds a day. However mistaken he might be, he sincerely aimed at the regeneration of society. Hard cash was not for him a rallying cry. When he finds that the movement has been graveled in the sands of mercenary calculations, he is disillusioned, and utters this bitter cry that the working classes, from whom he had hoped so much, had merely entered a get-rich-quick competition with the other classes. That, he said, — and I think the warning is memorable, — is immoral.

For one who has always fought on the side of the oppressed, as I in my humble way have done, it is indeed depressing to feel that behind all these strikes and threats of strikes there is no generous impulse, there is no spiritual stirring. It is all cold materialism. One would like to feel that at least the people, the good little people, were free from this prevailing fault of profiteer-

ing and money-grabbing. It is not so. There is no dim aspiration toward better things. The people have merely taken pattern from the contractors, from the crowd of those who buy and sell at exorbitant profits, and who are frankly unscrupulous. The manufacturer sells at a swindling price because he has had to deal with governments which took no heed of money, or which had officials who were corrupt. And the worker demands his share of the swag. Labor, like leather, is something on which a profit can be made.

What is worse is that in France, in England, in Germany, in Poland, the worker wants to dodge his work. That he should get a high price is permissible. That he should try to escape his obligations is another matter. He thinks no shame if he does not deliver the goods. He is in exactly the same moral position as the grocer who mixes sand with his sugar. I think it may honestly be said that the worker is the last to succumb to this spirit of greed. Now the circle of social immorality is practically complete, and all grades, from the Paris landlord who has doubled his rent because there are not enough houses, the contractor who deliberately supplies shoddy material, the shopkeeper who cheats and robs his customers as a habit, down to the workman who demands the highest possible pay for the least possible work, are doing their best to live at one another's expense.

The forcing-up of wages means the forcing-up of prices, and the forcing-up of prices means a new clamor for higher wages; and so we are all chasing each other round as a dog chases his tail. It is an endless vicious circle. What has happened is that during the war governments cared nothing about prices — they bought utterly regardless of expense; contractors quickly acquired the habit of robbing the State, and workers naturally claimed a share in this

fictitious prosperity. Now the burden of debt has grown intolerable. Paper money has been issued until it has become in large part worthless. But nobody seems to care as long as they have money, — lots of money, — which signifies very little. It is a house of cards which may be piled up so high that it will crash down. But my immediate point is that this indifference to former values has had a lamentable moral effect on all sections of the community. I do not know how many people nowadays read Rousseau's *Social Contract*. What is certain is that very few people have any notion that they owe anything to society. Their own part of the bargain is shirked, and, indeed, there are governments which are corrupt and effete and only carry on because 'things will last their time.'

Let me relate a significant little fact which will show how the social sense has — inevitably — decayed. While conditions remain so uncertain, it is hard to expect people to remember that the future of their country depends upon the repopulation of their country. Social students in France long ago bewailed the egotism which was at the bottom of the falling birthrate. Today the evil is intensified. A people which deliberately refuses to bring children into the world is on the slippery slope. Only in half a dozen departments in France does the birth-rate exceed the death-rate; and it is estimated that, what with killed and disabled, the excessive mortality among the civilian population, the absence of husbands from home, and the reluctance to marry during the war, there are six or seven million fewer French people than there would normally have been.

That, as I say, is natural enough: it could now be remedied to some extent. But while there is an official propaganda in favor of larger families; while the refusal to procreate, the ap-

palling frequency of abortions consciously brought about, — ask any hospital doctor or nurse: you will learn amazing things, — are giving great anxiety; while even the new President has been chosen partly because he has three children instead of being childless like so many of his predecessors; while there is, on the one hand, this serious effort to get to grips with the thing that will bring France down to the rank of a second-rate nation, there is, on the other hand, a propaganda in the music-halls in the opposite sense.

Whenever I want to know what the people think, I go to the café-concerts, I listen to the songs, and I note what sentiments are the most popular. Thus I recently went to three entertainments in the haunts of the people — one at Montparnasse, another at Montmartre and another on the Boulevard Sebastopol. At these three places I heard the same song uproariously applauded. It was a counter-blast to the propaganda for more babies. It pointed out that life is dear, that wars are not yet ended; and it represented the folly of bringing into the world infants who might be unhappy. Not a voice was raised against these unpatriotic declarations. For myself, I will not venture to discuss the morality or logic of the song; what I am concerned with is to show that the sentiment of social duty in this respect is dead. I confess that it came upon me as a shock to have this proof of a new after-war spirit which makes mock of those sentiments of solidarity that certainly did prevail during the strife.

Yet I cannot be surprised when I consider how sore have been the trials. You can demand only a certain effort; and when, after a tremendous test of strength, national selfishness is rampant, cynicism is a disease in the bones of the rulers, profiteering and international injustices are open, then for the masses to have different ideals is impossible.

## III

The New Rich constitute a rottenness in the marrow of civilization, and the rottenness must affect all the members. In England there have been some partial revelations of the colossal profits made, not only by private individuals, but even by the government, which made a corner in wool. I will only briefly, by way of illustration, repeat facts, some of which have already appeared in the newspapers.

The Central Profiteering Commission, which was set up to inquire into the allegations, — one was that profits had been made by the worsted spinners of as much as 3200 per cent, — in its interim report states that, whereas the spinners were allowed by the War Office to make one penny per pound profit, they are now making thirty-three pence. One of the comparative tables prepared by the Committee of Inquiry shows profits seventeen or eighteen times higher than that provided for in the War Office conversion prices. In other cases profits ranging from a shilling to three and sevenpence per pound have been made, instead of one penny, twopence, or, at most threepence, allowed on the carefully prepared costings system of the Army Contracts Department. On thirty-three qualities fully one half show a profit of over two shillings per pound, instead of the 'fair price' of twopence.

The cotton factories of Lancashire have not scrupled to make the most scandalous gains. Take one case: before the war it earned \$40,000 a year in profits. With the war it reached \$200,000, then \$300,000, then \$600,000; and last year netted \$2,000,000! No wonder it is so difficult to clothe one's self! We have the strange paradox of factories prospering as never before, and their products being almost inaccessible to the ordinary person. The spec-

ulation in shares is amazing. Shares in one instance were bought at \$5 and sold at \$50; in another, bought at \$15 and sold at \$100. So great is the rush, that a new company had a capital of \$1,000,000 subscribed before it could be registered. The 'stink of brass,' to use a local expression, is everywhere. Need I repeat that this prosperity is inflated and fictitious, and one day there will be a dreadful bursting of the bubble? Some will clear out in time, rich men; many others will be ruined.

While we look upon this picture of men scrambling to get rich, we cannot but remember the bankruptcy into which so many European countries are falling. How far the rate of exchange is influenced by American speculation, as is alleged in Europe, I do not personally know, and it is certainly not my purpose to discuss American affairs. But it is obvious that American prosperity is partly built upon Europe; and if the foundations collapse at any point, there will be another Leaning Tower of Pisa in the world. If the original Leaning Tower of Pisa manages to exist out of the perpendicular, it is certain that the laws of financial gravity cannot be defied, and a landslide in Europe will soon throw down the American edifice. Internationalism is no longer a doctrine: it is a fact. We are all bound together: the world is one and indivisible, and it is impossible to escape the common fate of the world. But it is clear that this inexorable unity of civilized mankind is forgotten on both sides of the Atlantic; and that the individual does not remember that he forms part, not only of his country, but of the world.

As I have indicated, besides the getting there is the spending, by which, in Wordsworth's phrase, 'we lay waste our powers.' Lightly come, lightly go. Those who have not handled so much money before are engaged in an eternal round of pleasure — pleasure of



a peculiarly empty but costly kind. They set the pace. They do not care for the price of things, and accordingly the price mounts for those who do care. It is a flood of *billets de banque* — a giddy dance on the edge of a financial precipice. Out they come from the printing presses, those *billets de banque*, all hot and crisp, and they flood the lands. Gold? — there is none. Do you remember that story of Anatole France in which a man who made notes about everything, and carefully classified them in drawers which ranged up to the ceiling of his study, found them all breaking loose upon him one day; and how they began to rise round him in an ever-swelling deluge, reaching his knees, reaching his breast, reaching his head; and how he struggled in this torrent of paper which filled the room, rising higher and higher until at last he was drowned, one hand sticking plaintively out of the sea of paper? Well, that is what is happening: we are being drowned in an ocean of paper money.

At present the waves are being energetically breasted in a happy enough mood. The swimmer rather enjoys the experience. The glittering amusements in every European capital — even those which are suffering most — are amazing. True, Voltaire once said, 'Lisbon burns, but Paris dances.' After Waterloo there were one thousand five hundred balls a night in the French capital. Every *grande crise* in the world's history has been followed by this outbreak of more or less artificial gayety. There is, then, a cause in human nature. It is not a special perversity of our generation. Nevertheless, the spectacle is disturbing, not because it is a joyous one, but because the joyousness is hollow, and because not the most unconscious dancer can altogether escape the feeling of impending doom. A Damoclean sword is suspended above all heads. Yet, knowing

that work and not play is essential, knowing that there are flames of new wars, flames of revolutions, flames of a threatening financial holocaust in the house, knowing that it is a house of death, we go on dancing, and our laughter is broken uneasily, and the gay music seems to sob sometimes.

I stand looking on at the brilliant scene in the ballroom of one of the most fashionable Continental hotels. The dresses are dazzling: they are violently vivid, flaring colors, sumptuous stuffs, — shining satin, rich velvet, gold and silver brocades, — with flaunting feathers, scintillating jewels, white flesh, all turning, turning: a kaleidoscopic confusion which more nearly resembles a futurist picture than anything I have seen. No harm in all that? No, except that the unprecedented display of wealth shamelessly contrasts with the deep misery of masses of people; that the whirl of pleasure, repeated in every quarter on a larger or smaller scale, makes us forget common duties.

It was so at Berlin, where the mark was valueless; it was so even in starving Vienna; London and Paris were full of dancing-halls, big and little. At Paris indeed it was necessary to turn the theatres into ballrooms. There was dancing at tea-time, dancing at dinner, dancing throughout the long evening. The charges were utterly unreasonable, — that is, if one took the pre-war standards which somehow remain in the minds of men like myself, — and yet they were cheerfully paid. This is, in fact, one of the most extraordinary of social phenomena: that there exist large classes who are only too happy to pay extravagantly. One hotel, for example, for a piece of toast and a cup of tea could obtain three or four dollars: it was always full. That was precisely what was wanted. If ten dollars had been demanded, you would

not have been able to get near the place.

After that it is unnecessary to insist upon the expensive restaurants which sprang up in profusion like a crop of mirobolant mushrooms. To give some idea of the amount spent upon theatres and other pleasures, so far as they can be computed, — many pleasures, such as gambling, are of course illicit, or at least surreptitious, — it is necessary only to take the sums compiled after investigating by a semi-official scribe, who arrives at this result: that the money spent on theatres, dancing-halls, and cinemas in 1919 in a certain European city is just double that spent in 1913, when we were supposed to have touched high-water mark in frivolity. Every other form of entertainment has increased in the same proportion; and what is true of one place is true of all.

Then there is the positive craze for eccentricity — for mad fashions, for whatever will startle; and with this goes a plentiful exhibition of jewelry. The jewelers charge twice as much for gold, four times as much for silver, and five times as much for platinum, while the value of precious stones has soared out of sight. Yet they are all purchased eagerly, and the jewelers cannot keep pace with the demand. The increase in cost is constant. Personally I bought a ring a year ago as a present: it was lost, and I wished to replace it. For an exact replica I had to pay double the price of last year. I was talking to a well-known jeweler, who told me that it was impossible to find sufficient workmen, and it was not the smaller pieces but the most expensive which were chiefly called for. He produced a brooch of emeralds and diamonds worth \$100,000; he declared that \$20,000 dollars for a ring was not at all an out-of-the-way amount. Men's jewelry, such as studs and sleeve-links and vest-buttons, used to be a comparatively small branch of the business; now it is highly

important, with vest-buttons running to \$6000 or \$7000, and a pair of cuff-links not much less. The diamond clubs of Antwerp are now notorious. There is a feverish speculation in diamonds. Fortunes are made and lost in dealing in these stones. It would seem that the Germans first began to buy diamonds as a sort of safe and portable investment. If everything smashed, they would at least be able to get away with a pocketful of diamonds, which would in any event be worth something. The price of the diamond sold by carat weight has certainly grown sevenfold. Pearls also have changed hands with a facility that has forced up prices. Doubtless the stream of refugees from Russia and from Eastern countries brought their fortunes in the shape of necklaces and other articles of jewelry; but if large quantities were thrown into the market, they did not have the effect of sending down prices, for the buyers were still more numerous and they did not count their cash. Doubtless the two explanations — of *nouveaux riches* who want to make a show, and of panicky persons who want portable investments against the day when paper becomes worthless or Bolsheviks put them to flight — are both true.

#### IV

These are follies, these are offenses against a wise social code, these are proofs of the materiality of which I have spoken; but they are not, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, crimes against society. No law touches them. There is, however, another side of this moral bankruptcy which remains to be noticed — the prevalence of actual lawlessness.

You will find this subject discussed in the newspapers of any European country. It may be divided into two parts: passionate crime, which springs

from sexual irregularities, and brutal crime, which springs from a disregard for property and person; and it would be possible, of course, to show that the root is really the same in both categories. There is a looseness of what are specifically called morals such as has rarely if ever been equaled.

It is quite obvious that the war is responsible for this terrible derangement. It has broken down restraints between man and woman; it has separated husband from wife; it has furnished opportunities; and it has created new tastes and fresh distastes. That there should be a crop of tragedies arising out of this great sowing of irregularities is inevitable. In England the number of divorces is much larger than before the war; and in Paris there were at the end of last year no fewer than 120,000 suits for divorce awaiting trial. Now this is fatal for the family. But it might be thought to be — though on so large a scale — an accidental effect, a pure outcome of circumstances, and not likely to continue. Alas! the truth is that there is one highly important evil factor which cannot disappear for a long time. The men-folk of marriageable age, particularly in Allied countries, are so reduced in numbers that millions of women, in whom the sex-hunger is strong, are, as it were, let loose upon society, and are pulling down the pillars of civilized institutions.

In England a million 'superfluous' women; in France two millions — does it need any long psychological investigation to prove that they must as a body be the enemies of marriage and of family life? When the sexes are fairly evenly divided, there still exists a margin of women who must necessarily constitute a certain moral peril. But they are largely driven into fatiguing industrial occupations, or they subdue their physical appetites, or they join the ranks of paid or unpaid courtesans.

Now I would not for a moment give an exaggerated place to sex in life. But millions of healthy unmated women! Can it be pretended that their existence outside the conventional bands of matrimony will make no difference? As a fact, they are in a large measure answerable for the hectic fever of revelry which brings men and women together. It is a subject upon which I will not insist: its implications are obvious.

When passionate crimes occur, the 'unwritten law' is invoked. In England it was, until after the war, unknown to the courts. Judges frowned upon such a plea. A man might be wronged, a woman might be tempted by a blackguard, but the law refused in its majesty to accept the plea of passion. Now the courts have registered many cases in which skillful pleading by an advocate who knew how to touch upon this human chord has been successful. Especially is this so where the husband, a soldier, found his domestic happiness wrecked in his absence. But this is by no means the only kind of crime which has been condoned; and in France it is only necessary to utter the words *crime passionel* for the result of the trial to be known in advance.

Resort to violence is not the final thought, but the first. Attacks which are in some sense provoked are easily paralleled by completely unprovoked crimes. Robbery is not the comparatively 'gentle' business it was. Human life has become of no consequence. Who has not read of the motor-car bandits who, like *condottieri*, ravage a district of France? The German papers are full of horrors. The British journals record revolting incidents daily. This is no mere coincidence. It is a phenomenon which has its roots in the war.

I find the following main reasons set out by an English writer to explain this crime wave, and I do not disagree.

(1) That many men who had crimi-

nal instincts, but also a horror of killing, before the war are now more or less devoid of that horror.

(2) That many men who had embarked on a career of crime before the war were liberated from prison during hostilities, and entered the army, and that these are now free again to resume their depredations against society.

(3) That unemployment and the high cost of living have forced many men who would otherwise have been law-abiding citizens into criminality.

(4) That the general feeling of unrest which is permeating all classes is responsible for much crime.

It should be added that nervous diseases, which it would be difficult to diagnose, abound: many men whom I have questioned closely confess to me that it was a year or so after the war that they first felt a strange depression, a lowering of vitality, a mental and moral degeneration; and they wonder how these things can be connected with the war. They can. The gap is quite unimportant. Often nervous effects manifest themselves after the casual circumstances are forgotten. Again, in the mix-up of society, the higgledy-piggledy regrouping of men, the old restraints of custom, of respectability, have gone. One's neighbor is nobody; one's situation is uncertain; social shame has little hold upon men, and the disgrace of prison has disappeared. Prison! Why all sorts of people have gone to prison, from conscientious objectors to socialists, from rich merchants, who have somehow been caught cheating and profiteering, to the poor devil who said, 'Damn you,' to the sergeant, or who came back to barracks half an hour late. What terrors has prison left for men who have faced death daily,

who have grown accustomed to the arbitrary punishments of our modern world, and who have hardly a settled soil to which they cling? They are uprooted.

If transportation is disorganized, if the monetary system is in disorder, if society is confounded, morals too are in chaos. What most appalled me, perhaps, was the cynical disregard of suffering displayed by governments and peoples: Austrian children could starve, millions of Russian babies could perish in misery, without moving the rest of mankind. A few people pleaded for them; the most shocking revelations, which had not the smallest character of propaganda, which were obviously exact, perfectly sincere, only brought forth the mockery of several of the best-known and most powerful newspapers. Anything more disgusting than such sneers, anything more calculated to make one despair of humanity, I cannot conceive. The men who wrote like that had surely lost all sense of pity, all sense of justice. Yet they wrote like that because what they wrote corresponded with the brutal feelings of their readers — who made up the 'largest circulation.'

Turn where one will, one finds only that the war has worsened mankind. Those who speak of the heroic virtues which are born on the battlefield, which spring, like the Phoenix, out of the ashes of war, are uttering the most stupid claptrap. The dominion of darkness has spread over Europe, and a slimy progeny of cruelty, of bestiality, of insensibility, of egoism, of violence, of materiality, has crawled into the light of day — a noisome brood, of which it will be long before we can dispossess ourselves.

## A YEAR LATER

BY JOHN SHERIDAN ZELIE

### I

AN accomplished woman who had rendered great service with the Red Cross in France had come to talk with me about the joys and surprises of working with the men overseas. She had heard that I had once worked in the same château at Luzancy on the Marne to which she had gone months afterward.

It is always the same in one of these interviews: the talkers vie with each other only in seeing which has the richest instances to tell of kindly approaches, of beauties of action, of inexhaustible fun and unforgettable men, and by talking try to recapture a little of the joy of it all. But except for some such slight revival of the old satisfactions as a chance conversation might give, my friend was tacitly taking the ground that it was all over and must all slowly fade into the past. With the same fear myself, I had determined not to let it fade if I could help it, and for three months past had gone about whenever I could, just for the sheer joy of finding some of the men again. My journeys had taken me into five states, following all kinds of clues; and when I began to speak of doughboys as if they were still with us and one could still see as much as he would of the wounded, she seemed rather puzzled and asked, 'But why do you take all that trouble?' She had too easily given in to the conventional idea that it was all over.

Spaced out all over the land as he is, the doughboy, the artilleryman, the

*ambulancier*, the hospital and medical man, is just the same person that he was in France. He has brought home with him just what gladdened our souls over there. He will not say much about it while this strange vogue of silence is on; but anyone who wants it can have much of the old experience still.

If I were a millionaire, — 'which the reader will be pleased to have mentioned so early in the narrative,' — I should go on one grand tour to find again the men I came to know on stretchers or in hospitals, or whom I met by chance on French roads for only a little space, but long enough for them to say or do something that gripped one's heart forever. But the grand tour being impossible, I take the short ones, and turn aside whenever a *détour* will bring me within hail of them.

Never did I imagine that Pittsburgh and its environs could suddenly become endowed in my imagination with all the colors of romance; but this is what has come to pass; for out in that region live a great number of those who surprised me into the happiest days of my life. A week in Pittsburgh, with the privilege of looking up the doctors, the cook, the bell-hop, the bar-keep, the street-car conductor, the drug-clerk, the hostler, the automobile agent, the shoe-clerk, the miner, the student, the farmer, the drummer, the lawyer, and McCafferty of the pickle factory, quite casts Atlantic City and Mt. Desert into the shade. I knew nothing about Pennsylvania



until Château-Thierry; but after the first two days there with Pennsylvanians, the whole state was glorified in my imagination forever.

I had sent him word that I was coming, and on arrival telephoned to some outlying village that I was there and at the hotel. The last time I had seen him I had admired the subtle skill with which he had always quietly managed, no matter how crowded the circle, to get one of the seats by the stove up there in the distant Auvergne mountains, where he was a patient after the action was all over. I remembered the day when I saw him off on the train for the coast. Any of them would gladly have taken train from the most comfortable spot in France, though it should carry them only twenty miles and land them in a swamp for a month, such was their glee at being that much nearer home. And now I heard my name paged in the great lobby, and, as I went forward to answer, there, following the bell-boy, was my little friend of the Auvergne.

Looking for the most comfortable place to talk I said, 'Now, Alex, come over here and we'll have a grand pow-wow.'

But catching me by the arm and blushing and laughing, he whispered to me, 'Why, you know I can't do that, chaplain; they won't let me sit here in the lobby.'

'And why not?' I asked.

'Why, Lord bless you, chaplain, did n't you know? I'm a page here myself and go on duty in an hour.'

But I stood on my rights as a guest; and besides, he looked a good deal better than anyone else in the lobby, and so we had the hour out together. He told me why he was a page, and his reasons seemed to me cogent as he told of his tips and his wife and baby. He was just as good as he was in France, yes, better, and I thought, 'How can

anybody who had known these men once ever surrender the chance to go on knowing them always?' A little extra pains, a little car-fare, and the thing is done. Then he disappeared, and came smiling back in his page's uniform; and so through the days he was always at hand — good as gold; and by reason of his calling, I saw more of him than would otherwise have been possible.

It had been one of the worst nights at Château-Thierry, and the back-wash of the wounded came in fast. There he sat — this one — bolstered up in bed, with both legs gone, and his face black with a hundred powder-stains, and his eyes closed. With what little energy he had left he said, —

'There's just one thing I want to ask you, chaplain, and that is whether you know anything about the science of artificial limbs?'

'Yes, something.'

'How far along has it got?'

'Oh, a good way.'

'What do you think I can hope for — much?'

I told him I thought he could hope for a good deal, and so he stopped. I saw him at intervals through the two days, and then he was whisked away to some Base; but I was always haunted by that boy and wondered what the end might be.

On my return to the States, I found one day in one of the magazines a selection of the brighter kind of soldiers' letters, and one of them was some doughboy's breaking it gently and jocosely to his mother that he was coming home, 'but that there was not quite so much of him'; and at the end the name that was so sharply etched on my memory. At last I had struck the trail. Giving a guess as to which hospital he was likeliest to be in, I made for Colonia, to find that he belonged there but was on furlough for the day in another town; and there I found him.

Waiting in the parlor, I heard him stumping down the stairs, singing out, 'I'll get there after a while, give me time.' So I went out into the hall to see him. There he was, young, smiling, well, and puzzled as to who I might be. 'I guess I'll have to think a bit,' he said.

'You were at Château-Thierry, were n't you?' I asked.

'Well, I should rather think I was,' he replied; and then, after a good long look he said, 'By George, I wonder if you can be the Red Cross man who used to come to my bed when I was there?'

I asked him what he thought of the 'science of artificial limbs' now, and he said it was all I had claimed for it and more. 'I used to be six feet one, but they've taken me down two inches; can't balance me at the old height, you see; but I can drive a car and swim and everything is going fine. But gee, chaplain, I was scared one of those times you came to my bed, because you had a book in your hand and I thought it was all up with me until I found you were going to use it for the chap in the next bed, to give him the communion. You know, I've always wondered what became of him; what did?' The boy in the next bed was the Lawrenceville School boy, and he rests in Château-Thierry. The other day I went to the train to meet my rediscovered friend and bring him home; and when he sat here across the table from me in my own house, and I thought of all that had happened before this circuit was complete, it seemed a sort of miracle. Columbia has him now, and I like to think that Château-Thierry did not end, but only began, the adventure of our friendship.

## II

What I have lost through not keeping an address-book earlier, I cannot estimate. There are men who passed

like ships in the night, but not without leaving a remembrance which makes you wish you but knew where they are. Sometimes you just remember a slight clue, and it was such that enabled me to find G—— again. He was shot on outpost at Belleau Wood at midnight, but could not leave until, just as it was getting gray, he saw the Huns break out of the woods, and going to give the alarm, was hit by a piece of shell and lamed for life. I was at Base Hospital 2 in Paris during the ten days when they came in, and the day he came I encountered him. He was so difficult that I simply had to do what I could for him and then side-step him, until one night the head-nurse said to me, 'Why don't you go in to see G—— oftener?'

'Because he is the only man in there who does n't want to see me. I think he's chaplain-shy.'

The nurse said she believed he did want to see me, thought he put that all on; and added that he was in there all alone now, and I ought to go in and try him again. The dusk was falling, and there he lay, alone in the room, one leg hoisted on one sling, one arm on another. He looked up at me in the same old scornful way as if I were dirt; but, drawing up a chair, I began to make conversation, and he let me make it — what was made. At last, being all talked out, without any response from him except monosyllables, I had got to the pass of Hosea Biglow where he says, 'He staitis his subjick ag'in; doos it back'ards, sideways, eendways, criss-cross, bevellin', noways.' It was no use. Why had the nurse sent me in again when I was ready to let the poor boy alone?

At last, feeling like a 'returned emphy,' I got up and said, 'I think I'll go now, G——'; whereupon he turned his head toward me, and looking daggers at me, snapped out, 'Don't go: stay!'

So with that I drew up my chair again and told him we might just as well have this out now as any time; that he was the only man in the room I could never get a word out of, and now, when I had come in to try it again, he acted as if he wished I'd go. 'And when I start to go, you say, "Don't go: stay." What does it all mean, G——? Let's have it out.'

At that he grasped me by the hand, turned his head away, and burst into tears. 'Yes,' he said, 'that's me all over. You're right. I was always that way: whenever I really want to know anyone I always act as if I did n't.'

It was not very difficult after that. But overnight I was sent up on the Marne and never got back; and so I lost him, but never forgot him. I had made some mistake about the name of his home town in Massachusetts, and had to go to two towns that summer day to find him. At last I found his home close down by the shore, but the boy was still away in the Marine Hospital; so I journeyed to Chelsea, and had him called down to the guard-house. I watched him coming down the terraces, and on going up to meet him ran straight into the same old scornful look once more.

He did not know me, but I was determined that this time I would let him take his leisure about 'coming to.' I did not mind in the least going through the Hosea Biglow business that day. I told him I had been in his home and seen his mother, that I had once seen him in France; but he seemed to think that was 'my own look-out': if anybody wished to do anything so foolish, it was no concern of his.

But at last some little allusion made him snap his head around in the old way and look puzzled, and then he blurted out, 'My ——! are you the chaplain? And you mean to say you've been out to my town; you've been in

my home! Gee, I'll never forget this. This is worth a hundred dollars to me.'

So there we sat on the grass while he told me all that had happened in the year, laughed about his old infirmity and how I had caught him at it again, but said he was really getting over it. Months later, when he was discharged and I was in Boston again, he came to see me off at the train and said, 'Do you remember sending a cable home for me? You said a Plainfield lady had given you money for such things, and so I let you. But when you asked me what to say and I said, "Well and happy," you set up a great kick and said you would n't do it because it would only make matters worse, and so we had to dope out something else.'

Oh, yes — 'well and happy.' Never was anything so bad but that 'well and happy' would be the cheerful description of it. 'With the death-rattle in his throat,' says an Englishman, 'the British soldier will assure you he is "doing fine."' 'Doing fine' were the exact words of the boy marine from Oregon when, to the amazement of us all, after two days he roused a little, though the great surgeon had said he would never recover consciousness. Always 'doing fine.' Only the minor things got a grumble from them, and the grumbling I could listen to all night because of its charm. The Georgia boy who had lain out in the field twenty-four hours before he was found, whose leg had been amputated at the hip, cheerfully asked me to write to his father in Rome and tell him all about it, but to do it 'in such a way that he won't worry any about it.'

One can imagine what sort of reliable information could be got out of a questionnaire sent to doughboys; and anyone who would be guided by what they said off-hand would be taking little account of the 'mystery of these men'; for the better you know them, the more the mystery increases. Luden-

dorff, accusing Von Bernstorff, says, 'We took Americans prisoner who had an entirely wrong or vague conception of what they were fighting for.' I relish the thought of what, with innocent countenance, a doughboy might have handed out to a German interrogator. Men who were always 'doing fine' when everything was at its worst could be trusted to 'kid along' an enemy questioner, and look as if they were hardly aware there was a war at all, or even make him believe they thought it was all about Votes for Women.

It was most unlikely that I should ever see again the lad who was shot in the St. Mihiel sector, for nobody seemed ever to have heard of his hamlet, nor was it on any map; but at last I got track of it way down the Allegheny Valley among the coal-mines. If I got up early enough, left the train at a certain junction, and walked the track the next two miles, I was told that I would find it; but, as I discovered, that was only the post-office, his real home being a half-mile farther down the track. Yet even so it was better than Atlantic City, if R—— T—— was really at the end of it.

In the middle of the hot August morning I found the mine, and its seven or eight supporting houses climbing the steep slope that led up to it; and the last house up was where this husky nineteen-year-old miner lived. The last time I had seen him was the day when, knowing that he was to be shipped to the coast, I had gone along the street of Royat in the mountains of France, asking the men if they knew where he was, when suddenly he rushed bareheaded out of a café and said, 'I heard you was inquirin' for me, chaplain, and I just ran out to tell you myself that I was right in here, taking a last glass of beer, before any of them guys went and told you. That's what I was doing, chaplain. But here I am.'

The boy's sister told me that he was still sleeping, and that I could go in and wake him up if I wished. He just simply stared and stared and said nothing. Nothing would do but that I should stop and have another breakfast with him in the midst of a large and cordial family; but it was worth a night's ride to see him sitting there, clean and collarless and healthy, and look out over our ham and eggs and past him across the valley where the boy had always lived.

'Why did n't you ever answer that letter I wrote you?' I asked. And he, coloring up, laughed in his old way, and said nothing.

But his mother put in cheerily: 'Now, I'll tell you just why, chaplain: it was because, if he did, he was afraid that some day, perhaps, when you were traveling, you might come and look him up and find out what a poor old place he lived in.'

I asked him if that was so, and he said, 'Well, yes, it *was* so, chaplain, to tell the truth, but it ain't so any more. I can tell you, I'm so glad you came.'

He took me up to the mine to meet his comrades as they came out on the trolley with their loads of coal, explaining as we went that he had quit work because of some new arrangement which took, as nearly as I could make out, some fifteen cents a day from his pay. He said he could make between six and eight dollars a day. Of course the layman immediately multiplies the maximum of eight dollars by three hundred working days in the year and estimates that the boy has a comfortable income of twenty-four hundred dollars, and wonders what he ever does with so much money, without a question as to how many days in the year he gets even the six dollars.

But I was not there to discuss economics but just for the joy of seeing the fine fellow again. His fellow miners

were a bit puzzled for a while as to what R—— might have in common with a chaplain; but finally, accepting me as a human being, they let it go at that and wanted to know why I could not stay a few days. It was just as it was in France; for somehow in the neighborhood of this lad cheerfulness would break in upon you, and life did seem simplified just by being with him as he went on telling of his life, his joys, and his happiness and amazement that anyone should remember him like this. As the day was closing, he took me down the bank to the railroad, — there was no station, — and signaled a train for me, and we parted. Comparisons are invidious, but none of the meetings was better than this.

### III

‘And say, chaplain, you must n’t fail to look up C—— and L——; they’re both working in the same café down the street; you’ll find C—— at the bar and L—— at the lunch-counter,’ said one of the doctors in the once smoke-grimed but now — to me — romantic city. No fear that I should ever forget them. And there they were. L—— got a call-down from an impatient customer for pausing thunderstruck to come out from behind the lunch-counter; but went back after whispering, ‘You just wait a few minutes, chaplain, and I’ll fix you up all right.’

And then C—— came up from the bar, and just sat down opposite me at a table and stared at me. The old days were all on again. Probably C—— would be mad as a hatter at me for saying it, but there was some moisture in his eyes as we recalled the kitchen in the old Augustinian convent at Château-Thierry, and the midnight feeding of the doctors and the *ambulanciers* and the orderlies behind the blanketed windows. It was C—— with

whom I had walked up to see No-Man’s Land in the Argonne Forest, returning from whence at dusk, we found that Field Hospital 112 had moved bag and baggage in our few hours of absence, and there was nothing left except the chaplain’s baggage to show that we had ever been there.

The bar was a bit dull, and I judged that there was little going on there except talk and ‘two-seventy-five,’ so that C—— could always stop and visit. He was a Roman Catholic, and L—— a Greek, and I a Presbyterian. The way that German Fatherland begat brotherhood in everybody that was against it is almost the best thing it has done.

An hour later, buying a paper at the street corner, I saw one of the best of them speeding past, and stepping after him, caught him by the coat and asked him where he was going so fast.

‘Going to your hotel to see you; that’s where I’m going. I just heard fifteen minutes ago that you were here.’ And there he was.

It was on a cold October night in the shock ward made by hanging blankets in the corner of a wretched barn in Neuville of the Argonne that one of the boys had said, ‘You’d better go over and speak to him, chaplain; he’s over there in the corner alone. He’s had bad news. His mother died.’

It was one of the good things of army life that you did not have to say much when there was not much to say. Meanings got conveyed if you meant them, and a word or two would make the friendship which it might have taken months to make at home. And what we really live for after all is to achieve now and then an hour or two such as we two had together. The war had done him nothing but good. Heartiness, openness, friendliness and cheer and courage, all these were in full force. I might have assumed that they would be, but assumptions have little edge,



while actually going and finding out for myself sent me back into life with something new and fresh in it. All that I had known of him in France was just verified, and it was all there and waiting for you whenever you wanted to go and claim it.

I had written home about Dan so much that the family had come to be familiar with him. A small Irish lad who was confined to the 'Itch Tent' on the Marne, he was the quietest of them all, but somehow his manner made him notable and his lack of wants made you all the more ready to fill any that he had; so that you found yourself dropping into the 'Hôtel de Scabies,' as they had cheerfully labeled it, because it made you feel more comfortable to have a word with Dan. The day had come for him to be shipped away, and as he had never asked for anything, for that very reason I opened the whole wonderful supply of the Red Cross, rules or no rules, and told him to take anything he wanted, whether it was intended for officers or for men. The Red Cross was not obsessed with the idea of symmetry or rules, and every time I broke a regulation it was fruitful, and whenever I nearly broke my neck trying to observe one, no good came of it that I ever had any account of. Dan was well outfitted when he climbed into the great truck which was to carry him off. And that was the last of him, save for a letter saying that he never could talk much but hoped I understood his way and knew that he appreciated all that the Red Cross had been to him.

One day months later, — for my friends at home now knew Dan almost as well as I did, — there came from them across the sea a clipping from a Boston paper, with Dan's picture and the news that he had fallen. It was not easy to drop Dan out of the list of the living. I could not get over the feeling that I could have another page of that

pleasant friendship if I tried: there must be a little more, and while it would be fainter in outline, it must be that his family, if I could find them, could add something to my treasures of memory and I to theirs. So, enjoining the postmaster of his city to do all he could to find the family of this soldier, I drew a bow at a venture and sent my letter off.

In three days came a letter from Dan himself saying that he had been shot within two hours after going over the top, but was alive, all there, well again, and waiting to see me when I could come. At last I found him. At the top of the Parker House steps there stood a boy in blue serge, whom I glanced at and then passed by until something made me turn to look again — and it was Dan. He had dropped work at the gauge-factory and come into town at once.

I have not much idea what Dan and I talked about. 'A grand evening,' said Carlyle, after a whole evening spent in smoke-encircled silence with a friend. You hardly know what to say first with someone who has been reported dead and is alive again; but you find your way. But Dan's silences on the Marne had only helped to draw out friendship there, and it was good to find that in Massachusetts it was just the same, and I could have it all the rest of my life.

#### IV

On a rainy Sunday in New York the elevator man rang to say that there was a plumber below who wished to see me. As I could think of no plumber who could have any business with me, Joe explained that the man's name was E——, and he came from Pennsylvania. The name was enough to recall one of the bitterest tragedies of the Argonne. A father and a younger brother had

traveled all night just to come and have a word. So through the long rainy afternoon we sat, while they told me about the boy who was killed up there at Neuville Bridge — about his heartiness and his quickness to forgive, his mistakes and his desire to make good, and his commander's letter about how the boy had done it.

Then they in turn wanted all the details of that roadside burial which, for all the roughness of its surroundings, was not without some unusual honors. A great French truck train had stopped beside us, hemming us quite in, in our little cove beside the road, with every motor running with such noise as to make a service impossible, until a French captain, seeing our difficulty, gave a signal which stopped every motor the length of the train, and then another signal which brought every French soldier to join us till the service was done. Each burial seemed to have something distinct about it, and one never knew just what would break out: there was scarcely one where something did not happen if you had eyes to see it. That day, prompted by I know not what, the American boys all knelt suddenly in the dirt and so remained till it was over. A hundred times I had thought about that boy's home; for with the sergeant I had gone over his pocket treasures, and his home and love for it to an unusual degree were written all over everything he possessed. To-day the boy's home had come to me.

The mess-sergeant has been sending messages with regard to dates in October. He cannot be certain yet, but is anxious to know if I will be in the city on or around a certain day. At last it dawns across me what may be afoot and I ask bluntly, 'Is he going to bring his bride?' 'Yes, that is just it, chaplain.' And at last they come. This is a crowning compliment, and no ring at the door could announce a more wel-

come pair. The bride may have suffered a bit under the flood of reminiscence into which we plunged at once. Of course, we are not so dull as not to know that pretty soon we shall have to keep still about it or the friends will say, 'Good heavens, have they got going again?' or, more politely, 'Suppose we go out into the garden now.' Yet I think it will always be possible, like the Lantern-Bearers, to have our stealthy reunions and keep alive about the best friendship that ever was on sea or land.

And then there is a wealth of little unexpected meetings everywhere. We all have them. It is a joy to be buying your ticket at a station window, and have a smiling chap step up and say, 'I beg pardon, but were n't you a chaplain overseas?' To be sure; but with all the good fortunes of that year, I could not realize for a minute or two that I had ever been friends with this gracious stranger; yet so it was. He was now buying his ticket from Boston, to go and bury himself in a little western hamlet and its spinning-mill, to learn the trade. But we had three hours together, and when he wrote months afterward from his little mill, and said that he had been pretty lonesome but had always remembered our luncheon together as his farewell to Boston, it made me feel like Newman's allusion to the snapdragon at Trinity.

'You'll run across our men everywhere around here, chaplain,' had been his last words; and within five minutes, sauntering across the Common, came a familiar form. It was M——, the prize-fighter. Our friendship had begun by his asking me to receive his confession in the château of Luzancy; but though I had told him I could not, John always dogged my steps after that, sidling up to me on all occasions and seeming to think that I could do it perfectly well if I only wanted to. Telling him that he was the third prize-fighter with

whom my fortunes had become linked in France, I added that my friends all laughed me to scorn because I had said that what chiefly impressed me about the three was the gentleness of them.

At this John fairly beamed on me. 'Say, now, chaplain, you've said it, you've said it. You've hit the nail on the head this time. People think we're a lot of rough-necks, but it ain't so. Why, chaplain, we would n't harm a rabbit.'

So with this paradox passed, John unfolded to me his present scheme of a restaurant on Commonwealth Avenue somewhere, and made me a customer in advance.

In another city, one whom I had last seen in the region around Mont Sec seized me on Saturday night and begged that I would come out to his suburb Sunday morning early, go to his Bible class with him, and then home to see his father and mother. When I told him that I could not because of a day full of engagements, he changed his tone and said, 'Well, now, you've just got to, you've got to. Now, listen, and I'll tell you why you've got to.'

Then he told me why, and after that there was nothing to do but go. Nobody could have resisted that reason, nobody would have, and I went. It was just as he said. I went, and my aftermath will always be richer for that going; but the reason is just between A—— and me.

But think not, gentle reader, that it was always church services on which these friendships were based. There were many which sprang into existence there, and these are the hardest to tell about. You tell about these only to groups of individuals. But many friendships came to be for the very last reason in the world. Around the corner one day, as I was rushing to get a train, there swung the Headquarters truck driver, as a result of which I did not

take a train until hours later. John could furnish an incontestable alibi as regards any of my services. It was not these which had cemented our friendship. As a matter of fact, John had run off with my wash-basin and water-bucket and a small store of select Red Cross things which were not designed for the well but for the sick. The loss was no small matter up in the neighborhood of Fismes, and I opened negotiations for their recovery; but John's explanations and theories and arguments carried on through many days; the fertility, invention, earnestness, and charm with which he variously accounted for their disappearance made me finally drop the search for my belongings and take him for a lifelong friend instead.

'I don't believe they are half as interesting as you claim,' said a New Yorker who was taking me out into New Jersey to hunt up one of the choice buck privates whom I had traced to a dairy there. 'I saw a group of them the other day in the street,' he remarked, 'and after all you had said, I took a good look at them, and I confess they did n't look very interesting to me.'

At length we saw Ike coming along the country road in his overalls, leading an old horse homeward from the cornfield at the end of a sweltering afternoon. We went home to supper with him and his wife, and as we sat there I could see layer after layer of crust dissolving on the surface of my friend, until at last, when we were ready to go, he whispered to me to ask if he could n't invite them both to visit him in New York. As we rode away, he, all aglow, said, 'Why, that's a wonderful fellow. I don't wonder you wanted to see him. I have n't seen anybody more attractive.' And then, as if to preserve some of his earlier doubt, 'Still, I don't believe there are many like that.'

With the proper prodigality of one who had known some thousands of them, I told him that I could show him hundreds just as good as Ike.

The week that does not bring letters from them is a week lost now. 'All I ask for is to git back to B——, Kansas, and git to farming again as soon as possible,' said K——, rubbing the stump of his arm up at Royat. He writes to say that already he drives the team as well as ever, breaks young horses to ride, and drives a car 'like anyone else. . . . And the girl — well, pardon me, chaplain, for I do like her; at least, they say I show it with this one arm of mine.'

The statesmanlike suggestions as to the reconstruction of Church and State with which it was prophesied that the A.E.F. would return quite loaded up are strangely lacking, though Bill Anderson thinks the government has been fooling around long enough and ought to get something settled by this time. Their lack of anything to say about the issues of the time always makes me think of what a parishioner of Emerson's said of him. When asked what kind of a minister Emerson was, he replied that in most ways he was very acceptable, but that he was no good at funerals and never seemed to know what to say when anyone was dead. My friends of the army are endlessly satisfying on most subjects, but they never seem to know what to say about a battle or a wound or a lost limb or saving democracy, and generally act as if those were subjects to which they had never given any thought.

Hardly a week goes by without establishing communications with some family whose son rests overseas. After a year and a half I find the California family whose son I buried by the buttress of the ruined church of Chéry-Chartreuve, and who write to say that every crumb of knowledge about him is

priceless to them now. That burial stands out because of the son himself, about whom I always felt that some day I should know more, — I wanted to, — and because of the ambulance-driver, a stranger to me, who helped lay him in his grave and then bolted just at the benediction and hid himself behind the church. There I found him after they had all gone. He had seen many such events, but this somehow smote him and sent him off alone. It was not till six weeks later that I saw him again, and in the Argonne, red with confusion because I had seen him give way, until he found I thought none the less of him for it; and after that it was a jocose query in his section as to how on earth Y—— and the chaplain had got so well acquainted.

Every few weeks the wheel comes around full circle and puts me in touch with people I have been wondering about and searching for. None of the orderlies at Château-Thierry ever forgot L—— and his sufferings from gas and the way he bore them; but it is only now, after a year and a half, that I can tell his wife in West Virginia about him; and to-day his picture and his history are in my hands and the full story of his fortitude and faith is in hers.

One day the mail brought a little folder of board-covers, and opening it, I found pages of my own handwriting which I recognized as the letter I had sent to Oregon to the father of the boy marine who was shot at Belleau Wood. It seemed a strange thoughtfulness that he should return my letter, until, looking more closely, I found that it was my letter photographed which, with the boy's portrait and a beautiful tribute from an uncle, they had made their memorial for the boy. These families come to seem like your very own.

When three months in a new home

had put me out of reach of the old outfits, and not a day of a dreary winter had gone by without longing for them, who should burst in on me, hurried, hatless, and welcome, but Vincent of the 23rd Ambulance. There he had been, living in the fraternity house next door, all the time. My first rides on the ambulance had been with him along the stretches of the Marne and between Coulommiers and Bézu-le-Guery, and it was he who had created my enthusiastic opinion of ambulance men which never afterward changed. The fact that the war had set him back two years in his studies he was taking cheerfully; and he was to me 'almost providential,' as the cautious old Princeton professor used to put it, for I could now look forward to two years with one of the best of them always at hand.

But there are others to whom I have no clue. I cannot imagine now why I did not make sure of them when I could; but in the haste of it all, they drifted out. I would like to know those two stragglers who had walked miles in the sun to find a canteen, only to discover that it had moved. They were now on the return journey, and I met them on the road just opposite Quentin Roosevelt's grave, walking toward Chamery. These two had something on their minds. A few days before they had found along the roadside, up by 'St. Gillies,' as they called it, an American boy unburied, and had managed somehow to make a grave and lay him in it. And then, as one of them said, they did not know what to do next. There was no chaplain within reach, and 'we ain't neither of us very religious. You know how it is, chaplain; but we could n't stand for burying him like that, so we just agreed we'd stand over the grave and say what Bible verses we could both remember. And so we did that.' Then they asked me if, the next time I went up that way, I would not

go to that spot and read *a real service*. 'You can't miss it. About two hundred yards beyond the railroad tracks as you go out of "St. Gillies," and his name is Zaner.' But those two immortals slipped away.

And Betts! I shall never quite give up the hope of finding Betts again. Whether it was gas or bronchitis that brought him into Field Hospital 111 at Courmont, I do not know. But it was he who, with incredible adroitness, without moving from his bed, got me out between nine and ten at night, when all was black and still in the field, and made me break open enough chocolate for him and his two hundred fellow patients. I had been off all day to get it at Cohan, and had not got back until dark; and not daring to go near the tents until they were all asleep, I at last stole down to the entrance of one of them, to have some whispered consultation with an orderly, when up from the middle of the black silent tent rose a husky, drawling, cheerful voice: 'Oh, my eyes are sore watching all day under that tent for you to come!'

Walking down into the tent, I asked who it was that was having all this eye trouble. 'Oh, it's only me, Betts,' he laughed. Betts by daylight could get almost anything out of you, but Betts at night was even more appealing. There was nothing to do but go back and stealthily break open enough for him and his forty in the same tent; but while I was gone, the villain had with true comradeship got the news swiftly across to all the other tents, and there was no rest for the weary until the whole two hundred had been fed up. When it was all over, and in the darkness I had given Betts five times his proper share and was passing out, he called after me, 'Good night, chaplain, *my eyes are getting better every minute.*' Through military channels I am now advertising for Betts.



## 'POLITE SOCIETY'

BY MR. GRUNDY

'WHAT is the matter with Society?' is the inevitable question, when a few of the elder representatives of the so-called 'Great World' meet together to shake their heads over the younger generation, and to place unerring fingers on what seems to each individual the plague-spot of the body social.

'The fault is with the young men of to-day!' loudly vociferate the mothers of daughters.

'The girls are entirely to blame for the lack of manners and morals,' announce the mothers of sons.

The grandfathers shake sententious heads. 'The real explanation of the lack of good breeding to-day is that the modern mother is *not* a mother at all. Now, in *my* day —' And so they play their part.

The grandmothers are convinced that they alone hold the secret of the collapse of taste. 'The whole trouble is with the fathers,' they triumphantly proclaim. 'Men have no authority nowadays over their sons, daughters, or wives. That is why chaos is come again.'

And so it goes; whosoever the fault, the result is the gossip of rather a vicious little circle of critics, who are so intent upon playing Button, Button, who's got the Button of Responsibility? that, in their eagerness to identify the guilty hands, they forget to seek a remedy.

Where does the real fault appear to lie, to one who views the panorama of Society from the peak of middle age, and who is a member of the more dis-

passionate sex — old enough to remember the good times he enjoyed a quarter of a century ago, and young enough to enter into such social pleasures as are accessible to-day to one of the 'ripe unwedded.' As he looks down the slope where mists of romance and haze of sentiment blur the outlines of the past, he sees himself in a ballroom of other days, where, by the witchery of Strauss, an awkward man was transformed into a dervish of whirling grace; where the rhythm of dancers dancing in tune entered into his blood and made him a worshiper of beauty, forever adoring the spirit of mysterious and elusive womanhood in many, many different incarnations.

And on the plateau where he stands, what does he see? All around him is a vividly colored throng of restless, excited, noisy human beings, exhibiting little grace and less elegance, possessing no mystery, no romance, making no appeal to the poetic fancy. They trot like foxes, limp like lame ducks, one-step like cripples, and all to the barbaric yawp of strange instruments which transform the whole scene into a moving-picture of a fancy ball in Bedlam. But — let this middle-aged observer speak the truth and shame the critics — he enjoys hopping and scuffling about in this motley crew even as he once enjoyed gliding and sliding among a less bizarre assembly. It is a genuine pleasure in the frivolities of the Present, as well as of the Past, which gives this philosopher (who so prides himself on his broadmindedness) the

wish to jot down a few middle-aged notes concerning the corner of Society in which he idly buzzes.

He must confess that, in observing the giddy whirl at their revels, he is sufficiently old-fashioned to find himself watching the 'cheek-to-cheek' dancing with his gray hairs standing on end — although his many black ones continue to lie decorously over his incipient bald spot. The scene suggests to him, with poignant irony, the German song so popular in his youth, 'Lehn' deine Wang'an meine Wang'; though Heine, for all his sentimentality, would have been shocked by the literal interpretation of his lover's appeal.

The first rule for a student of contemporary customs is to lock up in the strong box of the past all natural yearning for a day that is dead.

Notre jeunesse est enterrée  
Au fond du vieux calendrier.  
Ce n'est plus qu'en fouillant la cendre  
Des beaux jours qu'il a contenu  
Qu'un souvenir pourra nous rendre  
La clef des paradis perdus.

[Our vanished youth lies buried here,  
Deep in this faded almanac.  
'T is only as we stir the fire  
Which smouldering o'er our fair past lies,  
That Memory yields to fond Desire  
The keys of our lost paradise.]

Throw away the key that memory hands us to what seems in retrospect a Paradise indeed; then fling open the portals of the mind and let the Spirit of the Time fly in; for it is not by shutting our eyes to the fact that we live in a new world that we can cheat ourselves into believing that we are surrounded by the old standards, and steering by the old chart.

It is not necessary to review in detail the astonishing facts that are brought up for discussion nowadays among little groups of outraged — but intensely interested — mothers, and later *réchauffés* as delicious tid-bits of scandal for home-consumption — a

domestic feast which the man of the house is invited to share. There is a long catalogue of social sins and youthful misdemeanors served up with a *sauce piquante*; some are exaggerated, many authentic, some so sinister in their implications as to be almost incredible as reflecting the social code of our so-called best people.

One can fancy the variations on the usual themes; we have all heard them: the perfect freedom of intercourse between the sexes, the unchaperoned motor-flights at night, the intimacies of modern dancing, the scantiness of modern dress, and the frankness of conversation between young men and girls. There are even whispers concerning the sharing of the smuggled bottle during the early prohibition days, and the indulgent attitude of some of the most popular girls toward the evident intoxication of their partners. These are among the most serious arraignments of the idle life of the idle rich. Then there are the more venial sins. There is the thick skin and blunted social conscience of the young man who, like the courageous hero of the Limerick, —

Never knew when he was slighted,  
But went to the party  
And ate just as hearty  
As if he'd been really invited.

There is also the young man who does not answer his hostess's invitation; nor does he speak to her when he lounges into her drawing-room, but treats a lady's house like a public dance-hall. In short, there is the lawless minority who turn a débutante's entrance to society into a Saturnalian revel, and bring disrepute upon a whole section of society, when it is, in truth, only one link that is weak. None the less, a weak link mars the beauty and worth of an entire chain intended to be worn by Humanity as an ornament. But in upbraiding the reprehensible few, who will neither know

nor care that they are being censured, we must not, assume ungracious pastors do, address with misplaced eloquence the faithful members of a congregation on the sin of not going to church.

It is not surprising, in the general 'speeding up' of every enterprise during the last hundred years, that human nature itself fails to respond, when the feeble hand of middle-age or old age tries to apply the brake to the new motor-force which impels it forward. When does strength yield to weakness? We are tired of listening to the old analogies: how steam succeeded stage horses as a method of locomotion, and a consequent acceleration of speed vibrated through society; how humanity took to an even quicker pace when electricity and gasoline increased the *tempo* of life. It is merely a bromide to recall that airplanes and submarines have still further transformed the universe. We cannot look for the qualities in men and women that went with the sedan-chair and a coach and four.

We all agree that certain human qualities are permanent, others temporary; but we probably all differ as to which virtues should be on the evanescent list. Perhaps we sometimes fail to recognize the same old human quality in the disguise of a passing fashion. Certainly, the desire on the part of young ladies to make themselves attractive to the opposite sex is the most fundamental and natural of their qualities, deserving no censure; but the manifestations vary with the mode of the day. There is a fashion in these things. 'One generation passeth away and another generation cometh.' Sensibility degenerates into nonsense; the pendulum swings upward, and nonsense is transformed into sense; it descends, and the appeal of sense degenerates into the appeal of the senses — the transition quickened by after-war laxity of standards. George

Meredith speaks truth when he says of women, —

Their sense is with their senses all mixed in, — but the mixture does not make them more intelligible to man. Many colored beads of different shape and design are strung upon the thread which Eve began unwinding in the Garden of Eden, and which is as long as human life — the thread of the Desire to be Liked.

A hundred years ago the young girl who wished to ensnare the heart of a man would blush, and tremble, give a side glance and look down, and carelessly drop a rose from her bosom in the path of her pursuer. Her granddaughter seeks popularity by another path. At a dinner-party she seizes a roll of bread, dexterously slings it across the table, avoiding intervening heads, and with a raucous cry of 'Hi there! Catch it, you boob!' has flung her gauntlet into the arena of popularity. One may prefer the fallen rose to the hurled roll, but the motor-power behind both is the same.

Of course, the eternal question of supply and demand confronts us. Do the wishes of the young man of to-day create the supply of ill-bred young hoydens whose well-aimed blows give Society its black eye? or has modern life, with its mechanical efficiency, produced the young Amazons who are to be the mothers of the next generation, and must man perforce submit to his destiny? It is the day of extremes, but a danger confronts the newest woman, which she must meet intelligently or lose all that she has gained: it is the danger that reactionary man may demand a return of the obsolete feminine virtues of modesty and gentleness, and that with their rebirth much that is worth keeping in the girl of to-day will disappear. May evolution forbid that the bottle of smelling-salts should be reinstated to supplant the steering-wheel of a motor-car as woman's trade-mark!

The modern girl may be popular as a partner in a one-step, but will she be popular as a life-partner in that permanent two-step to which different gaits adjust themselves with such difficulty?

One does not wish to bear down too hard on an evanescent phase, and so contribute toward crystallizing it into permanence; nor does one wish to treat too lightly a really menacing laxity of standard. One can but hope that the sane majority will finally absorb and conquer the insane minority, and that the private ballroom will eventually yield to the censor of taste, as the public dance-hall is forced to conform to the censor of law.

'But the Button of Responsibility is not yet found!' cry out the eager pursuers of the guilty, as they scan one another's tightly closed fists. In this game the adversary of Society is Truth; and when her clear voice issues the old command of our childhood days, 'Button, button, arise!' look what happens. Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters all stand up, a sheepish row, and between each pair of hands, clasped in supplication, lies concealed a button!

Yes, there is no question that the responsibility must be shared by us all. It is the duty of every father to have a first-hand knowledge of things as they are — not of things as they are repeated to him by dealers in highly spiced gossip. Then he should talk to his daughters (for his sons are presumably past being influenced by his conversation), and he should expend all the eloquence he can summon in making his girls feel that with *them* lies the entire future of the human race. The social standards will be what *they* make them, the young men will be the husbands — as well as the dancing partners — of the women who mould them. If a girl is right-minded and clean-hearted, her father can make her un-

derstand the strength of her natural weapons — her charm, her beauty, her sympathy, her youth. If she prefers to turn from these to the coarser tools of conquest, then it is time for the modern father to get out *his* good old weapon, now dull with disuse, the trusty sledgehammer of Parental Authority. Let him bring it down on the tendency he wishes to crush, with the ringing exhortation of primitive man, 'This shall be done because I command it!' If woman resorts to barbaric methods of conquering young men, old men must retaliate by adopting uncivilized warfare to subjugate woman. It is for us middle-aged fathers and uncles to do our share toward restoring social law and order — peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.

With the mothers lie still greater responsibilities. They should have established, from the childhood of their daughters, such a close companionship of sympathy and wise guidance, such an understanding tolerance of the vagaries and frivolities of youth, that it should be absolutely impossible for their children to degenerate into the beautiful weeds which crop up sporadically in the rosebud garden of girls. In these days of freedom of speech between the sexes, it would do no harm to have a little more frankness between members of the same sex, and to encourage mothers to tell their daughters truthfully and simply the effect of some phases of their social laxity on the men whose moral fibre they are weakening. The fact that the young girls who demoralize the tone of society are themselves shielded from the results of their own recklessness is not sufficient reason for them to be held blameless. When lovely woman stoops to folly, she can always find someone to stoop with her, but not always someone to lift her up again to the level where she belongs.

'But it would rub off the bloom from our girls to talk of these things!' cry the

outraged mothers. 'My daughter is perfectly unconscious. I have tried to bring her up as a child of nature. I won't put ideas into her head!'

Perhaps bloom is one of the obsolete accessories of youth and beauty; one certainly does not often find it, though it is not usually a mother's hand which has rubbed it off. But even with the bloom of innocence and inexperience brushed away, there can be a soundness and cleanness remaining; and it is for the mothers to preserve that moral healthiness in their daughters. Would it cause a shrill chorus of protest if it were suggested that there are parents so eager for their daughters to attain popularity at any price that they close their eyes to the cost of the ephemeral success they encourage? If the fathers' hands hold a button, the mothers' hands certainly conceal more than one.

And how about the young girls themselves? It would show a woeful lack of intelligence to try to appeal to the offenders on any side save that of their own popularity. Those who do *not* offend are no concern of ours — the slipper of criticism does not fit the gentle Cinderella, whose methods of conquest are those of legitimate fascination; our business is with her proud and vain sisters whom the shoe fits to perfection. Cannot these modern sirens be made to realize that those of them who possess beauty, youth, wit, sympathy — the qualities that will always lure men — have only to decide by what methods they wish to attract their partners or friends, their lovers or their husbands, and the game is in their hands? They have the power of making any card trumps, and they can always play to win. They should think too well of themselves to employ methods hitherto confined to a class representing the victims of the social order rather than its makers. Nobody wishes to suggest that the young girls, full of vivacity and fun

and the desire to be liked, should become either prudes or highbrows. They will, of course, do things that their grandparents would disapprove of — that is only evolution; let them dance and flirt and be frivolous and gay; only let them remember that the girls with whom men like to dance and whom they like to flatter are not necessarily the girls they will choose as friends, still less as wives. The popular adjective for the popular girl to-day is 'jazzy,' — the word carries its meaning in the sound, — and the quality seems to have superseded the gift of charm which womankind used to desire as the indefinable social magnet.

But the present-day young man will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely, for his ear is pitched to the shrill jargon of war-time slang and profanity; and — here enters *his* button of responsibility — by seeming to admire the most objectionable type of modern girl, he certainly encourages that type to persist. The word 'simple' has come to be synonymous with all that is stupidest and most unpopular in the modern girl; and in her dread of being stigmatized with the cryptic adjectives bestowed on her by masculine contemporaries, she consents to be labeled by the older generation as fast, unladylike, common, and underbred!

Young men are certainly not exempt from their share of the blame that is flung about with such reckless hands by both spectators of and participators in the social game. They are older than the girls they play with, they think themselves wiser, yet they do all in their power to make the customs and manners of an unlicensed world the standards of the young ladies whom they are 'honoring' with their attentions. They *do* know more of some things than the girls with whom they dance and flirt; and it is for them, with



their wider experience, to exhibit more of the gentlemanly conduct which they would wish to have shown to their own sisters by their friends.

Perhaps some young people think to escape responsibility for the relaxed standards of the day by claiming that they really do not care for Society, but ask only to go their own way, lead their own lives, do what they choose, and harm nobody. This specious reasoning is more comforting than convincing, for, after all, Society with a large *S* is not very different from the society with a small *s* into which we are all thrust, willy-nilly, between cradle and grave. If we live in the world at all, we automatically become members of society; and though a girl never ‘comes out,’ she can never ‘go in’ till the painted veil drops behind her.

Individuality should, however, be very definitely considered and respected by the generation which tries to guide and guard the youth entrusted to its care; and the mechanical instruction which seeks to standardize all conduct turns out lifeless models of deportment far more discouraging than some of the hand-made failures.

Narrow-minded parents, intrenched in unimaginative virtue, are sometimes as reprehensible in their morality as the frivolous mothers or ignorant fathers who cast aside all responsibility, with a shrug of tolerance for the vices and faults they are too selfish to correct. The father who exacts a promise from his avid young son not to smoke, drink, or swear may be as blameworthy as the parent who preaches from the text so popular with youth, ‘Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die.’ The over-sensible mother who, in protest against the follies of 1920, sends a sensitive little girl to a party dressed in what looks like a blue serge bathing-suit, will probably cause her child to think more about dress than the *nou-*

*veau riche* mamma who decks out her curled darling in real lace and butterfly bows. The attitude of constant protest against existing conditions is dangerously myopic. We must advance along the road where the new generation is leading us, or we must travel alone — and backwards; for it is only by following the path our sons and daughters must inevitably tread that we can keep close enough to them for our advice or warnings to be of any help. The education we receive from our children modifies that which we try to give them; so let us not be righteous overmuch. Customs change, codes vary, standards shift; but every age and every nationality has always produced two flowers of civilization — the Lady and the Gentleman. If these flowers have become rare botanical specimens in this country and this day, is it perhaps the fault, not of the soil or the climate, but of the gardeners?

Certainly, by looking at things as they are, without prejudice or hysteria, ways can be seen in which each division of the units that compose society can do something to restore its influence and dignity. If the whole tale could be compressed into the scareheads of yellow journalism, we should all sit up and take notice, constituting ourselves the jury to try the mysterious culprits. Would not the story run something like this?

#### MURDER IN HIGH LIFE!

FEMININE MODESTY AND MANLY CHIVALRY BOTH FOUND DEAD!

MURDERER HAD MANY ACCOMPLICES.

CORONER'S VERDICT PROVES MODESTY TO HAVE BEEN THE FIRST TO DIE.

With these facts in mind, the self-appointed jury adjourns, and after due deliberation the foreman (who is none other than the self-satisfied middle-aged observer) makes the following announcement, the result of the testimony offered on preceding pages: —

‘In this murder-case fathers, moth-

ers, sons, and daughters are all found guilty, though in different degrees; but as their crime was not premeditated, we recommend them to mercy.'

He pauses for the expected murmur of mingled approbation and disapproval; and at this moment a woman in the dress of a nun pushes through the crowd, and making her way to the platform, whispers something in the ear of

the foreman. He raises his hand to command attention, and continues, —

'A surprising piece of news has just been brought to us from the bedside of the victims. This Sister of Charity tells me that the supposed corpses are both giving signs of returning life. Modesty's heart is beating faintly, and Chivalry is said to have breathed an almost imperceptible sigh.'

## AFTER READING 'MONS, ANZAC, AND KUT'

BY OWEN WISTER

'SAD stories chancèd in the times of old'

Have held me oft by candle's faltering light,  
When all outside my bed was winter-cold,  
And shy, small noises crept about the night.  
Myself thus safe, of perils I have learned,  
And ancient strifes, that I have never shared;  
Thus have I tasted, while my wick still burned,  
Comfort from that discomfort I am spared.

Thus have I hasted on from page to page  
With tingling blood that other's blood should flow  
From piercèd bodies in a far-off age  
Fabled to stir me by their pageant woe.

Your terrible true tale of our to-day  
Thus holds me, till my candle melts away.

# JUSTICE

BY MARIANNE GAUSS

## I

RIVER fog clung to the low places east of Eden; and the red sumach showed, through the mists, like the colors of fire-opals. Winds that blew from the mountain were odorous of ripe fruit. Had any person dared to investigate its tangles of wild grapevines, he would have returned dyed red as blood from treading the wine-press of the woods.

No Eden County person walked there, unless the girlish ghost of Hannah Webb returned sometimes to the site of her long-deserted cabin on Old Pokeberry Creek. The mountain passes were refuge and rendezvous for an unascertained number of criminals from all the Mississippi Valley. There were men up there who had long ago forfeited their necks and would never be taken alive; so an innocent visit to the mountain-top might result in misunderstandings, awkward for the visitor. The spoils of the hills were safe. The raccoon feasted all day on ripe persimmons, laughed as loud as he chose, and thrust his fat black face through loopholes of thinning foliage, to peer at the town in the valley.

Eden was an old-fashioned place, of board-walks and buggies, of fenced-in yards where blue-grass grew seedy and tall, of box-like dwellings, and many small white churches with steeples and bells. Situated at the end of a branch railroad where grass grew between the ties, it was out of the lines of traffic and off the circuits of the road-shows.

But every year two great forms of drama held spellbound the people of Eden. One, which might have been entitled the Fate of the Soul, was termed Protracted Meeting. The other sort of play was staged in the district court. The sombre entertainment provided during that autumn term — a drama of sin and death — was the trial of Lucifer Webb.

Lucifer was not without qualification for a hero of the stage. He was a tall and muscular boy of twenty, with bold, brown eyes, dimples in his cheeks, and a handsome nose. There was about him a kind of glamour without which no actor is a great success: he had had his share of the love of women. The wild look in his eyes recorded certain weeks spent alone in a fastness on the mountain before Pelleu, and the sheriff had caught him in a trap and brought him in.

‘Now, Webb,’ the prosecuting attorney was saying, ‘your counsel has asserted that McChesney had repeatedly threatened your life. We are to understand that you were in great fear of McChesney?’

‘Me? Afraid?’ The dimples came out in Lucifer’s cheeks, and he deliberately shook his head.

On the back seat, a girl leaned forward. Her eyes, which were blue and wet as the wild spiderwort in the early morning, were fixed imploringly on the prisoner. She was his bride.

He did not see her. ‘I never studied

about McChesney!' he proudly declared.

The prosecuting attorney was a little black-eyed man with a bald head. He smirked, eagerly. 'Still, you knew McChesney was going to attack you — why did n't you avoid his place?'

'Because I ain't never run from mortal man.'

Now, this was good logic in the hills. If a man has never done a thing, a precedent has been established, sacred as an oath. The jury was evidently satisfied.

One witness had testified that McChesney had said Lucifer Webb should never have Dorcas, if he had to kill him at the wedding. It was two hours after the ceremony that the tragedy had taken place — as Lucifer was going for his cow at sunset, with Dorcas in the new cabin waiting his return.

'He was hid out in the hazel-bresh,' continued Webb. 'When I come by there, he stepped out and says to me, "Lucie Webb, I've swore you won't git back home to-night, and I ain't never failed to keep my word."''

The prosecutor sneered. 'Was that all he said?'

'Yes; because then I shot him.'

With grave eyes, and an ominous immobility about his fine and cold profile, the judge regarded the boy on the witness stand. The judge was a man of forty. He had a certain dispassionate beauty, like logic. His eyes were blue-gray, his mouth was handsome, although somewhat too delicate for a man's. Physically, as in reputation, he presented a powerful contrast to the district attorney. The little man with the oily skin and bald head was known as the cleverest liar in the county.

Lucifer turned from the prosecutor to look at the judge.

'Attention here,' ordered the lawyer.

'Is n't it a fact that you've lied in all you've told this court?'

The young men present sat up at that. In the past, to call Lucifer Webb a liar would have been an adventure, with a thrill.

The boy made a slight movement, which was cut short by the irons on his wrists. At last he answered meekly, 'If that ain't the truth, I can't tell it.'

His tormentor twisted his lithe body, like a black snake, to glance at the jury.

'Well, ain't it a fact that when a man lies steady for two days, he gets so he can't tell the truth?'

'I would n't deny it to you,' Lucifer replied.

'Well, if you would n't deny it, you must think it's true.'

'I would n't deny it, because I ain't never tried it, and I sholy think a man lak you are would know.'

The prosecutor flushed a dingy red. The jurymen grinned. But the judge remained immobile, classic of feature, grave of eyes.

The judge was in an odd place here. He had been called on to exclude from the evidence presented many a wild tale of the hills. One old woman had tried to testify that after the murder she had seen the ghost of Red McChesney, pale-eyed, red-haired, as in life; and that Red had beckoned her in a way to indicate that she must help to avenge him.

Especially was the judge far above his community in his control of emotion. The tie between teacher and pupil may be a very tender one: in the mountain school the judge had taught fifteen years before, Lucifer Webb had been a favorite of the teacher's. If he remembered how he had loved that naughty black-eyed child of the hills, the judge had given no sign during the trial. He tested everything that passed by the rules of evidence.

The prosecutor turned to the judge. A sixth sense told the wary Lucifer that an unfair weapon was being prepared for him; and a red gleam came into his eyes.

'Your Honor,' — the prosecutor's manner was bland and defensive, — 'we will now show that this defendant had on a previous occasion threatened the life of McChesney.'

He turned to Lucifer.

'On the night of the twentieth of August, Webb, did you or did you not accompany Allen Spencer and the Meighton boys to Cherry Grove school-house?'

Lucifer was diverted; he smiled, and the childish dimples showed in his cheeks. He must have looked like the black-eyed boy of seven, who was always in mischief, in the mountain school, and was too proud to lie. He replied, —

'We all rid up to the schoolhouse, and Ally, he says to me, "Thar's goin' to be a weddin' after meetin'; must be about time for it now. I reckon, Lucifer, Red McChesney, he'd lak powerful well to have you for his bridesmaid." So we all rid our hawses in there, and the bride, it scart her so she run clear home.'

'You were n't looking for McChesney then?'

Lucifer's eyes narrowed with anger. He did not believe that the prosecutor thought he had attempted any violence that night: this was a way of bringing in the story of his lawless behavior at Cherry Grove. He saw the faces of the jurymen grow grim.

'I did n't have nothing again' Red McChesney,' he protested.

The prosecutor smirked. 'Was n't it McChesney that told, around Cherry Grove, that your father had been in prison in Arkansas?'

Lucifer felt himself trapped and baited. The prosecutor — it seemed

to him — had made a chance to tell the jury that he was the son of a man who had been convicted of making illicit whiskey in Arkansas. The family had kept that fact a secret. Now the lawless blood of the Webb tribe burned over his body. He cursed the prosecuting attorney; then he cursed the law of the land, and fully showed what sort of young man he was. He was sternly silenced by the judge.

As Lucifer tried to face the judge, his passion cooled. He saw that the judge did not think he had been wronged. He saw that the prosecutor had a right to inquire into the old Webb-McChesney feud — all the rules of evidence had been kept. Over Lucifer's heart came a wave of despair. For this case of his was not a thing to be proved in black and white: it had to do with emotion, motive, and intent.

His eyes went appealingly to the jury — he looked as if he were guilty. Now he remembered that that night he had broken up the wedding-party at the schoolhouse, the bride had not gone home alone; and before that night's wild performance had been much that was not told in court.

Lucifer recalled how her father's cabin had looked that night when he took her home: its whitewashed front exposed to the moon; over its porch a moonflower, with white blossoms wondering, innocent-eyed, at the lovers. Dorcas had stood in the porch. Her wide-open eyes looked black by moonlight; her hat was off and her hair whitened like silver; her mouth was still tremulous with his kisses. 'Lucifer,' she had protested, 'I don't want to marry Red McChesney, I sure don't. But he 'lowed if I broke my word to him —'

Red's threat had seemed so dreadful to her then, that she stopped and clung to Lucifer, crying. But before he went, she had promised to marry him.



She was crying more bitterly to-day. Her wedding hat lay in her lap, and she kept twisting its gauze ribbons and blue flowers.

The prosecutor darted another question at him.

'If you were innocent of murder, why did you break away from the sheriff as soon as he arrested you?'

'I knowed McChesneys too well; I knowed they'd pack a jury against me.'

As Lucifer said this, his black eyes flashed an angry challenge to the twelve men who held his fate in their hands. The prosecutor smirked.

'You say you were afraid of the McChesneys? Then, when you had killed a McChesney, why not escape at once? Why did you delay long enough to burn that shed-barn over the body?'

'God knows I never done *that*!' Lucifer protested. 'I shot him after he threatened my life, and he fell in the bresh; and I said to him, "Red, are you hurt?" and he did n't give no answer, and I thought I'd go for a doctor. So I started out of the pasture, and before I got to town, the sheriff nabbed me. And I *don't know* who fired that shed!'

Some member of the Webb clan, he thought, had made himself accessory after the fact. He looked from face to face of his friends in the courtroom. He felt bewildered; he realized that his story was unconvincing. Finally his look fell on Dorcas. She sat with her face upturned, her round blue-spiderwort eyes running over.

## II

A little while after that, his lawyer said the jury was going out, and they must go to the jail and wait.

Lucifer obeyed, still dazed. He was piloted toward a dirty hall, the door of which was open. Men roamed idly about there, squirting tobacco and peering into the courtroom.

Suddenly, in the path of the prisoner, darted a black kitten.

The color went from Lucifer's face. 'You can go back if you want to,' said the sheriff.

Lucifer was too proud to admit that he feared an omen, but his lawyer dreaded the effect of the sign on the jury. 'I reckon we'll wait in the courtroom,' he said.

The jury went out, and the spectators dispersed. The girl of eighteen on the back seat ran to the prisoner, put her arms around him, and pressed her young body against her man.

'Don't you be scart, Honey,' comforted Lucifer.

'But I've saw sech bad luck come where a cat crossed a person's path!'

'Yes, I know, Honey; you're thinking of how your oldest sister died after that sign. But you ought to be reasonable. Cats have got fire in their fur, — I've saw it many a time, — and they do give fevers. But they can't do no *other* harm; and there ain't no truth, to a reasoning mind, in sech a sign!'

Dorcas was comforted, and wept softly. While they waited in the courtroom, they could not talk. Lucifer's brain, tired out with emotion, strayed back to his childhood on the mountain farm.

The McChesney boys used to twit him by calling him 'Lucy.' One day he had asked Brother Tobe Jenkins about his name. 'Wa' n't it a *man*, Brother Tobe, that was named Lucifer in the Bible? Them McChesney boys, they 'low it's a woman's name.'

'He was n't neither, Lucie,' Brother Tobe had replied. 'He was an angel; that's why he had a sissy name. Angels has long hair and wears robes like a lady's dress.'

Little Lucifer had insisted. 'What-all did my angel do?'

'He was proud,' Brother Tobe had replied.

'What was he proud of?' begged the child.

'Of his long, golden hair — he got cotched in a tree by his hair. You can't learn no more because the Bible don't say no more, and I darse n't add to the Bible. So you run along away, boy.'

Lucifer had gone to defend his name with hard little fists, although he knew that the stern young man at the head of the mountain school had no mercy on fighters. Then, as now, the judge had believed in adjusting all quarrels by law.

It was very still in the courtroom. Dorcas breathed audibly, close to her man's ear. 'I'm a-prayin', Lucifer. I sholy am thankful this day you're named for an angel. Looks like he sholy would be yo' guardian angel.'

By and by her father came and took her away. Fireflies twinkled across the vacant lot next the courthouse. A deputy came in to guard the prisoner while the sheriff went to supper.

The judge returned and sat down in his place. His profile, against the sunset, looked just as when he taught school on the mountain.

Lucifer's mother, Hannah Webb, had borne him and died of him when she was fifteen years old. He had been reared by his father and uncles. In the code of these men the greatest sin of all was failure to avenge an injury. When the schoolteacher came to the district, little Lucifer had felt in him a kind of moral beauty which had fascinated him; the child had almost worshiped the young man. One day, a rattlesnake bit him, and the schoolteacher cut and burned the wound and he did not whimper — he never whimpered.

He remembered still how the judge took him home with him and nursed him all night, like a woman.

But to-day, as ever since his trial began, the judge had not spoken to the

accused man and had seemed to avoid his eyes.

This made Lucifer angry. He could hear his lawyer muttering, behind him: 'It was a crime the way the court charged the jury. He might as well have told 'em to hang the boy.'

And now Lucifer's tired-out mind became blank. He leaned backward in his place.

Suddenly, at the far end of the room, a door opened.

He saw the jury return, one by one; but he was numb, and could not feel what it might mean. His lawyer leaned forward, bright-eyed.

A chill came over Lucifer's body. His muscles twitched here and there, then began to stiffen. His heart was still at its task, pumping the blood with a violence which caused great pain in his chest.

He heard the verdict.

Then he and the sheriff got up and walked out of the courtroom — it did not matter, now, that he went by the path the kitten had crossed.

Lucifer reëntered his cell and sat down on his cot. The deputy did not say anything. His lawyer talked about getting a new trial. The judge, he said, was not going to allow it; but it was a disgrace that the prosecutor had been allowed to drag in irrelevancies.

The condemned boy was glad when he was alone. Through the window to which he lifted his eyes, he could see a dark purple sky, and stars. He felt as if the stars could not go on, or the moon make its circuit, without his eyes to see.

Yet he knew that the world would be as before when he was gone — even Dorcas —

She would marry someone else. He did not think long about this. As he sat staring at the wall, he kept seeing one face. Its fine, cold profile haunted him — he knew the judge would refuse a new trial.

He was right. Two days later, he stood before his old schoolteacher and was sentenced to die. When the judge asked if he had anything to say, he shook his head.

### III

But he did not die at the time the judge first set; his lawyer secured time to wrangle for his life in the Supreme Court.

A month after his condemnation, the snow came. It filled a certain natural fortress, up among the rocks, where Lucifer had spent some weeks in hiding from the sheriff; and a wildcat came and took the darkest place in his cave for a lair — as if she knew the owner would not return.

Still justice delayed. Pussy-willows appeared along the mountain creeks. In the leafy hollows, the ferns pushed up tiny, clenched fists. Later, the scrub-oaks leafed out, in dark and shining foliage. The branches visible through these leaves could scarcely be distinguished from polished rifle-barrels such as an outlaw might at any moment thrust from the dark of the covert.

Next, the woods showed white clouds of plum-bloom, with red-bud, a pink streak to mark the dawn of a summer Lucifer was not to see.

Near the window of the basement cell where he lived, in Eden, a robin began to sit on eggs. When the sheriff noticed this nest, he flinched; for he could see, also, the boy standing at the basement window, and thought how far away he would be when the young birds came.

The day the robin began to sit, he asked if his prisoner wanted to see a preacher.

Lucifer's eyes became wistful, with a struggle of shadows in them like the beating of wings. But he was a wild man; he could not talk with these

churchmen of the town, who spoke another language than his. He shook his head.

'Brother Tobe Jenkins,' resumed the sheriff, 'sent you word he'd like to come.'

The boy nodded, eagerly. Brother Tobe's ministerial standing was injured by the fact that he was sometimes arrested for intoxication; this did not matter to the hill boy.

From the first visit of the man from Pokeberry Creek, a change was discernible in the prisoner: his spirits rose, at times he seemed almost elated. Every day, from the basement cell, Brother Tobe's voice in prayer and exhortation rolled down the corridor.

When he came to see Lucifer, he brought a gift of chewing-gum. When he went away, he invariably carried, in his shirt, his pockets, and his boots, a quantity of earth.

Still the days rolled up, a rapidly shortening scroll. The robin began to feel life in her eggs, the reward of her faith in the destiny of life to break from its tomb. This was on Monday morning of the week which had been set as Lucifer's last. In the high mountains, pawpaw trees had blossoms like brown velvet. The wildcat in Lucifer's lair had young, and her kittens romped over his rifles and ammunition.

That afternoon the sheriff came in. 'Brother Jenkins, he ain't able to come to-day. He got drunk and some disorderly yestiddy, and I reckon he won't git out this week. Shall I ask Brother Wade Hubbell in?'

Lucifer raised his eyes; they looked like a cat's in the dark. He shook his head, and then forgot the presence of the sheriff.

'The best man in this town is a-going to talk to you, Lucifer,' resumed the officer of the law. 'I reckon you know who I mean — the judge.'

Lucifer did not look at him.

And he did not say anything when the judge entered his cell, with the sheriff.

'You act,' said the sheriff, 'like you did n't know who it was.'

'I know who it is, all right,' Lucifer replied: 'the man that put me where I am.'

'You're wrong, Lucifer,' said the judge. 'It was n't I, it was the law.'

'To hell with the law!' Lucifer was trembling, and his black eyes glistened like a wet black snake.

'I came in here, Lucifer, to ask if there's anything you'd like me to do for Dorcas.'

The judge looked down into the boy's face.

'For Dorcas?' Lucifer laughed. 'She'd starve and die, Dorcas would, before she'd take nothing from the man that murdered me.' His body became tense as a wildcat's. 'I don't know what McChesneys'll do to pay you, come election; but I do know this — you charged that jury so they could n't help but hang me. And you refused me a new trial, when you *know* what I told in court was the God's truth.' Lucifer did not believe the judge had condemned him to please the McChesney clan; he knew the righteousness of the man. But he rushed on, striking at him like a blinded animal. 'You've murdered me and you've damned my soul. You've damned my soul because I can't forgive you. All I got to hope is that you go to the same hell I do.'

He stopped because his old school-teacher had gone gray and white, with a queer look around the mouth.

Presently the judge got to his feet, and started away from the cell; he said he had been walking in the sun and it had made him ill.

As it was growing dark that afternoon, the deputy came with a message from Brother Tobe Jenkins. 'You tell Lucifer, fer me,' the preacher had said,

'the stone over the grave ain't hard to lift. It's *ben loosened*!'

A light came into the prisoner's eyes, and a flush covered his cheek-bones. 'Was that all Brother Tobe said?' he asked, eagerly.

'That was all,' said the deputy.

Left alone, Lucifer put his head in his hands to think. His heart, which had been slow, began to beat savagely. But he was not quite sure that Brother Tobe had meant, by 'the stone,' the grating which covered the drain-pipe. It was to get this done that he had felt he must see Brother Tobe that day.

Darkness came rapidly. The sky was overcast, and a spatter of rain drenched the wings which sheltered four blue eggs in a bush.

Lucifer stowed away in his shirt some food which he expected to need on his way up the mountain. Once in his homefortress, he would require nothing. Supplies for months had been stored, by Dorcas's family, in the cave. The place was approached by a narrow pass in the rocks, which none would find.

When the sheriff came for his last night call, Lucifer was again seated with his head on his hands. This was to hide his face, flushed with hope; but his heart beat so that he thought it must be overheard.

The sheriff withdrew, and Lucifer put out his light.

#### IV

Eight years before, his uncle had been county sheriff. One Friday morning, little Lucifer, who was visiting in town, had hidden behind a barrel in the basement corridor, to watch the last scene of a dark drama. He had seen his uncle throw open the door to this cell. He had seen a man's face, dead-white in the gray of the morning, and the decent clothes, which had been his best

suit out in the world. The child had gone into the empty cell and had looked at little possessions left behind, but had been afraid to touch anything. All the while, he had asked himself, again and again, one question: *'Why did n't he dig his way out, in the night?'*

So Lucifer was now carrying out an idea that had been in his mind since he was a child. Such plans succeed.

With a nail drawn from his cot, he scratched and bent the lock on the door. When his absence was discovered by and by, they would think he had gone out by the door.

Now he moved his cot from the wall. Around three or four stones, behind it, the mortar looked dark, as if from dampness. Lucifer carefully broke away this cement of chewing-gum, and replaced it with fresh gum, which would adhere when pressed in place from the other side. It was raining hard outside. At each fresh torrent, or roll of thunder, Lucifer paused, lifted his head, and listened. His eyes shone in the dark.

Beyond the loosened stones appeared an opening large enough to admit his body. Velvet-pawed, he crawled into this tunnel, drew his cot close to the disturbed wall, and carefully replaced the stones.

In total darkness he worked his way forward. The digging had been hard and long. At times he had despaired of ever coming to the light: all he had done would then seem meaningless and without an end. But it was easy going now.

He pushed on till a movement near him caused his body to shrink together and become motionless. Some little beast of the dark had entered his tunnel and was now flying before him — gopher, rat, or snake.

He slipped on, undisturbed, till his tunnel broke into a dry cistern from which a large drain-pipe went to the pond in the vacant lot.

At the edge of the cistern, he paused — frozen again. Sounds carried through his tunnel. Inside the jail, a few feet away, doors were slamming, and hoarse voices shouted.

Lucifer let himself into the cistern. The rain beat hard on its board cover. Already there began to be water in the bottom of the pit, which drained a block or so of land; but the large pipe in its side was dry. Lucifer squeezed his body into this.

It was as dark in here as if there had been no light in the universe. The rain overhead had a muffled sound, drearily echoed by the clay which encased his quiet body.

Once more he moved forward. His breathing almost ceased. He laid his hand — at last! — on the grating. Rain was against his face, and he could hear the frogs in the pond.

The grating gave to his touch. He had rightly understood Brother Tobe Jenkins, and was free.

The pond into which he now slipped was a bed of soft mud, with a foot or so of water, choked by spirogyra. Crouched in the water, he breathed hard, and waited for his heart to run down. The rain had put out the street-lights; Eden was a black swamp in which a man might dodge about for hours undetected.

At last Lucifer slipped out of the pond opposite the handsomest old place in Eden. The judge lived there, and only a swampy stretch, with last year's cat-tails growing in it, divided Lucifer from the fence and the road by which his old schoolteacher usually went into town.

There was a barn on the judge's lot, six feet from the swamp. From behind this, with no warning, appeared a man carrying a lantern.

The judge's face appeared in *chiaroscuro*, somewhat distorted. Around him was a gray film of lantern light, and



beyond that, darkness, as impenetrable as the mystery which hides every man's soul from his brother.

The judge went into the barn — he had not seen Lucifer.

But Lucifer was afraid to move. He stood close under a tree in the pitch blackness of the rainy night.

Now there was in Eden a small spotted dog popularly supposed to be a bloodhound. Tradition had it that he had once, in a fury, broken to bits a box where a negro tramp had chanced to sit on the station platform; some days later it was accidentally learned that this negro had killed three men in Troy, New York.

Some distance up the road, Lucifer heard the confident yelping with which this animal always began a quest, and to which, like some other leaders of men, he owed his success. Presently, around a bend, lantern light appeared, and dim shapes of men.

A voice was shouting, high-pitched with excitement: 'He's taken his trail at the jail, and he's follered it ever since, lak —'

The voice ceased abruptly. The sheriff's lantern light had fallen on those deep prints where a man had floundered out of the swamp. After a pause, he remarked, 'Webb ain't far from here, now.'

Lucifer slipped under the fence and stood in the dark, by the barn. All the lanterns were lifted. Light flooded the north end of the barn and the black walnut trees by the judge's fence. A white cow rose from her knees in the shed and lumbered off in the rain. Lucifer crouched motionless by the door on the south side.

The judge, with his lantern, emerged from the barn. Lucifer heard his horse whinny after him, heard his footsteps, muffled by hay. Then his light fell on the south end of the barn; and Lucifer knew that he was lost.

His eyes met those of the judge. Neither moved. Ten seconds passed. Lucifer fancied that the face of the judge was illumined with something more than lantern light. Now he did not feel surprised that the judge had not given the alarm.

Perhaps the spotted dog smelled a rabbit; perhaps he desired to impress his audience. He made a sudden dash forward and proceeded at great speed down the muddy road. The men followed him.

Lucifer walked away from the barn, unchallenged. He did not feel afraid. By and by he came to the creek and went across it to the wild side. Under a cloud of wet plum-bloom and red-bud, he stopped and calmly rested a while.

As he climbed the mountain, after midnight, the rain ceased and the moon came out; all the stars disappeared except one, in the east, over a pink ridge of hill.

Wild as a rabbit or deer, Lucifer loved the gay life of beast and bird among the rocks. The hills would shelter him because he loved them. He threw himself face down on the fern, and pressed his face against its wet fronds.

The sun shot over an edge of the opposite hill, and the wet oak-leaves burned red.

Now, a long way off, in the strange, early light, the figure of a man rose into view. Lucifer had said he did not believe in ghosts; but he trembled now, and without making a sound lifted himself on his hands to look. The stranger was a fair-faced man, with a red forelock over his forehead. Lucifer had known, all his life, those pale eyes, wild as his own, and always inscrutable, like a puma's. He wore, as always before, a blue jumper and overalls.

'Red McChesney!' breathed Lucifer.

The apparition vanished. Lucifer saw only a tree with dark, bluish leaves

and a wash of morning sun on its crown.

It was rising-time in Eden. The judge had slept little, from thinking of his crime.

Why had he, for the first time in his life, broken a law? He was greatly troubled.

When he looked into Lucifer's face, the night before, he had suddenly felt that the boy was innocent. No process of reasoning had brought him to the point; his mind had been carried by a gust of emotion. He had even forgotten, for a moment, that it was not for him to correct the law of the state.

He thought suddenly of the story an old woman had tried to tell, about the ghost of Red McChesney. Suddenly a strange and wild suspicion seized his mind.

He could not, of course, believe that McChesney was alive. He reviewed the evidence in his mind. To believe that McChesney was alive, he must credit an amazing chain of intrigue. There had been a trail of blood, made by dragging a body into the shed. In the ashes of the shed, things had been found that proved McChesney's body had been burned there: part of the

revolver he carried, a metal tag from his belt. Imagination constructed a theory: McChesney had dragged himself, badly wounded, into that shed. He had fired it and crawled away to the hills. All this, and his hiding for the winter, had had no purpose but to get his rival hanged.

The judge looked into his own heart, whereby he understood human nature. He would not have dreamed of acting in such a way; the thing was absurd. Lucifer was guilty.

Yet he was not sorry the boy had escaped.

He looked up, and the sheriff stood at his door.

'An old nigger woman' — the sheriff jerked this thumb toward the hills — 'seen the ghostess of Red McChesney up yonder. I've made up a posse.'

'To look for Lucifer Webb?' asked the Judge.

'*Nope!*' the sheriff replied with emphasis.

The judge smiled to himself. He looked kindly at the low-browed, honest man before him. But he sadly shook his head; for the rules of evidence cannot be assailed.

'I'm a-goin', anyhow,' said the sheriff.

# HENRY ADAMS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

## I

In one of the most brilliant, subtle, and suggestive autobiographies ever written, Henry Adams informs us that he was never educated, and endeavors to explain why his varied attempts at education were abortive. He flings a trumpet challenge to the universe: Here am I, Henry Adams. I defy you to educate me. You cannot do it. Apparently, by his own reiterated and triumphant declaration, the universe, after most humiliating efforts, could not.

We should perhaps sympathize with the universe more perfectly, since Adams asks no sympathy, if, at the beginning of his narrative, or even in the middle of it, he told us what he means by education. This he never does with any completeness, though the word occurs more times than there are pages in the book. When he has advanced more than half-way through the story, he remarks casually that, for a mind worth educating, the object of education 'should be the teaching itself how to react with vigor and economy.' This is excellent, so far as it goes; but it is rather vague, it hardly seems to bear upon many of the attempted methods of education, and it does not reappear in any proportion to the demands upon it. I cannot help thinking that if, in the beginning, the brilliant autobiographer had set himself sincerely and soberly to reflect upon the word he was to use so often, he would have saved himself much repetition and the universe some anxiety, though he would have

deprived his readers of a vast deal of entertainment. As it is, he pursues an illusory phantom through a world of interesting experiences. Probably a dozen times in the course of the book he tells us that Adams's education was ended. But a few pages later the delightful task is taken up again, until one comes to see that to have been educated, really and finally, would have been the tragedy of his life.

At any rate, nobody could furnish a prettier keynote for a psychograph than the motto, 'Always in search of an education.' Let us follow the search through all its meanders of intellectual and spiritual experience. From birth in Boston in 1838 to death in Washington in 1918, through America, Europe, and the rest of the world, through teaching and authorship and politics and diplomacy, through love and friendship and the widest social contact, the curious and subtle soul, with or without the afterthought of education, pursued its complicated course, scattering showers of brilliancy about it, leaving memories of affection behind it, and however difficult to grasp in its passage and elusive in its product, always and everywhere unfailingly interesting.

It is hardly necessary to say that, with this restless and unsatisfied spirit, the period which sees education finished for most men did not even see it begun. The infant who starts with the definition of a teacher as 'a man employed to tell lies to little boys' is not

very likely to get definitive results from early schooling. The juvenile Adams surveyed Boston and Quincy and found them distinctly wanting, in his eyes, though not in their own. 'Boston had solved the universe; or had offered and realized the best solution yet tried. The problem was worked out.' But not for him.

With Harvard College the results were little better. He fully understood that, if social position counted, he ought to get all there was to be got. 'Of money he [Adams, for the autobiography is sustained throughout in the third person] had not much, of mind not more, but he could be quite certain that, barring his own faults, his social position would never be questioned.' He was ready to admit also that failure, so far as there was failure, was owing precisely to faults of his own. 'Harvard College was a good school, but at bottom what the boy disliked most was any school at all. He did not want to be one in a hundred — one per cent of an education.' Furthermore, with the readiness we all have to acknowledge weaknesses we should not wish others to find in us, he declares that 'he had not wit or scope or force. Judges always ranked him beneath a rival, if he had any; and he believed the judges were right.' But, at any rate, Harvard did not educate him. There was no coöperation, no coördination. Everybody stood alone, if not apart. 'It seemed a sign of force; yet to stand alone is quite natural when one has no passions; still easier when one has no pains.' And the total outcome was forlornly inadequate. 'Socially or intellectually, the college was for him negative and in some ways mischievous. The most tolerant man of the world could not see good in the lower habits of the students, but the vices were less harmful than the virtues.'

Nobody nowadays would anticipate

that Germany could do what Harvard could not. But some persons then cherished amiable delusions. Young Adams hoped vaguely that Germany might educate him. With turns of phrase that recall Mark Twain he recognizes his happy moral fitness for education — if he could get it. 'He seemed well behaved, when any one was looking at him; he observed conventions, when he could not escape them; he was never quarrelsome, towards a superior; his morals were apparently good, and his moral principles, if he had any, were not known to be bad.'

On this admirable substructure even Germany, however, could not erect the desired edifice. Acting on the pompous encouragement of Sumner, who said to him, 'I came to Berlin, unable to say a word in the language; and three months later, when I went away, I talked it to my cabman,' Adams struggled with the difficulties of the German tongue and overcame them by methods of which he says that 'three months passed in such fashion would teach a poodle enough to talk with a cabman.'

But to one so exacting the mere learning of a language was not education, though it seems so to some people. The question was what you did with the language after you had learned it. And here Germany failed as egregiously as Boston. From careful personal contact, Adams concluded that the education in the public schools was hopeless. The memory was made sodden and soggy by enormous burdens. 'No other faculty than the memory seemed to be recognized. Least of all was any use made of reason, either analytic, synthetic, or dogmatic. The German government did not encourage reasoning.' The boys' bodies were disordered by bad air and ill-adjusted exercise, and then 'they were required to prepare daily lessons that would have quickly broken down strong men of a healthy habit,

and which they could learn only because their minds were morbid.'

It was hardly likely that the university teaching would produce a more favorable impression. It did not. 'The professor mumbled his comments; the students made, or seemed to make, notes; they could have learned from books or discussion in a day more than they could learn from him in a month, but they must pay his fees, follow his course, and be his scholars, if they wanted a degree. To an American the result was worthless.' When the time came for leaving Germany, our student departed with a light heart and a firm resolution that, 'wherever else he might, in the infinities of space or time, seek for education, it should not be again in Berlin.'

Many earnest persons, who have found direct education for themselves fruitless and unprofitable, declare that they first began to learn when they began to teach, and that in the education of others they discovered the secret of their own. After a number of years of varied activity, Adams returned to Harvard as a teacher, and had an opportunity to test the truth of this principle. Viewed objectively, his work in instructing others seems universally commended. His pupils praised him, admired him, cherished a warm personal affection for him. He did not try to burden their memories, or to fill them with any theories or doctrines of his own. He made them think, he put life into them, intellectual life, spiritual life. 'In what way Mr. Adams aroused my slumbering faculties, I am at a loss to say,' writes Mr. Lodge; 'but there can be no doubt of the fact.' What greater function or service can a teacher perform than this?

But for the educator himself teaching was no more profitable than learning. He had a keen sense of the responsibilities of his task. 'A parent

gives life, but, as parent, gives no more. A murderer takes life, but his deed stops there. A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops.' He knew his own vast ignorance, as his pupils did not know theirs. 'His course had led him through oceans of ignorance; he had tumbled from one ocean into another.' But the diffusion of ignorance, even conscientious, did not seem to him an object worth toiling for. Education as administered at Harvard and at similar institutions appeared to lead nowhere. The methods were wrong, the aims wrong, if there were any aims. That it educated scholars was very doubtful; that it did not educate teachers was certain. 'Thus it turned out that, of all his many educations, Adams thought that of school-teacher the thinnest.'

And how was it with society, with the wide and varied contact with men and women? If ever man had the chance to be educated by this means, Henry Adams was the man. He met all sorts of people in all sorts of places; met them intimately, not only at balls and dinners, but in unguarded hours around the domestic hearth. As with the teaching, others' impression of him is enthusiastic. He was not perhaps the best of 'mixers' in the American sense; but he was kindly, gracious, sympathetic, full of response, full of stimulation, full of sparkling and not domineering wit. When he and Mrs. Adams kept open house in Washington, it was well said of them, 'Nowhere in the United States was there then, or has there since been, such a salon as theirs. Sooner or later, everybody who possessed real quality crossed the threshold of 1603 H Street.' And again, 'To his intimates — and these included women of wit and charm and distinction — the hours spent in his study or at his table were the best that Washington could give.'



But, as with the teaching, the man's own view of his general human relations is less satisfactory. The play of motives is interesting, certainly; but what can he learn from it, what can it do for his education? 'All that Henry Adams ever saw in man was a reflection of his own ignorance.' The great obstacle for sensitive natures to all social pleasure, the immense intrusion of one's self, was always present to him, never entirely got rid of. 'His little mistakes in etiquette or address made him writhe with torture.' And of one concrete, tormenting incident, 'This might seem humorous to some, but to him the world turned ashes.' The annoyances were great and the compensations trifling. Though he touched many hands, heard many voices, looked deep into many eyes, he drifted through the world in a dream solitude. When he was in Cambridge, he bewailed the isolation of professors. 'All these brilliant men were greedy for companionship, all were famished for want of it.' But the greed and the want haunted him everywhere. I do not see that they were ever satisfied.

With women he fared somewhat better than with men, and few men have been more frank about acknowledging their debt to the other sex. 'In after life he made a general law of experience — no woman had ever driven him wrong; no man had ever driven him right.' And at all times and on all occasions he paid his debt with abundance of praise, tempered, of course, with such reserve as was to be expected from one who had all his life been seeking education and had not found it. To be sure, he readily admits entire ignorance as to the character, motives, and purposes of womankind. 'The study of history is useful to the historian by teaching him his ignorance of women; and the mass of this ignorance crushes one who is familiar enough with what

are called historical sources to realize how few women have ever been known.' But such admission of ignorance, especially for one who triumphed in ignorance on all subjects, only made it easier to recognize and celebrate the charm. One could trifle with the ignorance perpetually, elaborate it, and complicate it, till it took the form of the most exquisite comprehension. 'The proper study of mankind is woman and, by common agreement since the time of Adam, it is the most complex and arduous.'

Was it a question of the woman of America? One could write novels, like *Esther* and *Democracy*, in which the woman of America is made a miracle of cleverness and is at any rate more real than anything else. Or, in intimate table-talk with great statesmen and their wives, one could calmly insist that 'the American man is a failure. You are all failures. . . . Would n't we all elect Mrs. Lodge Senator against Cabot? Would the President have a ghost of a chance if Mrs. Roosevelt ran against him?' But unquestionably one treads safer ground and is less exposed to the temptation of irony, if one goes back five hundred years and adores the Virgin of Chartres. With her, as Mark Twain found with Joan of Arc, one can elevate the feminine ideal to a Gothic sublimity, without too inconvenient intrusion of harsh daylight.

When we reduce these abstract personal contacts to concrete individuality, we find, or divine, Adams at his best, at his most human. 'Friends are born, not made, and Henry never mistook a friend.' For all his vast acquaintance, these friendships were not many, and they seem to have been deep and true and lasting. To be sure, he complains that politics is a dangerous dissolvent here as elsewhere. 'A friend in power is a friend lost.' But his love for Hay and for Clarence King, not to speak of others, was evidently

an immense element in his emotional life, and if they did not give him education, they did what was even more difficult and vastly better, made him forget it. Moreover, as is indicated in Mrs. LaFarge's charming study of her uncle, there was a peculiar tenderness in Adams's intimate personal relations, very subtle, very elusive, very delicate, but very pervading. As is the case with many shy and self-contained natures, the tenderness showed most in his contact with children. But he had, further, a peculiar gift, by his imaginative sympathy, of eliciting affectionate confidences from young and old.

To what we may assume to have been the deepest love of all Adams himself makes not the faintest reference. His wooing and marriage are not once mentioned in the *Education*, but are lost in the shadowy twenty years which he passes over with a word. Some dream-attachments of early childhood are touched with delicate sarcasm. Beyond this, love as a personal matter does not enter into his wide analysis. From the comments of others we infer that, although he had no children, his marriage gave him as much as any human relation can and more than most marriages do, while his wife's death brought him deep and abiding sorrow. But we may safely conclude that marriage did not give him that mysterious will-o'-the-wisp, education, since, after Mrs. Adams's death, we find him seeking it as restlessly and as unprofitably as ever.

So, having traced his search through the complicated phases of the more personal side of life, let us follow it in the even more complicated development of the intelligence.

## II

It would seem as if few human callings could afford a wider basis for

education in the broadest sense than diplomacy, and Adams had the advantage of all that diplomacy could offer. His father cared for the interests of the Union in London all through the fierce strain of the Civil War, and Henry, as his father's secretary, saw the inside working of mens' hearts and passions which that strain carried with it. He watched everything curiously, gained a fascinating insight into the peculiarities of English statesmanship, drew and left to posterity profound and delicate studies of Palmerston, Russell, Gladstone, and other figures, some of whom are not soon to be forgotten and some are forgotten already. He sketched with a sure and vivid touch scenes of historic or human significance. Saint-Simon could not have done them better.

But as to education for himself, the private secretary got nothing. In fact, these repeated, progressive, futile efforts seemed only to be carrying him beyond zero into the forlorn region of negative quantity. He found out that he was incurably shy, reserved, unfitted for the obtrusive conflicts of life. He tells us somewhere that he never had an enemy or a quarrel. But without quarrels one does not win many victories, even in the courteous atmosphere of diplomacy. The result of his English experience tended to little but 'the total derision and despair of the lifelong effort for education.'

With practical politics at home in America it was the same. Only here Adams, warned by varied observation of others, made no attempt himself at even indirect personal action. It became obvious to him at a very early age that the sharp and clear decision on matters that cannot be decided, which is the first thing required of all politicians, was quite impossible for him, let alone the lightning facility in changing such decisions which gives the fine finish to a successful politician's career.

He had the true conservative's dislike of innovation, not because he was satisfied with things as they are, but because he had a vast dread of things as they might be. 'The risk of error in changing a long-established course seems always greater to me than the chance of correction, unless the elements are known more exactly than is possible in human affairs.'

But if he did not seek education — where some think it is most surely to be found — in intense personal action, at least he was never tired of observing the complexities and perplexities of American political life. And if these did not give him education, they gave him amusement, as they give it to his readers in his interpretation of them. His own conclusion as to the workings of American government was not enthusiastic. Cabinets were timid, congresses were helter-skelter, presidents were inefficient—or over-efficient—even when well-intentioned, and one could not be sure that they were always well-intentioned. What wonder that the outcome of observation so dispassionate was hardly educative for the observer. It certainly is not for his readers, except in the sense of disillusionment.

From the hard, harsh, clear-cut doings of practical America the inquiring, acquiring spirit naturally turned at times to vaguer portions of the world; set itself to discover whether education might not come from travel and pure receptivity, since it absolutely refused to emanate from the strenuous action of common life. The results, if hardly more satisfactory, were always diverting. Rome? Oh, the charm of Rome! But it could not well be a profitable charm. 'One's personal emotions in Rome . . . must be hurtful, else they could not have been so intense.' And again, Rome was 'the last place under the sun for educating the young; yet it

was, by common consent, the only spot that the young — of either sex and every race — passionately, perversely, wickedly loved.'

It might be supposed that at least travel would break up conservatism, abolish fixed habits of thought and life, supple the soul as well as the limbs, and make it more quickly receptive of innovation and experiment. Not with this soul, which found itself even more distrustful of change abroad than at home. 'The tourist was the great conservative who hated novelty and adored dirt.'

Such a result might perhaps be expected from wandering in the Far East, where the flavor of dreamy repose, whether in man or nature, infected everything. But one would have thought that the bright, crystal, sparkling atmosphere of the American West might animate, enliven, induce a brisker courage and a more adventurous effort at existence. Taken beyond middle age, however, it did not induce effort, but only restlessness. 'Only a certain intense cerebral restlessness survived, which no longer responded to sensual stimulants; one was driven from beauty to beauty as though art were a trotting-match.'

And if the sunshine of the western plains could not inspire ardor, it was not to be imagined that the gloomy silences of the Arctic Circle would do it. They did not; they merely fed far-reaching, profound, and futile reflection on the battle of modern practical science with the old, dead, dumb, withering forces of nature. 'An installation of electric lighting and telephones led tourists close up to the polar ice-cap, beyond the level of the magnetic pole; and there the newer Teufelsdröckh sat dumb with surprise and glared at the permanent electric lights of Hammerfest.'

From all this vast peregrination the

conclusion is 'that the planet offers hardly a dozen places where an elderly man can pass a week alone without ennui, and none at all where he can pass a year.'

Was it better with the wanderings of the spirit than with those of the flesh? Let us see. How was it with art, the world's wide, infinitely varied, inexhaustible human product of beauty? Surely no man ever had better opportunity to absorb and assimilate all that art has power to give to any one. Yet Adams's references to the influence of art in general are vague and obscure. He can indeed multiply paradox on that, as on any subject, indefinitely. 'For him, only the Greek, the Italian or the French standards had claims to respect, and the barbarism of Shakespeare was as flagrant as to Voltaire; but his theory never affected his practice . . . he read his Shakespeare as the Evangel of conservative Christian anarchy, neither very conservative nor very Christian, but stupendously anarchistic.' But tried by the one final, ever-repeated test, all that art offers is about as unsatisfactory as American politics or tropical dreams. 'Art was a superb field for education, but at every turn he met the same old figure, like a battered and illegible signpost that ought to direct him to the next station but never did.'

One phase only of the vast outpouring of artistic beauty did engage the curious student, did for the time distract him wholly, involve and entangle his restless spirit in its fascinating spell — the mediæval art which he has analyzed so fully in *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*. The strange glamour, the puzzling and elusive suggestion and intimation of Gothic architecture, the complex subtleties of Christian thought and feeling, as illustrated and illuminated by that architecture, seem to have held him with an almost inexpli-

cable charm; and the insinuating, absorbing, dominating figure of the Blessed Virgin, lit at once and shadowed by the glimmering glory of old, unmatchable stained windows, gave him something — at least offered him the tantalizing image of something — that modern thought and modern wit and modern companionship could never supply.

Yet even here the final impression is that of remoteness and unreality. What can a living soul get from a dead religion? 'The religion is as dead as Demeter, and its art alone survives as, on the whole, the highest expression of man's thought or emotion.' Even to feel the art, you have to make yourself other than you are; and modern nerves, unstrung by the wide pursuit of education, cannot stand this pressure long. 'Any one can feel it who will only consent to feel like a child. . . . Any one willing to try could feel it like the child, reading new thought without end into the art he has studied a hundred times; but, what is still more convincing, he could at will, in an instant, shatter the whole art by calling into it a single motive of his own.'

So we must infer that the charm of this mediæval interlude was largely owing to its remoteness, to the very fact that it was a world of dream and only dream, requiring of the visitor none of the vulgar positive action demanded by twentieth-century Washington. And the very remoteness that made the charm took it away; for souls of the twentieth century must live in the twentieth century, after all.

No one lived in it more energetically than Adams, so far as mere thinking was concerned. To turn from his intimate acquaintance with mediæval learning to his equally intimate contact with the most recent movement of science is indeed astonishing. His curious youth seized upon the theories of

Darwin, twisted them, teased them, tormented them, to make them furnish the vanishing specific which he believed himself to be eternally seeking. They did not satisfy him. As time went on, he found that they did not satisfy others, and he plunged more deeply and more widely into others' dissatisfaction in order to confirm his own. The patient erudition of Germany, the logical vivacity of France, the persistent experimenting of England, all interested him, and from all he turned away as rich — and as poor — as he set out.

No one has more gift than he at making scientific speculations attractive, alive, at giving them almost objective existence, so that you seem to be moving, not among quaint abstractions of thought, but among necessary realities — perverse, persistent creatures that may make life worth living or not. He embodies theory till it tramps the earth. He treats the pterodactyl and the ichthyosaurus with the same intimate insolence as a banker in State Street or an Adams in Quincy, and analyzes the weaknesses of terebratula with as much pride as those of his grandfather.

Yet, when you reflect, you think yourself at liberty to feel a little discontent with him, since he admits so much with others. His exposition of all these scientific questions is brilliant, paradoxical, immensely entertaining. But no one makes you perceive more clearly the difference between brilliancy and lucidity. In mild, steady sunlight you can work out your way with plodding confidence; but a succession of dazzling flashes only makes darkness more intolerable. Adams can double the weight of unsolved problems upon you. He cannot, at least he rarely does, even state a problem with consistent, clear, orderly method, much less follow out the long solution of one. His most

instructive effort in this line is the *Letter to American Teachers of History*. Here are two hundred pages of glittering pyrotechnic. You read it, and are charmed and excited and shocked, and left breathless at the end. What is the tangible result? That the investigations of modern science make it extremely doubtful whether mankind has progressed within the limits of recorded history, or ever will progress or do anything but retrograde, and that this famous discovery makes the teaching of history extremely difficult. Well, it is another difficulty, certainly, if the discovery is correct, which Adams would be the last to affirm with positiveness. But it might have been stated in a few words, instead of being amplified and complicated with endless repetition, all the more puzzling for its brilliancy. And among the manifold serious troubles of a teacher of history this one almost disappears, from its very remoteness. Of the far more pressing difficulties, of treatment, of method, of practical interest, Adams discusses not a single one. I doubt if any teacher of history ever laid down the *Letter* with the feeling that he had been helped in any possible way.

Of the more abstract metaphysical thinking that fills the latter portions of the *Education* and of *Mont St. Michel*, the same may be said as of the science. Its breadth is astonishing and its brilliancy extreme. Every typical intelligence from Aristotle to Spenser is touched upon, with an especially long stop at Saint Thomas Aquinas, to sum up and crystallize the whole. At first one is humbly impressed, then one is bewildered, then one becomes slightly skeptical. The result of it all seems too fluid, evanescent. Take the mysterious theory of acceleration. Through various preparatory chapters we are apparently led up to this. Suddenly we find that we have passed it, and we rub our



eyes. The truth is, when analyzed, that the theory of acceleration means that the nineteenth century moved rather faster than the thirteenth. But surely there needs no ghost from the Middle Ages to tell us that. Nor does Adams's latest philosophical work, *The Rule of Phase Applied to History*, improve matters much, though the idea of acceleration is further developed in it. The argument here is condensed after a fashion that would seem naturally to interfere with its lucidity. But when one reflects upon such a tangle of misleading analogies, one is inclined to suspect that fuller elaboration would only have made the lack of lucidity more apparent.

And we are forced to conclude, with the metaphysics, as with the science, that the thinking is more stimulating than satisfying, more brilliant than profound. There is an acute, curious, far-reaching, unfailing interest. There is not systematic, patient, logical, clarifying order and method.

Also, with the lack of method, there is another spiritual defect, perhaps even more serious. The exposition of all these high philosophical ideas is more paradoxical than passionate; and the reason is that the thinker himself had not passion, had not the intense, overpowering earnestness which alone gives metaphysical speculations value, if not for their truth, at any rate for their influence. No doubt, something of the impression of dilettantism is due to the inheritance of New England reserve which Adams never entirely shook off. But the defect goes deeper; and, in spite of his brother's assurance to the contrary, one cannot help feeling that Henry usually approaches the profoundest questions of life and death in an attitude of amused curiosity. One must not take passages like the following too seriously, — and one must realize that years and suffering some-

what modified the flippancy of youth, — but one must take them seriously enough. 'Henry Adams was the first in an infinite series to discover and admit to himself that he really did not care whether truth was, or was not, true. He did not even care that it should be proved true, unless the process were new and amusing. He was a Darwinian for fun.'

As to the last and most practical of all these varied spiritual attempts at education, the attempt — and the achievement — of authorship, one's conclusion is much as with the others. The novels, the biographies, above all the *History of the United States*, are among the most brilliant productions of their time. They glitter with epigrams and dazzle with paradoxes and puzzle with new interpretations, and make one think as one has rarely thought about the problems of American life and character. Of them all the *History* is the most important and the most enduring. It is fascinating in parts, almost abnormally entertaining in parts, yet even in the *History*, as a whole, there is a lack of broad, structural conception, a tendency to obscure large movement by detail, sometimes diverting and sometimes tedious.

Moreover, I cannot help feeling the defect in Adams's authorship that I feel in his general thinking, although authorship was the most serious interest of his life. He spent days in dusty muniment rooms, fortified his pages with vast labor and consistent effort, tried his best to make himself and others think that he was an earnest student of history. Yet, after all his labor and all his effort, I at least cannot escape the impression that he was an author 'for fun.'

### III

It is precisely in this lack of seriousness that I find the clue to the failure of

Adams's whole colossal search for education, so far as the education was anything tangible and even the search was in any way serious. I must repeat my ample allowance for the dignified and commendable reserve with which he tells his story. Both his brother and his niece insist upon his extreme shyness and reluctance to intrude his own experiences. But, after all, reserve is rather out of place in confessions so free and intimate as those of the *Education*; and through all reserve the exposure of the inner, the inmost, life is sufficiently complete to show that the perpetual demand for education was at all times fatal to any absorbing ecstasy. When he was a boy in college, his elders remarked that one of his compositions was notable for lack of enthusiasm. 'The young man — always in search of education, — asked himself whether, setting rhetoric aside, this absence of enthusiasm was a defect or a merit.' Whichever it was, it accompanied him always and is the main key to his vast, absorbing work. What shall be said of a man who, in recounting his own life up to thirty, makes no single mention of having his pulses stirred, of being hurled out of himself, by nature, or love, or poetry, or God? What can any education be that is not built on some tumultuous experience of one or all of these?

Take nature. In Adams's later life there are touches that show that nature must always have had its hold on him. When he returns from Europe in the late sixties, he finds 'the overpowering beauty and sweetness of the Maryland autumn almost unendurable for its strain on one who had toned his life down to the November grays and browns of northern Europe.' Yet note even here that it is the unendurable side of passion and ecstasy that clings. And the same sense of superiority and willful indifference peers through his wonderful rendering of later natural experi-

ences. 'In the long summer days one found a sort of saturated green pleasure in the forests, and gray infinity of rest in the little twelfth-century churches that lined them.'

So with art. We have seen that he was entranced with the Middle Ages, and we have guessed that this was precisely because of their unreality to a man of the modern spirit. At any rate, there is no evidence anywhere that he was wrapt or carried away by any other art whatever, either the sculpture of Greece, or the painting of the fifteenth century or the nineteenth. 'All styles are good which amuse,' he says. The Gothic and the Virgin amused him. When the sense of Beethoven's music first overwhelms him, he describes this sense in a fashion intensely characteristic, as 'so astonished at its own existence, that he could not credit it, and watched it as something apart, accidental, and *not to be trusted*.' (Italics mine.) With poetry it is the same. His niece tells us that he was 'passionately fond of poetry.' I should have taken 'curiously fond' to be nearer the mark. In any event, the fondness does not appear in his writings. He enlarges at huge length upon the epic and lyric productions of the Middle Ages. Except for some elaborate analyses of Petrarch — and this again is curiously characteristic — in *Esther* and *The Life of George Cabot Lodge*, the poetry of the world might never have existed, for all the account his education takes of it.

I have before recognized that his utter failure to deal with the educative power of human love may be owing to a delicacy that we are bound to respect. But surely the love of God might be handled without kid gloves. Adams hardly handles it with or without them. Of course, in such an extensive syllabus of non-education God has his place, with pteraspis and terebratula, and is treated with the same familiarity as

those distant ancestors, and the same remoteness. Adams also insists that 'Religion is, *or ought to be*, a feeling' (italics mine), and in many pages of *Mont St. Michel* he shows an extraordinary power of entering into that feeling by intellectual analysis. But when he seeks for the feeling in himself, the result is much what he describes when he seeks it in the religious press of the world about him. 'He very gravely doubted, from his aching consciousness of religious void, whether any large fraction of society cared for a future life, or even for the present one, thirty years hence. Not an act, or an expression, or an image, showed depth of faith or hope.' As a factor in education, God counted for little more than terebratula.

The truth is, that in this infinitely reiterated demand for education there is something too much of the egotism which Henry Adams inherited from his distinguished great-grandfather and which had not been altogether dissipated by the intermixture of two generations of differing blood; it being always understood, as has been often illustrated, that egotism is perfectly compatible with shyness, reserve, and even self-effacement. In the preface to his autobiography Adams points out that the great lesson of Rousseau to the autobiographer is to beware of the Ego. In consequence Adams himself conscientiously avoids the pronoun 'I,' and writes of his efforts and failures in the third person. As a result, it appears to me that the impression of egotism is much increased. We are all accustomed to the harmless habit of the 'I'; but to have Henry Adams constantly obtruding Henry Adams produces a singular and in the end singularly exasperating effect. One cannot help asking, what does it matter to the universe if even an Adams is not educated? What does it matter if fifty years of curious experience leave him to conclude that 'He

seemed to know nothing — to be groping in darkness — to be falling forever in space; and the worst depth consisted in the assurance, incredible as it seemed, that no one knew more'?

Not that one does not sympathize fully with the admission of ignorance. The best and the wisest, the most earnest and the most thoughtful, admit it likewise. The vast acceleration in knowledge of which Adams complained is the distinguishing feature of the twentieth century. We are swamped, buried, atrophied in the accumulation of our own learning. The specialist is the only relic of old wisdom that survives, and the specialist is but a pale and flickering torch to illuminate the general desolation of ignorance.

But even here it is Adams's attitude that is unsatisfactory, not his conclusions. He proclaims that his life is spent in an effort to seek education; but one cannot escape an impression that he is not very eager to find it. He bewails the overwhelming burden of ignorance that descends upon him — appears to bewail it; but one cannot help feeling that his grief is largely rhetorical, and that, so long as ignorance enables him to gild a phrase or turn an epigram, he can forgive it. He 'mixed himself up in the tangle of ideas until he achieved a sort of Paradise of ignorance vastly consoling to his fatigued senses.' 'True ignorance approaches the infinite more nearly than any amount of knowledge can do.' When a student so much enjoys trifling with the difficulties of his education, he is not likely to make very rapid progress in overcoming them.

Simple and quiet as Adams himself was in his daily life, the thing he most mistrusted, intellectually and spiritually, was simplicity. 'The lesson of Garibaldi, as education, seemed to teach the extreme complexity of extreme simplicity; but one could have

learned this from a glow-worm.' Again: 'This seemed simple as running water; but simplicity is the most deceitful mistress that ever betrayed man.' And he disliked simplicity because it was the key to all his difficulties, as he himself perfectly well knew. He spent his life tramping the world for education; but what he really needed was to be de-educated, and this also he was quite well aware of. He needed not to think, but to live. But he did not want to live. It was easier to sit back and proclaim life unworthy of Henry Adams than it was to lean forward with the whole soul in a passionate, if inadequate, effort to make Henry Adams worthy of life.

Mary Lyon would have seemed to this wide seeker for education very humble and very benighted; but all Mary Lyon cared to teach her pupils was that they should live for God and do something. If she could have communicated some such recipe to Henry Adams, she might have simplified his problem, though she would have robbed the world of many incomparable phrases. An even higher — and humbler — authority than Mary Lyon declared that we must become as little children if we would enter the kingdom of heaven. Perhaps the end of the twentieth century will take this as the last word of education, after all.

## THE SKYLARK TEMPERAMENT

### A SKETCH IN PEASANT RUSSIA

BY EDWIN BONTA

You would n't ask a child of six to analyze himself for you. If you did, you very probably would n't trust his analysis — or would you? Certainly, all through the years, the traveler in Russia has listened attentively while the peasant described himself. And then, returning to his own country, he has written: 'The *muzhik* is a strange, un-understandable being, thus and so; I know he is, because he told me so himself!'

Headquarters had ordered that we do all we could to encourage wholesome exercise among the Russian soldiery — the fine old Anglo-Saxon idea.

The routine of their present military training made no provision for physical development or fitness, not even through the setting-up exercises we know so well.

Seeing at once the value of this suggestion, I cast about for a way to carry it out, trying faithfully to find the one that appealed most to the soldiers themselves.

Their first and most popular idea was *boks* — the Russian version of the fistic exercise so popular with the soldiery of all the great Allies. But *boks* was not a success.

I can remember well having to step into the ring to Vasili after the second

victim of his sledge-hammer blows had been dragged out by the heels.

'Vásya, amiable one,' I said, 'how do you think this is the way to play boks? Only watch when the *Amerikántsy* or the Englishmen do it! They don't try for a knockout every bout. They are content to make a gentlemanly game of it — sparring for points, understand?'

Vasíli's eyes opened wide with incredulity and surprise.

'Points! What is it, a point?' he asked. 'If one does n't lay the other out cold, however are we to know who has won?'

So Vasíli and his fellows positively refused to comprehend what 'points' meant, and boks — as boks — had to be given up.

Then we bethought ourselves of basket-ball — a ripping idea, Catchpole had said. All one morning we worked, Timoféy and Pável and I, hanging the baskets at either end of our little concert-hall. All through dinner (where I sat at the head of our long board) the talk was of *bás-ket-ból*, and there was much boasting about what each was going to accomplish in the new sport.

Írina, as Pável had hoped, was duly impressed. And Klávdiya was not wholly unmindful of Timoféy's protestations. Mefódi, too, caught fire at the idea, and talked in loud tones about 'centres,' 'forwards,' 'baskets,' and how he would conjure with them all. But Ánnushka was busying herself even more loudly with her soup.

Dinner over, nothing would do but an immediate trial of the new court. No work would go on, no other interests be taken up, until this was out of our systems.

A few soldiers — Americans familiar with the game — made up an opposing team. Mefódi captained ours. Timoféy and Pável, holding out with characteristic tenacity, succeeded in establishing themselves as our two for-

wards — feeling that in this position there was greater scope for the display of their prowess. Being easily taller than any of the others, I asked to be made centre, secretly feeling that one could best command the entire court from this strategic point.

But, to our regret, *bás-ket-ból* also was not much of a success.

'Team-work? What for a thing is this, this team-work?' gasped Pável, hot and panting, in the midst of a life-and-death struggle with Timoféy for possession of the ball. And while they struggled, a deft Michigander snapped it up, and he and an American mate who did understand 'this team-work,' zig-zagged it safely down the hall, well out of the hands of Mefódi and me, and straight into our basket.

And a few moments later, *prrrreee* went the referee's whistle as Mefódi came lumbering down the floor, the ball hugged tightly to his breast.

'Listen, Fód'ka!' I explained. 'It's forbidden to run with the ball. Soon as you get it, you must pass it to another team-mate nearer the basket.'

'Yes, and I'll pass it!' retorted Mefódi. 'This little age I am waiting to get a hand on the ball. It's needful to throw a basket!'

'But there stands Timoféy, look. He'll throw the basket,' I protested.

'Timoféy, yes, and Timoféy,' said Mefódi. '*Tful*! What does he know how to throw a basket?'

And even while we talked, the Americans threw another basket. And, soon after, another. And yet another.

But to us never a one. Good job Írina and Klávdiya could n't see us now! Good job they were way off in the kitchen behind the swinging door!

Was it imagination, or did I really note a flagging interest, as a score continued to roll up against us? In the words of the Michigander, they were 'showing us up' — us Russians!



Then suddenly things took an unexpected turn.

I was trotting back to position, my back to my mates, when *khlop!* the stout ball caught me square in the nape of the neck, and I went sprawling full length on the floor.

'*Ay, yay!*' yelled Pável.

'Look-look!' cried Mefódi. And all burst into loud laughter.

Quick as a cat, Timoféy pounced on the retreating ball. Gleelessly he clutched it, as its new possibilities were revealed to him. Then he swung round and poised himself on his toes, eyes flashing, nostrils dilated, the ball held high above his head. His mates saw the threatening attitude and started for cover. (If only Klávdiya would come in — if only she could see him now! thought Timoféy.)

'*Ay, Pásha, look alive!*' he shouted.

The ball went flying down the hall and caught Pável cleanly in the pit of the stomach.

'*Oy!*' grunted Pável, collapsing in a heap.

As violent, unexpected gusts of wind, or a loud, unheralded crash of thunder, give notice of a coming storm, so these spontaneous incidents gave ominous warning of a surge of excitement that might sweep my temperamental team quite off its feet — a 'carrying away' that might end in anything short of homicide. It must be forestalled if humanly possible. The ball must be retrieved at any cost.

So then — a fundamental mistake on my part — I plunged after the ball. Of course, Mefódi, seeing my sudden move, misunderstood: of course, he thought I had the same in mind as Pável or Timoféy. And being much nearer, he got the ball long before I could reach it — and he was swept into the frenzy too.

His eyes flashed, his hair flew back from his low forehead. Swinging the

ball high over his head with both arms, he let fly, full at Timoféy — and I was after the ball again!

Timoféy leaped aside, and it crashed into the wall, dislodging a great birch bough from the Whitsuntide decorations. The bough came tumbling to the floor.

A second time I was too late for the ball; for Pável, up again by this time, had pounced upon it and sent it flying back in the other direction.

And so high carnival went on. The Americans, 'peevied' at such a perversion of their favorite game, had pulled out entirely, and stood disdainfully watching the remarkable display — Mefódi, Timoféy, and Pável, their eyes wide with excitement, hurling the ball about the room at the top of their strength; and I, panting after, vainly trying to recover it from them.

Bough after bough of the decorations came tumbling down. Chair-rungs snapped in two and clattered out. More than one light of window-glass was splintered on the floor. A thin red stream trickled quite unnoticed from Timoféy's temple, and Pável's eye was black and blue. And still the play went on.

Mefódi, not knowing exactly what he did, or where he did it, once more let fly the ball. It went high, far away over the heads of us, straight for the hanging chandelier. *Khlop!* it crashed into this; the chandelier rocked wildly to and fro, and three kerosene lamps tumbled out and crashed in pieces on the floor — the last three lamps in Páchipolda.

'*Okh!*' grunted Mefódi. 'There once! Now look!'

'Fool!' shouted Timoféy, lunging after the ball to send it back at him.

But this time, praise God, Timoféy was too late! The ball at last was already in my hands, and in another moment, locked safe in the putawayery

— the key in my breeches pocket. And *bás-ket-ból*, as well, was over and done for in *Páchipolda*.

Work was taken up again. I was busy at my desk, Mefódi moving silently but officiously about his duties, which seemed to keep him a long time in my room.

As he passed close by, I reached out and laid a hand gently on his arm.

'Fód'ka,' said I. 'Tell, please! Why such *uvlechénie* — such a carrying away — just now?'

'Uvlechénie?' said Mefódi. 'Yes, and was n't it *uvlechénie*?' And the flood-gates were opened.

'Was n't I telling you we were fools?' he wailed. 'Was n't I telling you it would come out that way?' (I could n't recall any prediction such as this — but then —) 'Would n't you know it would wind up in a carrying away, and glass broken, and chairs broken, and lamps broken, and devil himself only knows what not?'

He dropped abjectly on the bench and buried his shaggy head in his hands.

Suddenly he flung the head up again, a strange, half-defiant look in his small eyes.

'The *Amerikántsȳ*, they would n't do so! Oh, no! With them never any carrying away, never any *uvlechénie*! And don't they know this? Are n't they so proud people?' My friend revolved disdainfully with his arms. 'They think they know everything!' And the shaggy head buried itself in his hands once more.

I sat down on the bench close beside him, and laid a hand caressingly on the bent shoulder.

'Mefódusha, my friend,' said I, 'do you know what?' And in quiet tones I went on to assure him that we *Amerikántsȳ*, too, were steeped in wickedness, indulging in vices so black that it taxed my faint imagination to picture them — weaker, more wicked, more

willful than ever the dark *muzhik* could aspire to be!

A grateful light lit up the mild eyes. With this new confidence between us, our friendship was more strongly cemented than ever. Sure, quite sure now, of a *simpaticheski* ear, Mefódi laid a hand on my shoulder and, seated on the bench together, we descended the shadowy winding path into Inferno.

It was here I learned at first-hand of the tragedy of Russian life; of the fruitless uphill struggle against a cruel climate no other race could have endured; of the hopelessness and discouragement of ignorance; of the relentless oppression of the Imperial police; of the indolence and faithlessness of many of the priesthood — they who should have been to these simple people a source of inspiration and enlightenment.

I too buried my head in my hands, bowed in the presence of a tragedy so stupendous in its magnitude — an intolerable burden patiently borne by a hundred and sixty-odd millions of people.

Mefódi rose and silently slipped out of the room.

I sat on, absorbed in reflection, as what passible soul would not have been? At last — the reward of months of sympathetic interest — I was vouchsafed a glimpse into the true soul of the *muzhik* — was permitted to stand face to face with the haunting horror of so sad a people.

But what was this, breaking in upon my consciousness? I straightened up and listened.

From beyond the kitchen door came the lively drone of the *garmóshka* — the accordion; the throaty singing of men; the shrill reedy voices of the girls. Stronger and stronger swelled the music. Louder and louder rose the voices.

But, surely, that was n't Mefódi's voice among them?

I went to the door and opened. And

there, true enough! perched on a table, his feet on a chair, sat my friend. Carressingly he clutched his beloved garmóshka, swaying his chunky body rhythmically from side to side as he wrung the melody from the breathy bellows. The corners of his eyes wrinkled as he shouted the lines of his song.

By the stove stood Irínushka, one hand on a broad hip, while the other beat time with a great wooden spoon.

‘Úkhar-Kupéts sets the girls in a ring,  
Plies them with wi-ine till they frolic and sing.’

So sang Mefódi. And ‘La! La, la, la!’ echoed Irína. And Klávdiya, and Pável, and Timoféy as well, took up the refrain at the top of their lungs.

‘Flings up his purse with a jingle of gold,  
“Drink! drink awa-ay! pretty maids, young or old.”’

And again Irína took up the loud refrain. Pável whistled screechingly through his teeth; and Timoféy, catching Klávdiya around the substantial waist, whirled her about the floor in the steps that belong to the tune. Even Ánnushka paused in the far doorway as she went about her work, paused to stamp out the measure with her booted heel, smiling a joyous sympathy with the spirit of the moment.

At such an unexpected sight, I was caught breathless with astonishment and incredulity. Could this be the

same Mefódi that had poured out his soul?

My sympathies felt a poignant sense of betrayal? And, in an instinctive effort to rally my routed emotions, I fled from the place — sped out across the fields along the broad, placid river, far away from any humanity as strange as this.

As I hurried along in the warm May sunshine, a silvery note, crystal clear, dropped down to me from somewhere out of the blue sky. Taken with its sweetness, I paused and peered up in search of the source.

At last I made it out, a tiny speck that was a lark — climbing, climbing, in wide circles, and singing as he went. Up and up he mounted, trilling louder and louder. And then, even as I watched, he stopped. Stopped and dropped. And what a sight, to one who did not know of the skylark’s strange habit! The little creature fell straight and swift as a stone from so great a height, down and down until one foresaw him utterly flattened against the hard ground.

But no! Just before that final moment — just before the smash — he caught himself, spread wing, and started circling upward once more, singing gayly as he climbed.

‘Now look!’ I thought to myself. ‘See what! How is n’t this Mefódi exactly like a skylark?’

# OF BRAVE HORATIUS, AND ELSIE'S BRAND-NEW BABY

## FROM THE JOURNAL OF OPAL WHITELEY

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ of this chapter of the Journal

LARS PORSENA of Clusium, a crow.

THOMAS CHATTERTON JUPITER ZEUS, a  
most dear wood-rat.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the gray horse.

BRAVE HORATIUS, the shepherd dog.

PETER PAUL RUBENS, the pet pig.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, a cow.

MICHAEL ANGELO SANZIO RAPHAEL, a fir  
tree.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN }  
NANNERL MOZART } wood-mice.

### *Six Years Old*

I HAVE wonders where is Brave Horatius. He comes not at my calling. Two days he is now gone. For him I go on searches. I go the three roads that go the three ways from where they have meeting in front of the ranch-house. On and on I go. To the Orne and Rille I go. I go adown their ways. I call and call. Into the woods beyond the rivière — into the forêt de Saint-Germain-en-Laye I go. I listen. The sounds that were in time of summer are not now. Brave Horatius is not there. I call and call. Then I come back again. I go to the house of the girl who has no seeing. I go on. I go across the fields of Auvergne and Picardie. But I have no seeing of my Brave Horatius. I come back again. The man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice — he does keep watch by the mill. But these two days he has had no seeing of Brave Horatius. I have wonders where can he be.

Every time I see the chore-boy he does sing, 'There was a little dog and his name was Rover, and when he died, he died all over — and — when — he — died — he — died — all — over.' The last part he does wail in a most long way.

I have not listenings to what that chore-boy says. I go on. I pray on. I

look and I look for Brave Horatius. I go four straight ways and I come back four different ways. When I am come I go back and forth by Jardin des Tuileries and across Pont Royal and adown the singing creek where the willows grow. Lonesome feels are everywhere. I call and I do call. And I do go on to where Rhone flows around Camargue.

I wonder where he is. In the morning of to-day, when I did go that way, I did meet with the father of Lola. And I did ask if he had seen my Brave Horatius. He did have no seeing of him, and he did ask where I was going on searches. I did tell him to Orne and Yonne and Rille and to Camargue and Picardie and Auvergne and to forêt de Montmorency. And when I did so tell him, he did laugh. Most all the folks do laugh at the names I do call places hereabout. They most all do laugh 'cepting Sadie McKinzie. She smiles and smoothes out my curls and says, 'Name 'em what ye are a mind to, dearie.' Sadie McKinzie has an understanding soul. She keeps watch out of her window for seeings of Brave Horatius, and she has promised me she will ask everybody that she does see go by her house if they have had seeings of Brave Horatius.

All my friends do feel lonesome feels

for Brave Horatius. Lars Porsena of Clusium hardly has knowing what to do. And Peter Paul Rubens did have goings with me three times on searches. And when I did have stops to pray, he did grunt amen. And he would like to have goings with me on the afternoon of to-day. But the pig-pen fence — it was fixed most tight. And I could n't unfix it with the hammer so he might have goings with me. I did start on. He did grunt grunts to go. I did feel more sad feels. I do so like to have him go with me on explores and searches. To-day I did go on, and then I did come back to give him more good-bye pats on the nose until I was come again. So I did four times. I did tell him, when Brave Horatius was found, we would soon come to his pen.

Then I went on. On I went not far, for the mamma did call me to come tend the baby. And I came again to the house we live in. When sleeps was upon the baby, I lay me down to sleep, for tired feels was upon me. Now I feel not so. I have been making prints. The mamma is gone with the baby to the house of Elsie. I go now again to seek for my Brave Horatius.

A little way I went. A long way I went. When I was come part way back again, I climbed upon the old gray fence made of rails. I walked adown it to the gate-post and there I sat. I sat there until I saw the shepherd bringing down the sheep from the blue hills. When he was come in sight, I went up the road to meet him and all the sheep. And when I was come near unto them I did have seeing that there by the shepherd's side did abide my Brave Horatius. I was happy. I was full of glad feels. Brave Horatius showed his glad feels in his tail — and he did look fond looks at the flock of sheep. I so did, too. And in the flock there was Bede of Jarrow and Alfric of Canterbury and Albéric de Briançon

and Felix of Croyland. And there was Cynewulf and Alcuin and Oderic and Gwian and Elidor. And in the midst of the flock was Guy de Cavaillon and Raoul de Houdenc and Edwin of Diera and Adamnan of Iona. I did give to each and every one a word of greeting as I did walk among the flock. And there were others that I had not yet given names to. And last of them all — last of all the flock was Dallan Forgaill.

And when we were come a little way, the shepherd did ask me again what were the names I did call his sheep, and I told him all over again. And he did say them after me. But the ways he did say them were not just the ways I say them — some of them. And he did ask me where I did have gettings of those names. And I did tell him I did have gettings of those names from my two books that Angel Mother and Angel Father did write in. We went on.

Pretty soon I did tell him as how it was while he was gone away to the blue hills I did choose for him another name. I told him how sometimes I did call him by that other name. He did have wantings to know what the other name was. I did tell him this new name I have for him is Aidan of Iona come from Lindisfarne. He liked it. I told him I did, too. We went on. We did have talks. When we were come near unto the lane I did say, 'Good-bye, Aidan of Iona come from Lindisfarne. I am glad you and the flock are come.'

He gave my curls a smooth back and he said, 'Good-bye, little one.'

Then Brave Horatius and I went in a hurry in the way that does go to the pig-pen. When we were gone part ways I looked a look back and in the road there I saw Aidan of Iona come from Lindisfarne still watching us. Then we went on. And we were full of gladness when we did reach the pig-pen, for Brave Horatius and Peter Paul Rubens and I, we are friends. I did say a long thank



prayer for that we were together again. And Peter Paul Rubens did grunt 'Amen.'

Most all day in school to-day I did study from the books Angel Mother and Angel Father did make for me. I did screwtineyes the spell of words. When school was let out, I went in the way that does lead to a grove where many *chêne* trees do dwell. I so went to get brown leaves. After I did have a goodly number I did face about in the way that does lead to the willow creek.

When I was come to the log that goes across the creek, I went halfway across. I went not all way across because this is the going-away day of Henry I in 1135, and I did pause to scatter leaves upon the waters. I did let them fall one by one. And they were sixty-seven, for his years were sixty-seven.

Then I went to bugle in the canyon. I did go by the pig-pen. I went that way to get Peter Paul Rubens. He does so like to go for walks in that canyon of the far woods when I go to bugle there. And I do so like to have him go. I have thinks the trees and the ferns and the singing brook all have gladness when Peter Paul Rubens comes a while to walk in the woods. He does carry so much joy with him everywhere he goes. To-day near eventime we did walk our way back unto near the cathedral. We made a stop there for a short prayer service. First I said Our Father, and then I said three short prayers — one was a thank prayer, and one was a glad prayer, and one was a prayer for the safe return of Brave Horatius. As always, Peter Paul Rubens did grunt Amen at in-between times. Then he did go his way to the pig-pen to get his supper. And I went aside to see if there was any sheeps on the hillside. I saw not one. And so I came again to the field. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was at the pasture-bars. There was lone-

some feels in her mooings. I went and put my arm around her neck. It is such a comfort to have a friend near when lonesome feels do come.

I am feeling all queer inside. Yesterday was butchering day. Among the hogs they butchered was Peter Paul Rubens. The mamma let me go off to the woods all day, after my morning's work was done. Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium went with me — a part of the time he perched on my shoulder and then he would ride on the back of Brave Horatius. Felix Mendelssohn rode in my apron pocket and Elizabeth Barrett Browning followed after. We had not gone far when we heard an awful squeal — so different from the ways pigs squeal when they want their supper. I felt cold all over. Then I did have knowings why the mamma had let me start away to the woods without scolding. And I run a quick run to save my dear Peter Paul Rubens; but already he was dying, and he died with his head in my lap.

I sat there feeling dead, too, until my knees were all wet with blood from the throat of my dear Peter Paul Rubens. After I changed my clothes and put the bloody ones in the rain-barrel, I did go to the woods to look for the soul of Peter Paul Rubens. I did n't find it, but I think when comes the spring I will find it among the flowers — probably in the blossom of a *faon* lily or in the top of a fir tree. To-day when Brave Horatius and I went through the woods we did feel its presence near. When I was come back from the woods they made me grind sausage, and every time I did turn the handle I could hear that little pain squeal Peter Paul Rubens always gave when he did want me to come where he was at once.

I am joy all over. I have found in the near woods a plant that has berries

like the berries *symphorine* has. And its leaves are like the leaves *symphorine* has. I have had seeings of it before, and every time I do meet with this new old plant, I do say, 'I have happy feels to see you, *Symphorine*.' And when the wind comes walking in the near woods, the little leaves of *symphorine* do whisper little whispers. I have thinks they are telling me they were come here before I was come here. I can see they were, too, because their toes have growed quite a ways down in the ground.

I tied bits of bread on the tips of the branches of the trees. Too, I tied on popcorn kernels. They looked like snow flowers blooming there on fir trees. I looked looks back at them. I have knows the birds will be glad for them. Often I do bring them here for them. When I do have hungry feels, I feel the hungry feels the birds must be having. So I do have comes to tie things on the trees for them. Some have likes for different things. Little gray one of the black cap has likes for suet. And other folks have likes for other things. There is a little box in the woods that I do keep things in for the pheasants and grouses and squirrels and more little birds and wood-mouses and wood-rats. In fall-time days Peter Paul Rubens did come here with me when I did bring seeds and nuts to this box for days of *hiver*. When we were come to the box I did have more thinks of him. I think the soul of Peter Paul Rubens is not afar. I think it is in the forest. I go looking for it. I climb up in the trees. I call and call. And then, when I find it not, I do print a message on a leaf, and I tie it on to the highest limb I can reach. And I leave it there with a little prayer for Peter Paul Rubens. I do miss him so.

To-day, after I so did leave a message on a leaf away up in a tree for him, I did have going in along the lane and out across the field and down the road beyond the meeting of the roads.

There was grayness everywhere — gray clouds in the sky and gray shadows above and in the canyon. And all the voices that did speak — they were gray tones. And all the little lichens I did see along the way did seem a very part of all the grayness. And Felix Mendelssohn in my apron pocket — he was a part of the grayness, too. And as I did go adown the road I did meet with a gray horse — and his grayness was like the grayness of William Shakespeare. Then I did turn my face to the near woods where is William Shakespeare.

When Rob Ryder is n't looking, I give to William Shakespeare pieces of apple and I pull grass for him. He so likes a nice bit to eat after he does pull a long pull on the logs. And while I do feed him bits of apple and bits of grass, I do tell him poems. William Shakespeare has likes for poems. And sometimes I do walk along by him when he is pulling in logs, and I do tell the poems to him while he pulls. And I give his head rubs when he is tired — and his back too. And on some Sundays when he is in the pasture, I go there to talk with him. He comes to meet me. William Shakespeare and I — we are friends. His soul is very beautiful. The man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice says he is a dear old horse.

Elsie has a brand-new baby and all the things that go with it. There's a pink flower on its baby brush and a pink bow on its cradle-quilt. The angel brought the baby just last night, in the night. I have been to see it a goodly number of times — most everything I did start to do, I went aside before I did get through doing it, to take peeps at the darling baby. I so did when I was sent to feed the chickens, and when I went to carry in the wood, and when I went to visit Aphrodite, and when I went to take eggs to the folks that live yonder, and when I went to get some

soap at the ranch-house, and when I went to take a sugar-lump to William Shakespeare, and when I went to take food to the folks in the hospital, and when I went to the ranch-house to get the milk. And in the between times I did go in the way that does lead to the house of Elsie.

The baby — it is a beautiful baby, though it does have much redness of face from coming such a long way in the cold last night. Maybe it was the coldness of the night that did cause the angels to make the mistake. They stopped at the wrong house. I'm quite sure this is the very baby I have been praying for the angels to bring to the new young folks that do live by the mill by the far woods. Dear Love, her young husband does call her. And they are so happy. But they have been married seven whole months and have n't got a baby yet. Twice every day for a time long I have been praying prayers for the angels to bring them one real soon. And most all day to-day I did feel I better tell Elsie as how this baby is n't her baby, before she does get too fond of it. She so likes to cuddle it now. Both morning and afternoon I did put off going to tell her about it. I did wait most until eventime. Then I could n't keep still any longer. I felt I would have to speak to her at once.

I did have knows that Mrs. Limberger, that was staying with Elsie until the other woman was come back, would n't let me come in the door to see the baby again, because she has opinions that nineteen times is fully enough to be a-coming to see a baby on the first day of its life on earth. So I went and got a wood-box off the back porch, and I did go around to the bedroom window. I did get on top the wood-box, and I made tappings on the window-pane. Elsie did have hearings. She did turn her head on the pillow. And she gave nods for me to come in. I pushed

the window a push enough so I could squeeze in. Then I sidled over to the bed.

Elsie did look so happy with the baby. I did swallow a lump in my throat. She looked kind smiles at me. I did not like to bring disturbs to her calm. I just stood there making pleats in my blue calico apron. I did have thinks of Dear Love and the house without a baby by the mill by the far woods. Then I felt I could n't wait any longer. I just said, 'I know you are going to have a disappoint, Elsie, but I have got to tell you — this baby is n't yours. It's a mistake. It really belongs to Dear Love in that most new, most little house by the mill by the far woods. It's the one I've been praying the angels to bring to her.'

Just as I was all out of breath from telling her, there did come the heavy step of Mrs. Limberger's approaches. Elsie did say in a gentle way, 'Come to me early in the morning and we will talk the matter over.' Then I did go out the window.

From the house of Elsie I did go to talk with Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael. He does so understand. All troubles that do trouble me, I do talk them over with him. While I was telling him all about how the angels did make a mistake and did bring Dear Love's baby to the house of Elsie, I did hear a little voice. It was a baby voice. It did come from the barn. I went in to see. It was n't in the haystack. It seemed to come from away below. I slid down to the manger of the gentle Jersey cow. I thought she was in the pasture, but there she was in the barn. And with her was a dear new baby calf. When I did ask the ranch folks when it was brought, they did say it was brought in the night last night. I have thinks the same angel that did bring the new baby to the house of Elsie did bring also in her other arm that baby calf to the gentle Jersey cow. To-night

I will pick it out a name from the books Angel Mother and Angel Father did write in. Early in the morning I will go again to the house of Elsie.

Early on the morning of to-day I did go in the way that does lead to the house of Elsie. I did rap gentle raps on the door, and the young husband of Elsie did come to raise the latch. When the door did come open, I did have seeing that his black pumpadoor did seem to shine more than most times and all the vaseline was gone from the jar that sets on the kitchen shelf. I did tell him how Elsie did say for me to come early in this morning. And before he did have time for answers, Elsie did have hearing in the other room. She did call. She did call me to come in. In I went.

The baby, it was beside her. It was all wrapped in a blanket so it could n't even have seeings out the window how the raindrops was coming down so fast. The young husband of Elsie did look fond looks at that blanket. I did begin to have fears he did have thinks it was his baby. Elsie did unwrap the blanket from its red face. It 's just as red as it was yesterday, though the rain coming makes the weather more warm. Elsie did say, 'See its long hair.' And I did have seeing. It was n't long, though — not more than an inch. It was most black. And its eyes — they were dark. It did have prefers to keep them shut. When I did see them, Elsie did say, 'Now about what we were talking about yesterday — next time you go to the house of Dear Love have seeing of the color of her eyes and hair and also of her husband's. I hardly think this baby's hair and eyes are like theirs. And maybe it is where it does belong.'

'I feel sure about that,' said her husband. But I had not feels so.

Just then the mamma did holler for me to come home to bring wood in. I

so come. Now she does have me mind the baby. I do print.

When sleeps was come upon the mamma's baby, I straightway did go in a hurry to the house of Dear Love by the mill by the far woods. All the way along the raindrops were coming in a hurry down. Many of them did say, 'I wonder, I wonder.' When I was come to the house of Dear Love, she was there and he was there. Her eyes were light blue and her hair — it was very light. Most cream hair she has got. And her husband that does call her Dear Love — his eyes they are blue and he has red hair. I saw. And I was going right back because I did feel sad feels.

Dear Love, she did lead me back into her house and did have me to sit on a chair. I sat on its corner. And I felt lumps come up in my throat. She did take my off fascinator, and she did take off my shoes so my feet would get dry. Then she did take me on her lap and she did ask me what was the matter. And I just did tell her all about it — all about how I had been praying for the angels to bring a baby real soon to them, and how sad feels I did feel because they did n't have a baby yet.

Her husband did smile a quiet smile at her, and roses did come on her cheeks. And I did have thinks that they did have thinks that this baby the angels did bring to the house of Elsie was their baby. Then I did give them careful explanations as how I too did have thinks it was their baby the angels did bring to the house of Elsie, that I did pray for them to have real soon. And as how I did have thinks so yesterday and last night and right up until now, when I did come to their house and have seeings of their blue eyes and his red hair. I did tell them as how this baby could n't be theirs, because it has most dark hair and eyes, like the eyes and the hair of the young husband of Elsie.

Angels do have a big amount of goodly wisdom. They do bring to folks babies that are like them. To mother sheeps they do bring lambs. To mother horse they do bring a *poulain*. To mother bats they bring twin bats. To a mother mouse they do bring a baby *mulot* and some more like it — all at the same time. To *mère daine* they do bring a baby *faon*. To the gentle Jersey cow they did bring a baby calf with creamness and brownness upon it like the creamness and brownness that is upon the gentle Jersey cow. Angels do have a goodly amount of wisdom. They do bring to folks babies that do match them. And after I did tell them that, I did have telling them as how, being as this baby did n't have eyes and hair to match theirs, it could n't be their baby. But I did tell them not to have disappoints too bad, because I am going to pray on — and maybe she will get a baby next week.

When I did say that, her young husband did walk over to the window and look long looks out. I have thinks he was having wonders if two or three angels would be coming with the angel that will be bringing their baby, and if the cradle-quilt they bring with it will have a blue bow or a pink bow on it, and if its baby brush will have blue *fleurs* or pink *fleurs* on it. I have wonders. I think blue *fleurs* on its baby brush, and a blue bow on its cradle-quilt will look nicer with red hair than pink *fleurs* and a pink bow. I have thinks I better put that in my prayers.

By and by, when my feet were dry, they did put my shoes on and they laced them up. They did n't miss a string-hole like I do sometimes when I am in a hurry to get them tied up. Then, when they did have them tied up, they did want me to stay to dinner; but I did have feels I must hurry back to the house of Elsie and tell her that the baby was hers. She might be having anxious

feels about it. When I did say good-bye they did give me two apples — one for William Shakespeare and one for Elizabeth Barrett Browning. And they did give me some cheese for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and corn for Lars Porsena of Clusium. And they came a long way with me.

Then I did go on in hurry steps to the house of Elsie. As quick as her young husband did open the door, I did walk right in, for I did have thinks maybe she did have some very anxious feels while I was gone. She smiled glad smiles when I told her it was hers. It must have been an immense amount of relief — her now knowing it really was her own baby. And when I did turn around to tell her young husband it was theirs, her young husband — he just said, 'I knew it was mine.' And he looked more fond looks at the blanket it was wrapped in. I have feels now it is nice for them to have it; and it is good that they will not have needs to give it up, being as it matches them. Angels do have a goodly amount of wisdom. This is a wonderful world to live in.

Some days there is cream to be shaken into butter. When there is only a little cream to be shaken into butter, then the mamma has me to shake it to and fro in a glass jar. Sometimes it gets awfully heavy, and my arms do have ache feels up and down. There are most ache feels when the butter is a long time in coming. It so was to-day. I gave it many shakes and I was having hopes it soon would be come. After some long time, when it was most come, the lid came off and it all shaken out. Then the mamma did have cross feels, and the spanks she gave made me to have sore feels on the back part of me. I was making tries to be helps. That butter was almost come.

After I did give the floor washes and mops up where the splashes of butter-



milk did jump, then the mamma put me out of the door and told me to get out and stay out of her way. I so did. I went out across the field, and in along the lane. Lars Porsena of Clusium had going with me. I looked looks away to the meeting of the roads. There was a horse come near unto it. A man was riding on this horse. I like to ride upon a horse. I like to stand up when I ride upon a horse. It is so much joy. I feel the feels the horse does feel when he puts each foot to the ground.

When I did see that horse go on and on, then I did have feels it would be nice to go a long way on explores. I did have thinks William Shakespeare had wants to go. He was in the lane. I gave him pats on the nose and I talked with him about it. We did start on. When we were come to the end of the lane, there was the gate. It did take some long time to get it open. The plug did stick so tight and more yet. I did pull and I made more pulls. It came out. It did come out in a quick way. I did have a quick set-down. I got up in a slow way. I did show William Shakespeare the way to go out the gate. He went, I went. We went adown the road. A little way we went and we were come to a stump. I made a climb upon it. From the stump I did climb upon the back of William Shakespeare.

We went on. When we were come to the meeting of the roads, we went the way that goes to the upper camps.

We went on. And the boards of the bridge did make squeaks as we went across. And they said in their squeaks, 'We have been waiting a long time for you to go across the rivière.' And I did have William Shakespeare to make a little stop, so I could tell the boards I have been waiting waits a long time to go across. While I so was doing they did not squeak. When we made a start to go on they did squeak.

After we were across the rivière, we

went in a more slow way. There were so many things to see. Trees and trees were all along the way. There were more ranch-houses. I did have seeing of them set always back from the road, and smoke did come in curls from out their chimneys. At a bend in the road there was a big *chêne* tree — it was a very big one. On its arms there were bunches of mistletoe. I made a stop to have looks at them. I had thinks I might reach up to them. I stood on tiptoe on the back of William Shakespeare. I could reach a reach to one limb. I put my arms around it and had a swing. It was very nice to swing one forward and two back again. But when I was ready to stand on William Shakespeare again, he was not there. I looked a look down and about. Hewas gone on. I had wonders what to do. There was most too many rocks to drop down on.

Lars Porsena came and perched on the limb above. I did call William Shakespeare four times, and in between I called him by the bird-call that does mean I have needs of him. He did come and he made a stop under the limb. I was most glad. My arms did have a queer feel from hanging there. I was real glad just to sit quiet on the back of William Shakespeare while he did walk on. And Lars Porsena of Clusium did sit behind me.

We went on. We had seeing of the section men working on the railroad track where the donkey engine goes with the cars of lumbers to the mill town. They were making stoop-overs. I had seeing they did screwtineyes the rails and the ties they stay upon. The men did wave their hands to us, and I did wave back; and on the fence there was a bird with a yellow and a little black moon across his front. His back, it was like the grasses of the field grown old. And his song is the song of all the voices of the field. We have seeing of him and his brothersall days of the year.

We went on in a slow way. I did look looks about. And there were birds, robins and two bluebirds and more larks of the meadow and other crows like unto Lars Porsena of Clusium. When we was come to another bend in the road, William Shakespeare made a stop. I made a slide off. I went to pick him some grass. A wagon went by. Two horses were in front of it and on its high seat was a man with his hat on sideways and a woman with a big fascinator most hiding her face. There was seven children in the wagon — two with sleeps upon them and a little girl with a tam-o'-shanter and a frown and a cape. I have thinks from the looks on their faces they all did have wants to get soon to where they were going to. I brought the grass back to the road to William Shakespeare. I smiled a smile and waved to the last little girl of all on the wagon. She smiled and waved her hand. Then three more of them waved. I waved some more. The wagon had its going on, and William Shakespeare had begins to nibble at the grass I was holding in my fingers. While he did nibble nibbles I did tell him poems. William Shakespeare does have such a fondness for poetry and nibbles of grass and sugar-lumps.

While we did have waiting at the bend of the road, I saw a maple tree with begins of buds upon it. I did walk up to the tree. I put my ear to it to have listens to the sap going up. It is a sound I like to hear. There is so much of springtime in it.

We went on. When we were come again to a stump, I did climb again upon his back. We went by a big mill with piles of lumber to its near side, and a long wide roof it had. There was a row of lumber-shanties, and some more. There was children about, and dogs. They did smile and wave, and I did too. We went on. More fir trees of great tallness were on either side the road.

They did stretch out their great arms to welcome us. I so do love trees. I have thinks I was once a tree growing in the forest; now all trees are my brothers.

When we were gone a little way on from the very tall trees, in the sky the light of day was going from blue to silver. And thoughts had coming down the road to meet us. They were thoughts from out the mountains where are the mines. They were thoughts from the canyons that come down to meet the road by the rivière. I did feel their coming close about us. Very near they were and all about. We went on a little way only. We went very slow. We had listens to the thoughts. They were thoughts of blooming time and coming time. They were the soul thoughts of little things that soon will have their borning time.

When we did go on we did hear little sounds coming from a long way down the road. They were like the shoe on the foot of a horse making touches on the road in a hurry way. The sound it came more near. We made a stop to have a listen. It was coming more near gray-light-time and we could not have plain sees until the horse was come more near away down the road. Then we had sees a man was riding on the horse. They came on in the quick way that made the little fast patter-sounds on the ground. When he was most come to where we were, the man did have the horse to go in a more slow way. When he was come to where we were, he did have the horse to stop.

The man upon the horse was the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. He did seem most glad that we were on the road he was on. He did breathe some satisfaction breathes just like Sadie McKinzie does when she finds I have n't broken my bones when I fall out of a tree. Then he made begins. He said 'The fairies —' And I said, 'What?' He said, 'The fairies have

left a note on a leaf in the moss-box by the old log. It was a note for me to go until I find you and William Shakespeare — to bring you home again before starlight time.' There was a little fern-plant with the note on the leaf. He gave them to me. And we came our way home.

Now I have thinks it was God in his goodness did send the fairies to leave that fern-note on the leaf. And William Shakespeare and I were glad he was come to meet us, for the stars were not, and dark was before we were come home. But the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice — he had knows of the way of the road by night.

Jenny Strong is come to visit us. She came in the morning of to-day. She came on the logging train. She brought her bags with her. The mamma did send me to meet her at the meeting of the roads. The bags, they were heavy to carry, and my arms got some tired. As we did go along, in-between times I did look looks at Jenny Strong. There is so much of interest about her. The gray curls about her face did have the proper look she wants them to have. To get that proper look she does them up on curl-papers. I have seen her so do when she was come to visit us before. And this morning her plump cheeks were roses. And all her plumpness did most fill the gray dress she was wearing. Jenny Strong has little ruffles around the neck of that dress, like the little ruffles that was around the neck of the man with the glove when Titian made his picture. Those ruffles on the neck of the gray dress of Jenny Strong did look like it was their joy to cuddle up against the back of her black bonnet. That black bonnet has a pink rosebud on it, and every time Jenny Strong does give her head a nod, that pink rosebud does give itself a nod. It must be interest to be a pink rosebud on a black bonnet that Jenny Strong wears.

When we were come to the gate Jenny Strong did hold her cape and her gray dress up in a careful way. She had blue stockings on, and they were fastened up with pink ribbons. She went on while I did shut the gate. I did come after. I could not come after in a quick way because the bags were heavy. Pretty soon Jenny Strong did have seeing I was not there beside her, and she did wait waits for me a little while, and I did come to where she was. We went on. The way was dampness near the singing creek, and Jenny Strong did take dainty steps as we did go along. Lars Porsena of Clusium did come to meet us. And so came Brave Horatius. And Lars Porsena of Clusium did perch upon his back. The pink rosebud on the black bonnet of Jenny Strong did nod itself twelve times as we did go along.

When we were come near unto the house, there was a rooster by our front door. He was strutting along. He was that same rooster that I tied a slice of bacon around his neck this morning because he had queer actions in the throat. When Jenny Strong saw him strutting along with the bacon wrapped around his throat, she did turn her head to the side with a delicate cough.

After Jenny Strong took off her cape and her black bonnet with the pink rosebud on it, I did pull the best rocking-chair out in the middle of the room for her. She sat down in it and she did start to have talks with the mamma. I did go to teeter the baby on the bed as the mamma did say for me to do. Jenny Strong did rock big rocks in that rocking-chair while she did talk. One time she did almost rock over. She breathed a big breath. Then, that she might not rock over again, I did put a stick of wood under the rocker. That helped some. But, too, it did keep her from rocking. She went on talking. I went back to the bed to teeter the baby. While I did teeter the baby I did look

looks out the window. In a bush that I do tie pieces of suet to, there was a little gray bird with a black cap, and his throat it was black. He was a fluffy ball, and he almost did turn himself upside-down on that branch. Then he went a go-away. Only a little way he went. Then he was with more like himself. They went on together.

By and by the mamma's baby did go to sleep, and I climbed off the bed and made a start to go to the nursery. Jenny Strong did ask me where I was going. I did tell her. She said she thought she would like to go with me. We did go out the door. Then I ran a quick run back to get her black bonnet with the pink rosebud on it. I brought it to her. She said, being as I did bring it to her, she would wear it, but she had not intentions to when we started. She had forgot it. But I did n't have forgets. I do so like to see that pink rosebud nod itself.

We went on. We went a little way down the path. Then I did go aside. Jenny Strong did follow after me. She came over the little logs in a slow way. I did make stops to help her. The pink rosebud on the black bonnet did nod itself fifteen times on the way. I did count its times. When we were come to the nursery, first I did show her the many baby seeds I did gather by the wayside in the falltime. I did tell her how I was going to plant them when come springtime. She did nod her head. Every time she so did, the pink rosebud on the black bonnet did nod itself. After I told her most all about the seeds, I did show her the silk bags with spider-eggs in them. Then I did show her all the cradles the velvety caterpillars did make at falltime. I did give her explainings how butterflies and moths would be a-coming out of the cradles when springtime was come. She looked concentration looks at them. She gave her head some more nods, and the pink rose-

bud on the black bonnet gave itself some more nods. I moved on to where the wood-mouse folks are. I was just going to show her what a nice nose and little hands Nannerl Mozart has, and what a velvety mouse Felix Mendelssohn is. When I did turn about to so do, there was Jenny Strong going in funny little hops over the logs. She was going in a hurry way to the house. I did have a wonder why was it she so went. I gave Felix Mendelssohn more pats and I put him in my apron pocket. And Nannerl Mozart did curl up in the bed I have fixed for her in the nursery. Then I did sing a lullaby song to all the wood-mice in the nursery. And there is a goodly number. I did sing to them the song *La Nonette* sings as it goes on its way to Oise.

Then I did go through the near wood to the mill by the far woods. I so did go to see the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. When he had seeing that I was come by the big tree, he did say in his gentle way, 'What is it, little one? Is Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus not well?'

'Oh, yes,' I said, 'he is most well and he did have likes for that piece of cheese you did give to him on yesterday. He is a most lovely wood-rat, and what I have come to tell you about is, we got company. She has a fondness for pinkness. Her name is Jenny Strong. And she has a pink rosebud on her black bonnet and ties her blue stockings up with pink ribbons.' And then I did ask him if he did not have thinks a pink ribbon would be nice for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus to wear on days when he goes to cathedral service with me. And too I did tell him how I did have thinks a pink ribbon would be nice for William Shakespeare and Felix Mendelssohn and Lars Porsena of Clusium and Brave Horatius.

The man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice did have thinks like

my thinks. He did say for me to go write the fairies about it. And I did. I did write it on a gray leaf. I put the gray leaf in a moss-box at the end of an old log near unto the altar of Saint Louis. The man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice knows about that moss-box where I do put letters for the fairies. He believes in fairies, too. And we talk about them. He does ask me what I write to them about and what things I have needs for them to bring. I do tell him, and when the fairies do leave the things at the end of the old log, I do take and show them to the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. He is so glad.

As I did come back through the near woods, I did stop by some grand fir trees to pray. When one does look looks up at the grand trees growing up most to the sky, one does always have longings to pray. When I did come on, I did hear the mamma calling. When I was come to the door, she made me go stand in the corner of the woodshed. Soon she came out. She did shut the door tight behind her. Then she did ask me what for was it I gave Jenny Strong such a scare, and she did spank me most hard. Now I have sore feels and I have thinks it would be nice to have a cushion to sit on. And I do have wonders what it was Jenny Strong got scares about. I think grown-ups are queer sometimes.

When I did go into the house, all the scares was gone off Jenny Strong. The mamma soon did make me to go under the bed. Here I print. Jenny Strong sits by the fire. She does sit in a rocking-chair with her feet propped up on a soap-box. She hums as she sits. She crochets as she hums. She does make lace in a quick way. Now Jenny Strong and the mamma is gone to the house of Elsie, to see the new baby.

We have lots on the table to eat to-night, because Jenny Strong is come.

And most everything I did get to eat I did make divides of it for my animal friends. They will all have a good share. And they will be glad. There is enough for all to have a good amount to eat, which often is n't. I did feel a goodly amount of satisfaction sitting there at the supper-table to-night for a little time. I was thinking how glad the mice will be for the corn I have saved for them — and too Brave Horatius will have good feels in his mouth when he sees that big bone. And the birds will like all the scraps that are on the plate of Jenny Strong, if I can get them before the mamma gives them to that big gray cat. I have seeings that the folks are almost through eating.

I now am not at the table. I was only there for a very little while. I now am under the bed. The mamma did send me away from the table — it seems a long time ago. She did send me away from the table because when Jenny Strong asked me if I liked her dress, I said, 'Yes, and the ruffles around your neck are like the ruffles around the neck of the man with the glove, when Titian made his picture.' Jenny Strong looked a queer look and shesaid to the mamma, 'What a naughty child!' The mamma did straightway tell me to crawl under the bed and to stay there.

I so am. I have feels Jenny Strong has not had seeing of the picture of the man with the glove that Titian did make. I thought it was nice to tell her her ruffles were like his. They did look so nice. I have wonders about folks. They are hard to understand. I think I will just say a little prayer. My, I do have such hungry feels now! They at the table are not through yet. I make swallows down my throat. It is most hard not to eat what I have saved for my animal friends. But they will like it; so I can wait waits until breakfast-time. In-between times I will have thinks and prayers.

*(To be continued)*



# DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION

BY NATHANIEL HORTON BATCHELDER

## I

MR. SHARP'S plea for democracy, in the *Atlantic* for November, deserved, and doubtless has had, a wide hearing. Schoolmasters especially have read and discussed it; some have taken new courage to fight a good fight; others, having been hit in a vulnerable spot, have made disgruntled rejoinders. On the general point of more and better education as the salvation of democracy, we can all agree. Beyond that, we shall find grounds enough for difference. Mr. Sharp avowedly makes 'a plea and not a programme,' which relieves him of the necessity of going into troublesome details.

By chance I am a school executive, incidentally a product of the public schools, and it is my duty to make programmes. We are told that there must be one common school with one common course of study, and that we must all go to the common school and pursue the one course until the end of high school — this being a realizable ideal 'unless democracy is a dream and impossible.'

Ought we not to begin, perhaps, by defining democracy? Mr. Sharp does not, but implies that democracy (up to the age of eighteen) consists in going to the same school and studying the same things — in other words, compulsory uniformity. Now I have always thought that a democracy was a form of government under which there was the greatest possible freedom for individual development. Is compulsory uniformity,

even of a liberal course of study, any better than the forced selection of a vocational education which Mr. Sharp condemns as German and undemocratic? Is the phrase about being created free and equal applicable to mental characteristics? Was not Lincoln right in stating that it applied only to the right to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?' Are there not abstract minds and practical minds; inquisitive and acquisitive minds; minds adapted to languages and minds adapted to mechanics? Mr. Sharp naively admits that he has not the mathematical faculty. Grant, if you like, that there is a single ideal course of study — will every pupil take it? Is n't there food for thought in the story of Lowell's friend who was going to impart to the domestic duck the rare and distinctive flavor of the wild fowl by feeding it wild celery, and never lost faith in his theory in spite of the fact that 'the damned birds would n't eat it'?

Education is quite as much a matter of habit and attitude of mind as of subject-matter. One thing that a school owes every pupil, granting reasonable effort on the pupil's part, is a fair measure of success. If he is to cope with the problems he is to face after leaving school, he must face them with a confidence born of success in his school life. The haunting, even if subconscious, recollection of failure paves the way for more failures and, often, ultimate disaster. I am not pleading for a

soft pedagogy or for the doctrine of interest in its frequently grotesque form. On the other hand, I will not admit the virtue of the disciplinary type of education that said to the boy, 'I don't care what you study as long as you hate it.' I contend merely that most of the unhappiness in the world comes from trying to adjust at the wrong level, and that we see too many boys starting life with the habit of failure stamped upon them, when a different course of study would have imparted useful knowledge and the habit of success.

There was a fine man whom I met years ago at a boys' club, who told of idealists who came expecting to metamorphose boys from the streets, and went away disillusioned and disappointed. He himself, he said, was a 'pessimistic philanthropist,' expected little, was consequently pleased with small results, and had kept at his work in that settlement some twenty years. He recounted the case of a boy he had seen recently driving a team, but driving it well, and leading a respectable life, as he might not have done but for the influences that had surrounded him. If it is German to analyze one's equipment for life, choose the line that promises the best success, and train one's self for proficiency in it, then we have found something good in Germany at last. Note that I said, 'choose'; for the door to all courses must be open to all candidates, under no pressure but that of wise and friendly counsel.

The response of the supposedly dull to a congenial curriculum is extraordinary. I know a boy of whom the head of one of our best classical schools said, 'He's a fine fellow. If you can educate him I wish you would; I can't.' He had been lagging two years behind the normal school development for boys of his age. By heritage he was destined to be an outdoor, practical man. He

shifted to a school where he could study agriculture in a scientific though elementary way. Presto! English, history, and mathematics became possible, whereas the incubus of (to him) impossible subjects had rendered all studies alike intolerable. I had the privilege recently of seeing a boy of fourteen who had failed in a classical régime stand before a class in science for half an hour, giving a lecture and making demonstrations with poise, dignity, and skill. That boy is happy for the first time in his school career, optimistic, bent on succeeding.

It would be interesting to know how much of the present-day discontented, protestant radicalism is due to forcing pupils in school into lines of effort for which they were never fitted. The content of Mr. Sharp's own course of study is left graciously veiled in mystery. But why not science as well as language? The headmaster of a famous classical school said recently that nothing in this field was sufficiently well taught to justify its teaching. But the practice of his school belied his words. *One* science is taught in his institution, — well taught, as I happen to know, — though grudgingly and as a concession to such colleges as insist upon it. If physics, why not chemistry and biology? Then, why not the science of agriculture? Surely it is one of the fundamental sciences by which we live, and perhaps, too, its ramifications will lead the student to ponder the problems of human existence as deeply as will the history of an ancient race. And granting that the title 'high school of commerce' has sounded grandiose in the ears of some of us, do we not know that it is possible to teach commercial geography, bookkeeping, stenography, and the elements of the law that underlies ordinary business transactions? Many a boy can be kept willingly in school by these studies, who will re-

main, if at all, soured, disgruntled, and inefficient, under a single course of study.

There are economic factors, too. I visited an industrial school some time ago, where I was told by the head that the chance to earn a dollar a week in school meant with most of his pupils the difference between coming to school and going to work. Unless we can abolish poverty we shall always be confronted with that problem. Compulsory attendance up to a given age does not solve it, for it is almost better to let the boy go than to make of him and his parents resentful opponents of the system. I saw on my visit a boy just completing a mahogany dining-table. He had made his own working drawings, ordered his materials, kept accurate account of his costs and his own time, and he surveyed his finished work with pride. I am thinking of that boy's education as for 'life' and not for 'a living.' He was going out into the world contented, self-respecting, competent. Many a boy of his type, held to an abstract and uncongenial course, has become the ringleader of a gang subversive of all school discipline.

As for the shop being the best school to prepare for industry, it is only too evident that many manufacturing processes are so much a matter of routine that they require no preparation whatever, afford the worker no satisfaction, and lead to no promotion. True, there are enlightened employers who will take pains to educate their workmen for higher positions because they believe it pays. The fact remains that much of the present unrest and the large turn-over of labor in industrial plants is due to the fact that the workman is merely exploited. Far be it from the schools to prepare boys for specific elementary mechanical processes; but let us have the principles of mechanics for the mechanically minded taught from machines in the cellar or

in any story of the building. Where the best results have been attained, it has usually been by industry and the school working together.

If not one course of study, shall there be one *public* school for all pupils? Mr. Sharp assumes that putting persons of all kinds together in compulsory association leads inevitably to mutual understanding and respect. If it does, put them together by all means. Capital and labor, rich and poor, American-born and foreign-born must come to the best possible understanding of each other. But, in the first place, they won't necessarily stay together. Within even the smallest group there is some choice of companions, and those who are congenial will drift together and those who are not will drift apart; and so far as they are compelled unnaturally to stay together, they are as likely to generate enmity as friendship. I am as democratic in my feelings as another, and, as I said, a product of the public schools. I began in the primary grades, with associates in whose veins ran Irish, French-Canadian, Negro, and Chinese blood. I am happy to bear testimony that I found neither meanness nor nastiness in them, though I did in some boys on my own street; but before I had finished my high-school course, difference in ability, in aim, in heritage had separated me from all of them as close companions.

Even if it is desirable to mix all sorts, compulsory attendance at the public school will not necessarily attain that object. I know aristocratic communities where there would not be any of the foreign-born—only perhaps the occasional son of a second or third generation family servitor, and he would not leaven the lump. At the other extreme is the plight of a parent who sought my help recently. Business conditions compelled him to live in a manufacturing town, and his boy was

*the only one* from an English-speaking home in his room at school. Heaven forbid that he should listen to the plea of democracy to leave his boy there if he could afford to send him elsewhere. All the others needed infinite time to learn the fundamentals of the English tongue, which he had known from the cradle. There was no chance for him to enjoy the freedom to develop his talents to the highest possible point, which is quite as much an essential of democracy as is equality at the polls. It is an axiom of education that pupils grouped together should be not only of the same intellectual advancement, but of approximately the same age and physical development, lest the precocious pupils be bullied and the big, slow ones be made self-conscious. This ideal is doubly hard of attainment where native-born and foreign-born attend the same school.

Again, the stream does not rise higher than its source. The source of the public school is the public treasury. The reason that we have the three-hundred-dollar teacher whom Mr. Sharp deploras is that she is as good a teacher as the community in which she labors is willing to support. While one enlightened man may be willing to pay more, he has but one vote, and can influence, at most, only a few more.

## II

The principal objections to the private school I conceive to be that it is accessible to only one class of pupils, not always the most worthy, and that its cloistered life unfits its graduates for effective service in a democracy. To the first objection one may retort that many who are unworthy ride in automobiles while their betters walk; yet there is no agitation to abolish automobiles. This, however, is mere smartness of debate and no real answer. Nor

can a categorical answer be given, because not all private schools are of the same type. First, there is the cramming school, which draws a few worthy pupils who, by reason of sickness or other misfortune, need to cover much ground speedily, together with a much larger number of the lazy, incompetent, and immoral, who would like to go to college for a good time, but would consider it stupid to learn anything for themselves when they can hire the brains of others. It were better if no such schools existed, but they are negligible in number and do less harm to the community than to the individuals whose intellects they help to debauch.

Then there are private schools doing a legitimate work at a legitimate price, but necessarily a high one. They furnish a superior article to such as can pay. The automobile comparison holds true. And yet even the men in these schools see their weakness. Sitting beside a good friend at dinner in one such school years ago, I heard him deplore the fact that all the boys came from the same kind of homes, bought their clothes in the same shops, and were going to the same two colleges. There was nothing but deadening uniformity. Recently, after a long and distinguished service, he told me that the school was founded on a social fiction and could not long continue.

Lastly, there are a number of academies and endowed schools where admission is easy for any boy of brains and ambition, where tuition fees are low and scholarships many. Obviously this is the type to which all should tend, and it is a healthful sign that many are doing so. One school that has always been for the rich only is now raising a fund of half a million dollars to provide scholarships for worthy boys who cannot pay the full price.

There are as wide differences in the degree of isolation from the community.

Some parents and some schools unfortunately do fear the 'divine hazard of democracy.' They want their boys to form a caste. Though they try to inculcate ideals of clean living and talk a good deal of 'service,' they spoil the boys by letting them be waited upon, and the only 'service' that the boy dreams much about is being a famous statesman or making a magnificent and condescending gift to charity when he has made his pile. Of the feeling that he is common clay like anyone else, that it is what he does and not what he inherits that counts, there is very little. The snobbery that is possible in the faculty is shown by a story of an under-master of no great social position who spoke with enthusiasm of the 'democracy' of the school. 'The boys went canoeing with the masters.' He did not last long. I suspect the boys found him out. And the boorishness that is possible in a boy is illustrated by what I had reported to me recently — a boy from a fashionable school seated in the club car of a train, with his feet sprawled across the aisle, retorting to an older man, who asked him to move them so that he could pass, that he was as good as anyone and would do as he chose.

There are simple cures. First, let the teachers themselves by precept and example encourage right relations with the community. Let them be members, and officers, of local chambers of commerce, and of charitable and benevolent societies; let them hold political office. Let them be broad and simple and serviceable, and we need not fear for their charges. Too great devotion of teachers to their tasks makes them, perhaps, better teachers of Latin or mathematics, but certainly worse teachers of citizenship, which is their higher vocation.

Second, broaden the clientele. It is not difficult to raise money to endow scholarships. It is easier still for board-

ing-schools to take day pupils from the vicinity for little or nothing. There is real need of this, for the public schools of the country are the poorest. Since the buildings and faculty are already provided for the benefit of the pay pupils, these day scholars cost the school literally almost nothing. But one must be sure that the social organization of the school is such that the day boy feels really at home, else neither he nor the school receives any benefit. *Every private school should represent a fair cross-section and not a stratum of society.* The advantage that it confers on the nation is the superior education of a relatively small number of pupils. It must be certain to reach those most worthy. We need two things in a democracy; the highest possible general level of education, and the best possible training for those of superior ability. It makes very little difference to the community if those of ordinary capacity do not reach their fullest development; but if a destined leader in science or literature or public life falls short of what he might have been, the loss is incalculable. The private school must not only be accessible to these potential leaders, regardless of social or financial standing; it must earnestly seek them by every means possible.

Lastly, as Mr. Sharp suggests, let everyone work; not necessarily at a trade, but at the useful labor by which we all live. 'The discipline of life should come from the normal acts of living.' Is it not ridiculous to send able-bodied boys away to school, to be waited upon like elegant gentlemen in a club, to have even their tennis courts rolled and their hockey rinks cleared of snow so that they, forsooth, may play? Can anything do more to encourage snobbery and contempt for labor and those who perform it? Begin by saying, 'Only those may play who will care for the playgrounds.' If the afternoon's



tennis or hockey or baseball is shortened by pulling a roller or wielding a shovel or pushing a lawn-mower, the boys will have had as much and as beneficial exercise, their sport will be the sweeter because it has been earned, and they will be more self-respecting. Next, let them take full care of their rooms, make their beds, sweep and dust. The retort has been made that this is woman's work. It is also, if you notice, soldier's work. I have yet to hear of a single 'goody' with our expeditionary forces. Let the boys also serve the meals, rich and poor alike taking their turns, not as servants who stand always at attention, but as members of a simple family who put the dishes on the table and then sit down with the others. Even this is not enough; but the rest must depend upon local conditions. If you are unconvinced of the principle, try it. See if your boys are not less likely to leave a mess for others to clear up; see if they are not more courteous to their elders and more considerate of those less fortunate than they.

Let me recount the case of one boy who attended an ultra-fashionable boarding-school. His mother, a widow, became distressed because he expected so much of her, wanted her to wait on him, did n't see why she could n't give him all sorts of luxuries and indulgences. She appealed to the master of a school where the boys live under such a régime as I have just described. She said, 'Of course, he'll hate it, but I shall be grateful if you'll take him.' The fact is, he liked it from the start, and became quickly unselfish and considerate. Boys, like grown-ups, will accept as many luxuries as they can have, but they admire most the competent, vigorous men of their acquaintance. They may envy the idle rich, but they idolize the Roosevelts.

The great advantage of the private

school is its independence, educationally and politically. We have seen the evils of a state-fostered education in Germany. The solution is a sharing of the field by public and endowed institutions. Educationally, the private schools have made less of their freedom than they might. They have been slower to introduce new subjects, or new methods of teaching the old ones, than the public schools. The standard by which they have measured their own efficiency has been too exclusively success in passing college examinations.

Judged by their fruits, the private schools have justified themselves. During the war their graduates were the first to volunteer; practically all who were physically fit and of military age went. The young officers who led our army, a group of men unequaled for patriotism, physical fitness, and mental vigor, were recruited in large part from the private schools.

### III

The experience of the war suggests a possible means of attaining some of the desirable ends that Mr. Sharp seeks. If difference of aim, difference of intellectual capacity, difference of language, make it undesirable to herd all our polyglot population together for nine months in the year for all the years till they are through high school, there is still ground where they can meet, and in a common service find a bond of union. Universal service, not necessarily military, being largely physical and not intellectual, and of short duration, offers advantages for getting all our people together that the schools do not possess. The summer vacations are too long, and should be put to some educational use. Yet the season is not adapted to a continuation of indoor book-work. From an early age I would have the boys brought into camps for

several weeks in the year. I would have their régime there include hygiene, physical training, formal exercises to promote discipline and obedience, salutes to the flag, together with talks by prominent men on our form of government, personal responsibility to governmental authority, and other patriotic subjects.

In the later years I would include the elements of military drill and tactics, because the duty to defend one's country when attacked is a supreme responsibility, which cannot be under-

taken without preparation. We must choose between a large professional army and a larger body of citizens physically fit and trained to obedience, from which an army can be recruited in a short time.

But I would also include from the first some constructive service. Reformation and national highways immediately suggest themselves. In rendering concrete service to the country, our youth would gain in patriotism. In rendering it all together, they would learn lessons of democracy.

## SPRING IN THE STUDY

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

### I

*The winter has grown so still,  
I can pause and pluck what I will  
From the arms of Time as he goes.  
All the poems with beauty half-hid,  
Yet touching my haste like a rose,  
May fall to me now if I bid.*

*There's the book whose pages shall read  
Like the hearts of old friends, who will need  
For its quaint flowered paths no guide,  
And into the late, sweet night  
Will smile as they lay it aside —  
The book that they once meant to write;*

*And one that may haunt a strange road,  
Like a voice blown low from a wood,  
And be song to the wanderer there*

## SPRING IN THE STUDY

*Till the inn is a dark thing and cold,  
And the night is a roof-tree dear,  
And the moon his hearth of warm gold;*

*And that other whose music may be  
As a flight of birds to the sea;  
To the far island beaches made brave  
With the feet of to-morrows; where strain  
The lifters of stone from the grave  
Of the world we have dreamed us and slain.*

## II

What is this sudden gayety that shakes the grayest boughs?  
A voice is calling fieldward — 't is time to start the ploughs!  
To set the furrows rolling, while all the old crows nod;  
And deep as life, the kernel, to cut the golden sod.  
The pen — let nations have it; — we'll plough a while for God.

When half the things that must be done are greater than our art,  
And half the things that must be done are smaller than our heart,  
And poorest gifts are dear to burn on altars unrevealed,  
Like music comes the summons, the challenge from the weald!  
'They tread immortal measure who make a mellow field!'

The planet's rather pleasant, alluring in its way;  
But let the ploughs be idle, and none of us can stay.  
Here's where there is no doubting, no ghosts uncertain stalk,  
A-traveling with the plough beam, beneath the sailing hawk,  
Cutting the furrow deep and true where Destiny will walk.

# MY BOW SAVES EGYPT

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

THE third day of my convalescent leave in Nice drew to a close. I was toiling up many pairs of stairs, carrying a borrowed 'cello back to its home, when I was accosted by a stranger. He was a short person in a semi-military, semi-postman's blouse, and a semi-postman's, semi-ecclesiastical cap. He fixed me earnestly with deep-set eyes. They were the eyes of an enthusiast, burning unquenchably behind small, steel-bowed spectacles.

'Sir,' he cried, 'I demand pardon, but do you play that?'

He pointed to what I held under my arm.

'Mais oui, monsieur,' I returned in my very choicest French.

'Do you play it *well*?'

The little eyes flamed even more eagerly. It came to me that my cross-examiner was one of those engaging and radio-active souls whom one cannot choose but like from the first. I explained that, though my recent experience of the trenches had not conduced to the formation and maintenance of a technic comparable to that of Pablo Casals, yet —

'Much had I 'celloed in the realms of gold,  
And many good quartets and trios seen:  
On many fiddling orgies had I been —'

'Hold, enough!' cried the ecclesiastical stranger, stretching forth two fingers toward me as if in benediction. Decision dawned on the little face, and the pointed beard bristled determinedly.

'My mind is made. Let me entreat you to come and save me from destruction!'

'The poor fellow,' thought I, 'is mad. Much enthusiasm has addled his brain. Or perhaps it's on account of the war.' I began to realize that this was a dark and lonely stair, and that it would be as well to humor the stranger. So I said sympathetically, 'Of course, I'll save you from destruction — that is, if I'm up to it. You must tell me how the thing can be managed.'

'Know, then,' returned the little man, drawing himself up to his entire five-feet-four, 'that I am the Abbé Quillper. On the morrow I produce and conduct, for the first time on the Azure Coast, the opera of *Joseph in Egypt* by the immortal Méhul. Alas! at this the eleventh hour, my violoncello lies stricken with the Spanish influenza.'

'Is the flu, then, spreading to the instrumental world?' I inquired soothingly. 'I knew the 'cello was almost human; but really —'

'It is the instrumentalist,' said the abbé hastily, 'who lies stricken. Behold, I have ground to a powder the soles of my boots in running about Nice to find another 'cellist. Vain quest! All are either struggling in the throes of over-work, or lie in the clutches of the epidemic. I know not in which direction to turn. *Voilà!*'

The abbé showed me the southern exposure of his off foot. He had spoken the truth. He was on his uppers! It occurred to me that perhaps the little man was not mad at all, only desperate. I leaned against the balustrade and summarized the situation. Joseph was a musical character whom hitherto I

had encountered neither in nor out of Egypt. This astonishing stranger proposed that, as sole 'cellist of heaven alone knew what orchestra, chorus, and band of protagonists, I should read Joseph at sight, without rehearsing, and at the *première* performance. Truly a dubious proposal!

On the other hand, what untold possibilities it opened up in the line of vagabond musical adventure! Were the stranger mad or sane, here was a sporting proposition ideally calculated to inflame the imagination of the true fiddler errant.

'Abbé,' cried I to the surprising Quillper, 'I'm your man!'

Early the following afternoon, 'cello and I drove up to the appointed number. At the very outset I was forced to confess that the place looked more like a tenement than an opera house, and my fears for the sanity of Quillper were revived. Up many dingy flights I toiled, seeking for Joseph and fearing a sell. At length, on a door, I saw the abbé's card.

A lady one hundred years of age answered my knock. She was bowed beneath the weight of at least fifty of them. I thought that she seemed a fit companion for the pyramids, and inquired if this were Egypt.

'One little moment, monsieur, and I will conduct you thither.'

She donned a bonnet that would have done credit to the Sphinx, and tottered forth in the lead. A curious pair we must have looked, promenading down that chic boulevard, the Sam-Browne-belted six-foot-one of American officer clutching the exceedingly French chemise of an Italian 'cello, piloted by the four-feet-nothing of the Sphinx, who was bent double the better to

Curiously inspect her lasting home.

An apparently vast throng was struggling for admittance to a small build-

ing. 'Behold the opera house,' said the Sphinx, and vanished.

I formed myself into what a football player would have called 'interference,' and preceded the 'cello into the interior. Four hundred of the natives of Nice were jamming a parochial theatre. The Abbé Quillper extricated himself and me from the mob, greeted me with mingled affection and relief, and installed me in the sharp angle made by the port railing of the orchestra.

We musicians were jammed together with such strict economy of space that my up-bow speared a second violinist painfully in the lumbar region, while my down-bow played the mischief with the other 'cellist, a charming lad of seventeen. After the overture began, however, it became clear that, if I could manage to play my part with one continuous down-bow, it would be better for the musical quality of the opera. The more I interfered with the activities of my bull-fiddling colleague, the more would I contribute to the general well-being of *Joseph in Egypt*. For the lad could be counted upon with certainty to do only one thing — and that was to play the wrong note in the right place. As for playing the right note at any time, wrong or right, that ideal would be as unattainable for him as it would be for the Abbé Quillper to look old and apathetic, or for the Sphinx to appear young and sprightly.

I now saw that the abbé had spoken with a broadly, though not literally, prophetic vision in declaring that I would be the only 'cellist in the orchestra. He might safely have gone further. Mine was the only bass voice in that shrilly treble throng of instruments — always excepting my colleagues. Throughout that memorable afternoon I spent my force in inducing him by veiled innuendo, entreaty, cajolery, and at last by threats of personal violence, to play only the rests. At length, to the vast



improvement of the general effect, I succeeded. But the nice lad, far from resenting my efforts, turned pages for me, heaped coals of fire on my head, and then quenched them with bottles of beer which he brought me during the *entr'actes*.

Though candor compels me to refer to it as one speaks of the sick, the performance did almost as well as was to be expected under the circumstances. Only three times that afternoon, despite the Bolshevik activities of my side-partner, did we come to absolute grief, and cease and determine and gird ourselves anew for the fray, and begin back again at the letter Q.

There was a fourth time, though, when it would have been somewhat better had we ceased, or at least, determined. This was when the Children of Israel had to do a grand triumphal parade around a stage at least fifteen by twenty feet in expanse. The cornet led off all by himself with a truly brilliant fanfare. Taking their cue almost at once from the cornet, the Children of Israel, captained by the boy Benjamin, began, with the greatest confidence and resolution, to sing something in French, the purport of which I could not catch, probably because I was counting my rests.

Then we of the orchestra came in. But as soon as we took in the nature of the sounds we were emitting, we exchanged glances of dazed bewilderment, not unmingled with consternation. *We were playing in a different key!* Simeon, old villain that he was, winced painfully. The beard of the Patriarch Jacob palpitated with a profound emotion. The boy Benjamin grew paler by several degrees, but he did not falter. He glared down at us with an expression like that of the poilu in the poster who is saying, 'They shall not pass!'

Prepared by previous painful experiences with amateur orchestras, I

saw in a flash what had happened, and swore under my breath that no cornetist ought to be allowed at large without a keeper. This one, with the absent-mindedness of true genius, had inserted in his instrument the short B-flat shank instead of the long A shank which had been prescribed for him by the immortal Méhul when inspiration from on high had guided his quill through the gross darkness of Egypt.

Anarchy now reigned supreme. I endeavored to become the man of the hour and jump into the breach. The plan I formed was to reconcile conflicting interests by transposing my part to the exalted key of the cornet and of Israel, and then, by a gradual subsidence, comparable to that of the primordial ocean when it sank, revealing the continents, to lead the vocalists down to the more mundane levels of the orchestra. At least, I hoped to find some grounds of compromise between the belligerents. That hope proved vain. And to this day I am sure that our audience is convinced that Méhul, when he really tries, can be fully as modern a composer as any Bloch or Schoenberg or Stravinsky of them all.

As became a stage under the direction of an abbé, the buskined boards remained entirely free from all authentic petticoats. When I found my way behind the scenes during the first *entr'acte*, I sought in vain for the gay Mrs. Potiphar, nor could I discover dancing girls or Nile maidens or a daughter of any of the Pharaohs. It was all strictly stag. But I distributed cigarettes *Américaines* with impartial hand to the children of light and of darkness, and noted that even the virtuous Joseph did not repulse the offer of an Egyptian Deity.

All the time I marveled more and more and was astonished in spirit at the versatility of that myriad-minded man, the Abbé Quillper. During the first act I had noticed that this maestro, when-

ever the music ceased for so much as ten measures in slow time, or twenty in fast, always instantly cast down his baton and doubled for the stage door with grim determination, elbowing aside, with a technique evidently begotten of long practice, the throng that blocked the side passage, a few of whom reposed habitually on the back of my neck. I now saw why this economy of time. The man was leading, not a double, but a quintuple life. If he had been a sea-faring person, he might well have claimed, in the words of the lamented Gilbert, —

Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold,  
And the mate of the Nancy brig,  
And the bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

I now perceived the nature of the activities he must have been engaged in during these brief excursions. When I first arrived in the wings, he was busily enveloping the chorus in flowing draperies of orange, scarlet, and royal purple. His poilu-postman's coat of many colors had been cast aside, and he was now 'transpiring' so freely that his earnest little beard was quite moist. Then, moving so swiftly that the sight scarce could follow him in his flight, he made one convulsive leap, dragged a tall ladder from a recess, seized a hammer, armed himself to the teeth with tacks, and began tacking up a backdrop consisting of the Sahara Desert, the Pyramids, an obelisk or two, and a sphinx closely resembling the good lady who had conducted me thither.

From that eminence, breathing out threatenings and tacks, he successfully composed a difference that had arisen between Gad and the progenitor of the half tribe of Manasseh, *in re* the equitable division of a joint bottle of beer. (Bearing in mind a painful but quickly smothered commotion which occurred in the course of the ensuing act among the ranks of the bare-footed Children of

Israel, I sometimes wonder now, recollecting these emotions in tranquillity, whether, before the curtain rose, all those tacks had been retrieved from the well-trod stage.)

With his own hands the good abbé clutched, carried, and set in position the bath-chair in the depths of which the Patriarch Jacob (aged 17) was to recline at the dramatic moment when his son Joseph (aged 19) would break to him the news of their mutual relation. No sooner was this a *fait accompli* than, purple and streaming, the great Quillper rushed forth with a play of elbows into the presence of the impatient groundlings, buttoning his poilu-postman's raiment as he ran; seized and brandished the baton in a masterful manner — and the fun was on again.

I blushed. 'And this,' thought I with a pang of shame, 'is the stupendous genius whom I put down for mad no earlier than yesterday afternoon!' But after all, I was comforted by recalling that even Lombroso had also been misled into supposing Parnassus and Bedlam twin peaks.

When the curtain finally fell upon a scene of touching but triumphant composition of all conflicting claims, I reached out my hand for the chemise of my 'cello with a sigh of undeniable relief. For four mortal hours had I been pent in the stifling atmosphere of Egypt. I yearned for a breath of the vital airs of the Azure Coast. Besides, I was late for a tea.

'*Un moment,*' interposed my colleague. 'Do you not wish to await the *Marseillaise*?'

Why, of course I'd await it! Was n't I the only American present, and in uniform besides?

At that point of the proceedings the Abbé Quillper showed still another facet of his versatile nature. He mounted a chair, and for some ten minutes harangued the crowd with unflin-

fluency. Now, I can understand French fairly well when the speaker does not exceed twenty-five miles per hour. Alas! the abbé was hitting up a good sixty. All that conveyed itself to my straining intelligence was that a collection was about to be taken up in favor of some extremely worthy object, the precise nature of which I shall never know.

Then the abbé bounded like a young roe from off his chair, seized the postman's ecclesiastical head-dress, and passed it personally to every man, woman, and child present. Since the fall of the curtain *un moment* nearly half an hour in length had elapsed. Wielding practised elbows, the abbé then rushed into the wings. From my position on the extreme flank of the orchestra, and endowed as I was by an all-foreseeing Providence with a long and adaptable neck, which I now craned, I beheld that myriad-minded man washing the grease-paint from the grubby countenances of the Children of Israel.

Back tore the abbé, leaving human eddies in his wake. He rapped so loudly for attention that he cracked his baton. He shouted hoarse and impassioned but precise directions to an invisible electrician. Everybody was on the *qui vive*. For at the foot of the programme, in heavy type, stood:—

#### APOTHÉOSE À LA FRANCE ET CHANT DE LA MARSEILLAISE

But when the curtain finally rolled up its full majestic height, we beheld the Allies grouped, each under his own flag. The ensuing performance of the French national hymn lacked volume, so completely were we all stupefied by the

beauty and sublimity of the spectacle.

I reached for the chemise, but felt a detaining hand on my arm. 'Encore la Marseillaise!' whispered my fellow 'cello.

'All right!' I played with a will, faking an even richer bass than the first time, when I, too, had been slightly overcome by what I had seen on the stage. We made an end.

'Now then,' shouted the good abbé (I give the gist of his utterance), 'all together, chant yet again the Marseillaise, and put your backs into it this time!'

But when we were through putting our backs into it, I did not even make a pass for the chemise. I had lost hope. Nor was my state of mind unjustified. Eleven times, hand-running, by actual count, did we perform the national hymn of France!

At length the abbé, definitively casting down his ruined baton, made for the stage door at top speed. To my surprise and no small embarrassment, however, he did not burst as usual into the wings. Instead, he stopped directly behind me, leaned over the railing of the orchestra, flung his arms about my neck, kissed me on both cheeks and acclaimed me distinctly before the interested audience as the savior of Joseph, the Children of Israel, the science of four-part harmony, and the immortal Méhul. And, working up to an impassioned climax, '*Monsieur le Lieutenant Américain*,' said he, 'will you not deign to bear me company around the corner? There, on the sidewalk before the Café de Monte Carlo, shall I invite you to join together with me in an *apéritif*. Thanks to you, Egypt is saved!'

# THE MODERN MISSIONARY

BY HOWARD S. BLISS

## I

It was during the war. Ahmed Djemal Pasha, Viceroy of Syria and Minister of the Marine in the clever but infamous Ottoman Cabinet, had been visiting the American College at Beirût. For some time previous he had been taking note of the record of our graduates, and he made this request: 'I want to send to your College, for a period of six weeks, Jamil Bey, whom I have recently appointed Director of the newly established Saladin University in Jerusalem. I wish him to live among your teachers and students, to study your methods, and to discover, if possible, the secret of the success which your graduates have attained.'

Jamil Bey came. He did not stay six weeks, but he made good use of his brief sojourn. He was a man of intelligent, alert, and serious mind. His first survey of our campus, our buildings, our equipment (and they are not insignificant) brought him almost to despair. 'How can we hope,' he exclaimed, 'to compete with all this?'

I assured him that the growth of the College had been slow; that it had taken fifty years to reach our present strength. 'But we are here,' I continued, 'not as rivals; we are here to share with the people of the East the best things we have in the West, or rather to exchange the best things that East and West have received. For the whole world needs the whole world. We wish, moreover, to promote and not retard the native educational enterprises in the Near

East. In fact,' I added, 'it is our purpose to render ourselves, not indispensable, but, as soon as possible, *dispensable*, and we shall go elsewhere just as soon as the ideals of education and of life cherished by us are adopted here.'

In my study, a little later, we reached deeper things. His eagerness to get at the hidden roots of our success became increasingly apparent. He especially asked about the religious problem — for he knew of the astonishing variety of religious sects represented in our student body. I told him that our motto was 'Frankness and good-will'; that every student's theological and religious opinions were sympathetically respected. I illustrated our attitude in these matters by telling him how the College — missionary and Christian as it is — joins every year with its Moslem, Druze, and Behai students in their religious celebration of Mohammed's birthday.

The scene is, indeed, impressive. I have in mind the last celebration: a great throng of reverent students — Sunnis and Shiites; white-turbaned sheikhs scattered through the audience; the low chanting of the Koran; the serious and restrained orations — previously censored by the Moslem students themselves and thus rendering almost unnecessary any further censoring by the College authorities. In the closing address, given by a responsible officer of the College, the speaker makes it clear that, as a representative of the Chris-

tian religion, he is glad to have a sympathetic share in all efforts to strengthen the forces of righteousness in the world. Praising the splendid democracy that obtained in early times among Moslems themselves, — no rights withheld because of color, poverty, or social status, — and commending Omar's massive declaration upon becoming Caliph: 'By God, he that is weakest among you shall be in my sight the strongest, until I have vindicated for him his rights; but him that is strongest will I treat as the weakest, until he complies with the laws,' he pleads that this spirit should not only be maintained among Moslems to-day but extended by them so as to embrace all mankind. He bids them retain the sense of the nearness of God asserted in the Koran's memorable line, 'God is closer to you than the great artery of your neck.' He urges that they should remain true to their Book's injunction as to intoxicating liquors, at just this epoch when Western peoples are grappling with the evils of alcoholism. Characterizing as a stroke of genius the Moslem custom of calling men to prayer through the matchless human voice, rather than by means of bells, beautiful as these are, he begs all the students, Christian as well as Moslem, to turn their thoughts Godward at the summons of the muezzin. And, finally, he pleads for an ever deeper, richer interpretation of the word *Islam*, until everywhere it shall connote an active, personal, intelligent submission to the Will of God in body, mind, and spirit, and thus stand for a true and a sound conversion.

To all this, and to the recital of other illustrations which I gave of the attitude of the College toward his own and other non-Christian beliefs, Jamil Bey listened with wondering and deepening interest. He opened his heart. 'We need your help,' he cried, 'all along the line, but especially in the training of our

Moslem religious leaders. We are groping in the dark and we need a helping hand.'

It was stretched out to him. In the earnest conversation that followed, I referred to the difficulties which the Christian Church had experienced and was still experiencing in adopting the scientific method of studying the Bible as represented by the principles of the Lower and the Higher Criticism, and I dwelt upon the final necessity confronting every religion of vindicating its truth by an appeal to the inner authority of a spiritual experience rather than to an external and mechanical norm. Sympathetically, but frankly, I pointed out to him that, as the orthodox Moslem belief concerning the inspiration of the Koran was more mechanical and rigid than any of the current theories regarding the inspiration of the Bible, his task would not be a light one.

The subject was renewed at other interviews. I hope he got some help. At least he took with him, for detailed study in his Theological School at Jerusalem, the latest catalogue I had of a leading American theological seminary, with its noble programme of up-to-date theological discipline, with its outlook wide as truth, with its sympathy for all religious aspiration.

Well, the Saladin University of Jerusalem has disappeared and disappeared forever; and Jamil Bey has disappeared (I hope not forever: he was a charming and earnest gentleman); but the episode just related serves to indicate the spirit in which many a modern missionary in all parts of the world is to-day working out his task. *Missionary*, I repeat, for this College of which I have spoken, the Syrian Protestant College of Beirût, is a distinctly missionary institution, typical of other missionary colleges and missionary enterprises. It has not, to be sure, the earmarks of the traditional



missionary project. But while bending every endeavor to give its students a sound, modern education that shall make them efficient doctors, dentists, pharmacists, teachers, merchants, engineers, trained nurses, it does not consider its task as really begun—certainly not as ended—until it has made known to its students that which it holds to be of supreme worth in life: the adoption of the Christian Ideal as the best means of fitting a man to play a worthy part in the great drama of life.

Just what this expression—the Christian Ideal—connotes to the modern missionary will be indicated later; but just now I wish to make it as clear as possible that so deeply, nay, so passionately, does the College believe in the value of its conception of the Message of Jesus to the world, that it would fain persuade its students to absorb and assimilate, on the athletic field, in the classroom, in their social and religious life, in the communities in which they live, in their temples, synagogues, and mosques, in the forum, the counting-house, everywhere, this Ideal. That way lies the fullest life, the deepest joy, the sweetest peace, the truest success.

This, then, in the last analysis, is the *raison d'être* of the College's foundation. Its classic expression took form in the words of Daniel Bliss, the first president, when, at the laying of the cornerstone of College Hall fifty years ago, he said, 'The College is for all conditions and classes of men, without reference to color, nationality, race, or religion. A man, white, black, or yellow, Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, or Heathen, may enter and enjoy all the advantages of the institution for three, four, or eight years, and go out believing in one God or many gods or no God; but it will be impossible for anyone to continue with us long without knowing what we believe to be the truth and our reasons for that belief.'

## II

The Modern Missionary has been privileged to live in an age in which a flood of light has been thrown upon God's processes of creation. Trained in the scientific method, he has risen from his studies in the broad aspects of Evolution, in Comparative Religion, in the history and the philosophy of religion, in the history of civilization, in the Lower and Higher Criticism, convinced as never before that a man's religious belief powerfully affects that man's happiness, usefulness, progress, and salvation. He has scant sympathy with the superficial view which declares that so long as a man is honest it makes no difference what he believes. He is persuaded that Christ's message is a definite and distinct message, founded upon the knowledge of facts as facts. Christianity respects all that is good in Buddhism; but Christianity is not Buddhism. Christianity is not Brahmanism, it is not Mohammedanism, however near these religions may come in some of their teachings to the teachings of Christ. It is a Christian message, based upon a particular attitude to the universe, explicit, precise, and unique. Men may reject it, but in rejecting it, they must reject something that is a definite interpretation of the great mysteries surrounding us.

Moreover, while painfully aware of the glaring defects of Christendom, and with every disposition to be fair and generous in his judgment, he is convinced as never before that the influence of the best of other religions upon the individual, the home, the state, has been incontestably far less benign than that exerted by Christianity. He is certain that the Christian view of the world is so superior to all other views as to make it infinitely worth while to proclaim this view to the uttermost parts of the earth.

In these beliefs he is in full accord with his predecessors. But his studies and his observation have forced him to a further conviction. He does not believe that Christianity is the sole channel through which divine and saving truth has been conveyed. And this persuasion he admits ungrudgingly and gratefully. For it at once enlarges his spiritual fellowship. All men who are themselves seeking God and who are striving to lead others to God become his companions and his fellow workers.

Our missionary has a new conception of the brooding of God's spirit over the soul of man, the soul which ever retains traces of the divine image, in which the light 'which lighteth every man that cometh into the world' is never wholly quenched. Reverently he dares to apply to himself Jesus' pregnant discovery: 'My Father worketh hitherto — and I work.'

Thus seeking and thus working, he discovers with a new humility that, with very much to give, he has not a little to receive from men of other faiths: the mystical element so prominent in Eastern religions; a becoming reticence in the presence of the great mysteries of life; a sense of the nearness of God; a recognition of the importance of religion.

This widened conception of the work of God in the world has a profound effect upon the missionary's method of presenting his own Christian message. He is not content to combat the error which looms so large in the creeds of other men. He is anxious to find the kernel of truth of which so often that error is but a distorted expression. He comes to supplement, not solely to create. He prays for all men with a new sympathy — for all mosques and temples and synagogues as well as for all churches. He will preach wherever he is invited. He speaks the truth, but he prunes his vocabulary of harsh phrases.

Here realizes that such words as 'heathen,' 'infidel,' 'heretic,' 'pervert,' are not brotherly words. The mere word 'crusade' makes some of my Moslem students white with anger. I have known men who are separated indefinitely from the gospel's influence just because of these infelicitous, these poisonous words. On the other hand, how richly beautiful is Christ's vocabulary in this connection: the seed, the light, the heaven, the spring, the life!

I shall never forget how close we came to having a riot at the College because of a supposed insult leveled at the Koran. For thirty years a slurring reference to Confucius was remembered against a veteran worker in China. The modern missionary, profiting by these warnings, rejects epithets however telling if they are not quite just. He withholds arguments which, the tables turned, he would not think fair or generous if applied to his own belief. He seeks to practise, with a new sense of its importance, the Golden Rule.

Coming in contact with men who are as convinced of the truth of their own faiths as the missionary is of his, his appeal to them must be upon the common basis of absolute fidelity to truth. He must strive to be unflinchingly, scrupulously honest in his own intellectual processes and habits. Our students at Beirût are repeatedly reminded of Coleridge's great aphorism, applicable to all religions as well as Christianity: 'He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end by loving himself better than all.' In all our classes, and especially in our Bible classes, there is a tradition of absolutely untrammelled inquiry; and woe be to the teacher who gives the impression that he is suppressing or fumbling question and answer, however blunt, embarrassing, or indiscreet the inquiry may seem to be.

Indeed, a chief advantage which a college offers the missionary as a rich field for his activity lies in the fact that here he has as his constituency a picked body of youth, the future leaders of their lands, singularly responsive to the presentation of new moral and religious ideas and ideals, provided the appeal is made in as straight and honest and rational a way as other ideas are taught in laboratory and classroom.

### III

Like his predecessor, the modern missionary finds in the Bible the Great Book of Religion; but, spared the burdensome obligation of attempting to defend as errorless everything found in the Bible, whether in the realm of events, of science, of ethics, or of religion, he is free to concentrate his attention upon its spiritual appeal. As it echoes God's voice speaking in the souls of men and of peoples, and awakens reëchoes in his own heart, it gains a new authority over him as a man of reason, of conscience, of intellectual and spiritual responsibility. Credible history he finds there, but still more matchless illumination and inspiration. Its cumulative wisdom, its profound devotion, its compelling eloquence, its mounting passion, its yearning appeal — all this has 'found' him, to use Coleridge's quite adequate expression.

And he has gained something more. For while convinced of its incomparable superiority, he does not look upon the Bible as the sole body of literature that God has used as the vehicle of divine expression. Authentic echoes of God's voice he finds in other books.

Influenced by these views, and unhampered by a tradition based upon a more mechanical view of the inspiration of the Bible, which attached undue value to local habits of mind and to fleeting words and phrases, the modern

missionary finds himself conceiving of the Gospel of Christ in simpler fashion than in earlier days. He has, indeed, scant respect for the popular cry against dogma, against theology, against metaphysics. He does not discourage the formulation of doctrine. He would destroy no historic creed. He would not tinker them. Back of every statement of belief, oecumenical or of narrower acceptance, he believes that there was some great truth seeking, with whatever success, to express itself, and that it was this element of truth which gave vogue to the creed in question. But to him the gospel of Christ is a thing so vital, so dynamic; words and phrases are in so great danger of becoming static ('polarized' was Oliver Wendell Holmes's word); the traditional distinction between the natural and the supernatural is so misleading and even mischievous — all this compels him to believe that the Everlasting Gospel can get itself expressed in an ever-changing world only in the ever-changing terms of personal experience and in to-day's phraseology; and hence he attempts to restate his interpretation of the Faith in modern language.

### IV

What then is the missionary's message?

It is the proclamation of the Religion of Jesus as disclosed in his teaching and as exemplified in his career. Christ's religion is a world-religion because it deals with a craving elemental, instinctive, universal — man's craving for life. Christ claimed that He knew how men can live adequately, overflowingly. His message to mankind is a message that is astonishingly simple in its statement, naïve in its claims, ample in its outlines, self-evidencing in its application. It is couched in terms that relate to universal human experiences, and

hence that all men can understand. 'If you wish to live,' said Christ, 'really to live, — not a life of mere animal existence, but a life human, divine, victorious, eternal, a life whose quality gives in itself the surest hope that it will survive the dissolution of your physical forces, — you must think of God as your Father, loving, righteous, wise, strong; and you must reverence and love Him and live with Him as such. You must think of yourself as God's child, docile, obedient, trustful; and you must love yourself and live with yourself as such, with a self-reverence that insists upon a standard of unstained conduct maintained at whatever cost: loss of goods, loss of hand, loss of eye, loss of life itself. You must regard your fellow man as your brother and love him and serve him and live with him as such. Thus living, you will live in such peace as the world cannot give and in such joy as nothing can destroy.'

This is the message which Christ proclaimed in word and in life, and proclaimed with the unshakable conviction that all men needed it and that any man following in his steps would find his elemental craving for life richly satisfied. Christ's religion involves complete submission to the Will of God in filial, loving obedience. It links in indissoluble bonds creed and deed. As it regards the doing of God's will as that which brings Heaven upon Earth, so it looks with fear and with loathing upon sin as that which separates man from God, constitutes its own hell whether here or hereafter, and corrupts the very being of the soul.

Though possessed by a joy that nothing can destroy, life is not a comedy. Though passing through tragic experiences of suffering, sorrow, and sin, life is not a tragedy. Life is the unfolding of the Father's plan for the child's body, mind, and soul — with *perfection* as the ever-present, ever-receding goal. The

pathway will not be an easy one, even as it was not easy for the Master — loving service always costs, whether it be God or man who extends the helping hand. Suffering and sacrifice will be inevitable. 'Working out the beast' is no holiday jaunt: the 'ape and the tiger' do not readily die. You cannot truly love God and self and man; you cannot really put righteousness, justice, mercy in the very forefront of life, without a willingness to give up ease and comfort and popularity and power. But the victory is sure: all the forces of righteousness in the Universe are on your side.

Much remains implicated in the Religion of Jesus that is not formally expressed: a Home beautiful and radiant; a spiritual and ministering Church; a just and benign social and industrial order; a truly democratic state. All these must inevitably follow when once the Christian Ideal has been adopted. Perfection, moreover, upon which Jesus insists as the goal of man's striving, will bring with it a due development of his intellectual and æsthetic nature.

Many details might, indeed, be added; but they are details — splendid details, but still details. Of course, it is absolutely inevitable, as it is absolutely proper, that Christ's Message should be subjected to intellectual restatements as varied as is the mind of man; restatements more closely articulated in their various parts than this simple statement from the lips of Jesus. For his Message deals with the greatest and the deepest things in the world, the most mysterious, the most baffling; and it is natural that man should wish to explore more closely and explain more minutely and justify more completely the Message. But the plea must always be made, with full recognition of the perennial honor in which the theologian should be held, that Christ's essential Message must remain on the lips of his messengers

simple in its assertions, ample in its outlines, universal in its terms. Faith in a loving, wise, righteous, and holy God; faith in self; faith in mankind; faith in truth, in love, in righteousness — this fulfills the conditions of the Catholic faith, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*.

## V

As a consequence of his belief in the vital character of Christ's Message, involving a personal relationship between the soul of man and the soul of God, the modern missionary rests the final proof of its authenticity upon the inner experience of the recipient: upon the personal satisfaction of the universal spiritual cravings and aspirations of humanity. 'Taste and see!' is the first and the last appeal.

Do these values of the *x*'s, the *y*'s, and the *z*'s in the complicated problems of your life solve your equation? Substitute these values and establish the proof for yourself!

Does this key open the doors that lead to the 'life that is life indeed'? Put the key in the lock and try it for yourself! And the missionary out of his own experience offers with confidence this key as the master-key that will unlock, in other hearts as well, the doors of Peace and Joy and Life and Power. Peace and Joy and Life and Power — these are the divine sanctions, these are the final tests; not a belief in this miracle or that, not a belief in any miracle at all, is the *sine qua non* of Christian discipleship, — is that which brings certitude in Christian belief, — but only the doing of the Will of God as interpreted by Christ!

## VI

The missionary's views upon theological questions are of course to him of importance, and he imparts them freely

to those to whom he preaches; but he does not do this dogmatically.

He strives never to forget that he is working among peoples whose mental habits and points of view differ from his own. Here there must be perfect liberty. Each temperament must be given its full freedom for speculation, for inference, for conjecture, for elaboration. The missionary does not shun discussion, controversy even, if the purpose is manifest that the real object is to clear the darkness, and not to gain the barren victory of party or of school.

His first concern, however, is always for something deeper, something more vital, than questions of theological and metaphysical speculation relating to the Person and the Work of Christ; to the Virgin birth (in which, together with other miracles, he may or may not believe); to the fine distinctions between the humanity, the divinity, the deity of Christ; to the nature of the Trinity, to the atonement. Upon just one thing he insists: that which touches, not the *bene esse* of the Christian faith, but its *esse*: the personal assimilation in the disciple's life of the teaching and of the spirit of Jesus. It is this deliberate purpose, it is this passion that counts. Other questions may be important, but they can wait. What Christ put first, he would put first.

God is still a jealous God, but God is jealous about *things* and not about words and phrases and formulas. Christ was never concerned about the outward honor paid Him. He did not yearn to be admired; He yearned to be followed. He wished men to come to Him, not as a shrine, but as a door; not as a goal, but as a highway; not as a memorial tablet, but as a window through which they could see God and Self and Man and Life and Opportunity.

And so our missionary bids his hearers formulate their thoughts of Christ



in their own way, provided they retain the authority of his leadership.

Does He save you from your sin? Call Him Saviour!

Does He free you from the slavery of your passions? Call Him Redeemer!

Does He teach you as no one else has taught you? Call Him Teacher!

Does He mould and master your life? Call Him Master!

Does He shine upon the pathway that is dark to you? Call Him Guide!

Does He reveal God to you? Call Him the Son of God!

Does He reveal man? Call Him the son of man!

Or, in following Him, are your lips silent in your incapacity to define Him and his influence upon you? Call Him by no name, but follow Him!

Oh, how our divisive names — Arminian, Socinian, Calvinistic, Trinitarian, Universalist, Roman Catholic, Greek, Protestant, Orthodox, Liberal — shrivel up and disappear in the presence of actual discipleship and under the realities of personal experience!

## VII

The modern missionary, while delivering the Christian Message in its great outlines, must, furthermore, expect and encourage the age in which he lives to work out in its own way the details of the meaning and the implications of these great simple statements, so few in number, but which go down into the deepest things in the universe. In every department of Christian thought and Christian organization, — theological, ecclesiastical, liturgical, — as well as in the larger circles in which the Christian spirit is dominant, — the home, the school, the state, — full scope must be granted for local development. Of course, the missionary will be ready with counsel, but he will be very careful how he attempts to legislate or

coerce. In the history of his own church he has had ample warning of the danger of crystallizing non-essentials into permanent elements in the Church's creed, and he is on his guard lest he forge heavy chains upon the necks of those whom he would fain make free.

I have already emphasized the necessity laid upon the missionary of pruning his vocabulary in the interests of brotherly kindness; he must also be careful of his language from this standpoint of theological progress. He must not transmit words and phrases, or their equivalents, however much such transmission would free him from intellectual effort, if thereby he runs the risk of confusing the minds of the coming generations.

The missionary must approach his constituency intelligently. He must not underrate the task before him. He is not merely dealing with a sinful man: he is dealing with an ignorant man, or with a prejudiced man, or with a bigoted man, or a fanatical man; or he may be dealing with a man of great and profound intellect; and he must take these men seriously, he must acquaint himself with their religious creeds, and patiently and steadfastly must he strive to put himself into their minds and learn their logic.

If he feels the need of all available wisdom in order to understand the Eastern mind, he must try to realize that his own mentality is often just as perplexing to the Oriental.

If Jesus had been born in Labrador, it is as inconceivable that He would have conveyed his message in the language He used in Palestine as that He would have clothed his body in the garments of that land. Parables, similes, and formulas would all have been changed — the permanent abiding element would have been his message about God as Father, man as brother, self as child of God, all linked together

in the kind of love with which He loved the world.

Had Paul been born a Confucianist instead of a Jew, or a Buddhist or a Brahman, and had still yielded his allegiance to Jesus in those far-off lands, epistles might still have been written by him, but in how surprisingly changed a form the everlasting gospel which he preached would have been presented! What strange omissions of arguments which we have been led to think of as indispensable, or as all but indispensable! What strange additions in historical allusions! What a new world of illustration and simile and metaphor!

The Master has given the only standard by which to measure all vocabularies, all phraseologies, indeed, all beliefs — *his own included*: 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life!' Only thus measured are they binding upon us.

### VIII

As he has found that the Message of Christ carries within itself its own proof of authenticity, so the modern missionary finds in the message itself his own sufficient credentials: Christ's Message is Christ's commission. The Message creates the Messenger. By its very terms it belongs to the whole world, and the man who has received it at all must in common honesty receive it as a message to be transmitted to the last man in the world. He too is 'a debtor to the whole world.' He too is in the grip of an Apostolic Succession! From him, too, escapes the cry, 'Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel!'

Geographical boundaries do not count either this way or that: the missionary spirit is the decisive thing. The decisive thing: for he has had a vision which gloriously haunts him: the vision of a man made in the image

of God and rising into his great inheritance from the kraals of Africa or from the huts of the Fiji Islanders. He has seen a Christian home displacing in a few short years a household of warring elements. He has faith in a coming state permeated with the purpose to make justice and righteousness and service its dominant insignia; he has beheld the City of God descending from the Heavens upon the Earth. And so he goes forth, not because he believes that the operation of God's merciful and saving grace is confined to the span of a man's earthly existence. But loving pity for the sufferings of his brother men; anxiety for those who have lost their way in the mazes of ignorance and error; solicitude for those who are enmeshed in sin and guilt; a chivalrous compulsion to share with all mankind a spiritual dynamic which belongs to all mankind — these are the motives that compel him to carry the comforting, enlightening, merciful, life-giving Message of Christ to all the world.

His task is not an easy one. He must realize that his message will have no meaning unless he himself is the product of the message, representing and living the life which he asserts is the true life. Never were Emerson's words more true than of the missionary: 'What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say.' And here is found the reason why, nineteen hundred years after its proclamation, hundreds of millions of people do not yet know that God is their Father, that man is their brother. The reason, I say, is that our own lives have not kept up with our own words. 'Speak things,' cried Emerson, 'or hold your tongue.'

So far as they will permit him, the missionary works in coöperation with all men of missionary spirit — living and letting live, respecting where he cannot share their religious and theo-

logical beliefs. He is often misunderstood by friend and by foe. The globe-trotter thinks him a fool; the zealot a weakling; the fanatic a traitor. But he is not thereby deterred from his work. He thinks indeed that he may learn much that is useful from each one of them.

Realizing that the result of his work must be in its very nature destructive of much that is venerable, he seeks to be as constructive as possible. He is hopeful. For, though he may see few results of his labor, he believes 'that God cannot use a discouraged man,' and 'that things are never settled until they are settled right.' If at times he is appalled when some dreadful and unspeakable perversion of human nature suddenly confronts him, he is, on the other hand, surprised and comforted at the discovery of how fair a thing this same human nature may become.

## IX

How does the modern missionary measure his success? Certainly not by ecclesiastical statistics: he believes profoundly that 'the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation.' How then is progress estimated? Much as their work is measured by serious men at home.

Take the work of this American College at Beirût, as one example among many. The briefest sojourn on its lovely campus, among its two dozen noble buildings, with its superb views, eastward and northward, of opalescent Lebanon, and westward of the great blue sea; with a visit to its museums, its laboratories, its observatory, its library, its athletic fields, its hospitals, its Students' Building; interviews with its ninety teachers; contact with its thousand students of many races (Syrian, Turk, Tartar, Persian, Indian, Egyptian), and of many religions (Mos-

lem, Druze, Jewish, Behai, and all the Christian sects), as they study, as they play, as they worship — a visit, I say, of this kind establishes the irrefutable conviction that here has been created a 'psychological climate' from whose influence no student can escape. He is not, indeed, always aware of the changes in himself. With perfect sincerity he would probably deny that he is being affected so powerfully by his environment. The fruitage of this seed may not come till long after he has left the College campus. But a change is being wrought, and he is daily learning, not merely, not chiefly, from his books, lessons in fairness, in honesty, in purity, in respect for labor and learning and culture, in reverence, in modesty, in courage, in self-control, in regard for women, in the many forces which make for civilization. And wherever this man goes, he makes it easier to foster education, to overturn tyranny, to soften fanaticism, to promote freedom in state and church. The story of Bulgaria and Turkey and China and Japan and India amply attests this.

Few are the students from among the thousands who have studied at the Beirût College during the past fifty years who have not received a distinguishing stamp upon their lives which makes them to a greater or a lesser degree marked men. And it was really this mark that Djemal Pasha was anxious to trace to its origin when he sent Jamil Bey to visit the American College at Beirût. It was because of this stamp upon our men that this same Turkish official declared that he considered the College as one of his 'most precious instruments' in carrying out his plans for the educational development of Syria. And it was this mark upon the College as an institution — the habit of straightness, frankness and good will — that kept the College open during the difficult years of the war. And all this our

missionary believes is very worth while.

But he is seeking something more definite than these more or less unconscious influences, valuable as they are. For among those thousand students — all worth educating — he has his eye upon a smaller group: the eager, earnest future leaders of the Near East. These he is training to become teachers, doctors, merchants, pharmacists, dentists, engineers, nurses: men and women who are responding more consciously and more readily than their companions to the 'psychological climate' of the College, and at the same time are being disciplined in a definite way to become centres of light and leading all over that region. Their professional standing will make it certain that many a 'cup of cold water' will be proffered by them to a thirsty world. And it is these graduates — there have been twenty-eight hundred of them — whose services are in such demand. It is of these that Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener and Sir Eldon Gorst and Sir Reginald Wingate and Field-Marshal Lord Allenby have spoken in such warm and generous praise for their splendid work in Egypt and the Soudan. It is for such men that Prince Feisal, son of the King of the Hedjaz, has recently made a personal demand: men of integrity, of trained skill, of the spirit of 'the helping hand.'

For all this our missionary is profoundly grateful. He thanks God and takes courage. But his chief hope is concerned with a still smaller group, whose size is unknown to him, but for whose enlargement he daily strives and daily prays — the company of those who have made a decision, intelligent, deliberate, whole-hearted, a decision to live their lives as sons of the Great Father in the spirit of Jesus Christ. 'Conversion,' 'regeneration,' 'surrender,' 'consecration' were the old words, and they were, and they are,

good words. But the *thing* back of them is better than the words and than the particular way in which this thing is brought about: the dedication of body, mind, and soul to the Will of God as interpreted by Jesus Christ. For when a man so commits himself, with or without a resulting change in his ecclesiastical affiliation, the missionary is assured that a force has been started which will work miracles in that man's world — his world of personal, domestic, community, political relationships. This is leaven hid in three measures of meal: the whole will be leavened. This is the 'cup of cold water' *at the well itself*. This is religion at its source: human thirst quenched at the exhaustless Fountain of God.

## X

Has the Modern Missionary any contribution to make to the church at home? He surely ought to have, with the advantage in perspective which his foreign residence gives him; with his daily opportunity of estimating the real strength of Christianity as compared with other religions; with his first-hand realization of the spiritual needs of other peoples; with a knowledge of the impression — so often painfully unfavorable — that nations, Christian in name, have made upon nations outside of Christendom.

He would, of course, reiterate the familiar protest, and cry out against the shameful waste of men, energy, time, and money involved in the hectic strife of sectarian rivalry at home. He would still more strongly deprecate the loss of good temper and of fairness, the jealousy, the meanness of spirit, and the narrowness of opinion involved in such conflicts.

He would bid the Church cease this ignoble strife, not by disregarding differences of conviction in matters of

theological belief or ecclesiastical procedure, but by subordinating them to a more spacious, to a simpler conception of Christianity as a world-religion. Deep, broad, strong, the foundations must be laid, for a *world* must stand upon them!

He would urge the Church to remember that 'Christianity is nothing unless it is universal,' and therefore he would plead with her to set forth the essential things in her faith, in terms that all races, all temperaments, all mentalities can apprehend — reserving local terms for non-essentials. He would charge her to be bolder in making a direct appeal to man's spiritual nature; to have greater faith in truth, in reality; to be assured that a response will be forthcoming when the challenge is the outcome of the personal experience of the advocate. He would bid her rehabilitate in the vocabulary of religion the noble words *reason, rational, free-thinking, natural*.

Living among peoples where the blighting effect of dead formulas is so shockingly and almost incredibly manifest, he would warn his fellow Christians at home against the danger of repeating creeds which have ceased to mean for them the things that they meant for their framers, nay, have ceased, in some of their articles, to have any real meaning at all. The supposed gain in the direction of the preservation

of 'continuity with the past,' of 'catholicity' (both admirable things), is offset in his opinion, by the loss of frankness, of the sense of reality, and even of plain common honesty.

Finally, he would beg the Church to send to the foreign field only men of intellectual, social, and apostolic power: godly men, world-men, modern men, resourceful men, moulders of civilization, who can get abreast of the width of the opportunity in these coming days of reconstruction in the world — men worthy of the weighty and glorious responsibility lying before them.

Of course, when all is said, the modern missionary is, in many things fundamental, not modern at all. He has not surpassed — in many cases he may not have reached — the zeal, the wisdom, the passion, the fearlessness of his predecessors. He has not overtaken St. Paul on Mars Hill, and his Master is always far in the lead with his method, 'inwardness'; with his secret, 'self-renouncement'; with his atmosphere, 'sweet reasonableness' — to use Matthew Arnold's inimitable characterization. But he follows after 'without haste and without rest.' He is sure of his message; he is sure of ultimate success, —

... gazing beyond all perishable fears  
To some diviner goal  
Beyond the waste of years.



# A PORTUGUESE CINEMA

BY JOSEPH SERONDE

## I

November 9 [1918].

A SENSATIONAL hoax, yesterday: the *Diario de Noticias* came out with the announcement of the signing of the armistice, 'at five o'clock!' Like magic, flags began to appear at every window, at the top of every building; the streets were soon thronged by an uneasy holiday crowd, expectant, keyed up, anxious to miss nothing, to be in it. Hawkers were selling tiny Allied flags: 'Buy the winning colors!' A mob collected at the corner of the Rocio and the rua do Carmo, in front of a large Spanish banner, hung out on a line between two Portuguese flags. They watched me closely as I passed. I knew that any expression of the disgust I felt would be taken as a signal for operations, and maintained my neutrality. I heard, later, that a demonstration had taken place, with an attempt to burn the flag!

We spent the day telephoning to all the legations and being telephoned to! Little Silva Graça, the owner of the *Seculo*, was fairly green with anxiety. What a disgrace for his paper, if the news were confirmed! He held up his evening edition several hours, hoping for something definite. But what a crushing triumph, this morning! His intense relief after that horrible scare, that nightmare, is expressed in epithets toward the rival that might well scorch the paper. The rival is too far gone to recant and persists in its error. 'We have it from a sure source,' says the voice at the other end of the wire.

In the evening there were a few fireworks, scattered groups singing and parading. Up to ten o'clock, no confirmation. Colonel Darcy, Aerts, and I joined the crowds and wandered around. We felt half pleased and half resentful. If we could only liberate all of France first! Drive the Boches out in a rout, smash them, humiliate them. Colonel Bernard, the French Military Attaché, was almost weeping with rage. He was a prisoner, badly wounded, in Germany three years. We tried to work up some cheer: thought the conditions must be sufficiently hard to make the Boche feel whipped, as is necessary for the future peace of the world, and just. We got reconciled to the idea, thought of the precious lives saved — and now, it's all uncertain again! I think they'll wait until the end of their seventy-two hours, hoping for something to happen, some weakening at the last, bluff, and surrender. The twilight of the Junkers!

November 12.

It was on the strength of the fake news of the armistice that Colonel Darcy issued invitations to a luncheon, for Monday the eleventh. The lack of confirmation was only a passing cloud. 'What if they refuse to sign, the swine: we'll have a jolly good luncheon just the same! I say, old chap, let's go ahead.'

So we did. I helped arrange the menu and went foraging with the colonel, while Magdalena was kept busy bring-

ing up bottles in her large market-basket. 'We ought to have a damnable good time!' the colonel declared; and as we were planning the seating, 'Put me anywhere, only, I say, old chap, place that nice Miss Brown next to me. Jolly desirable girl!'

We'd forgotten place-cards! I hastily improvised some, and, as a surprise, Germanized all the names. Cormon, the lady-killer with the fatal gift of attraction, was von Herzbrecher; Rossi rejoiced in the title of Graf Spaghetti Trentinenberg; Aerts, coming from Lille, had to be von Lillienthal, etc. The colonel's Irish open-heartedness had made him invite about twice as many as we had originally planned for, and the seating arrangement was completely upset at the last minute. Everyone squeezed in as best he could; we were packed around the table as tight as sardines; but it was a happy crowd and the best party of the year. Songs between courses. 'He's a jolly good fellow, and *so say all of us*'—a variant I had n't heard before. The English girls' pronunciation of 'Over there,' with diphthongized *o*, and of 'Yanks,' amused me.

Everyone made a speech. After the colonel, Rossi: a roaring success, delivered in English from phonetic notes made by Aerts. Rossi's vocabulary does n't go much beyond 'Ow-yess!' He felt he must do himself justice, however, and delivered a very eloquent discourse in Italian. He had a peculiar way of repeating a phrase while in search of another, the repetition in a louder, almost challenging tone, reminding one of the promising growl of a self-starter. Aerts spoke next, then de Viguerie, and Rossi began to rout out the shy ones, enthusiastically calling for toasts and drinking them, in port, out of a sizeable beer-glass!

I said a few words in French, returning compliments, praising the French

and British armies, and then caught Rossi's eye! A nice break! 'As for the Italians,' I added checking the impulse to sit down in a desperate effort to save myself, 'I feel some hesitancy about praising them, as they are like brothers, for is n't New York the second largest Italian city in the world!' etc.

Rossi came over to embrace me. We left the table at four-thirty, and joined the celebrating throngs on the streets.

Aerts and I had barely sat down at the hotel, just before six, when Rossi rushed in, in great excitement. His minister had been looking for him all afternoon; he was giving a dinner at Estoril to the Italian Chamber of Commerce, and wanted Aerts and me to represent our countries. 'We start at six. The automobiles are in front of the hotel. Come quickly!' Rossi was all flustered; he had been running all over the place to collect his guests, he said, and had wrung his hands several times at my office.

We climbed into a gay car, covered with flags and bunting, and started off amid cheers, the waving of hats, and tossing of caps in the air!

Half-way to Estoril, our car broke down. One had already passed us and our only hope was in number three. It was quite cold on that lonely road, and I was making sarcastic remarks to myself about the superiority of French cars, when the owner of our wreck drew up and assured me that his Paige was an excellent machine, but what could you expect with such a chauffeur! Number three was finally heard rattling along. It was one of those monstrous old traps made in the early days of the automobile, such as you sometimes meet in Vermont and New Hampshire thundering up and down hills. It received us all and chugged along powerfully with its twelve passengers! I had chosen the seat with the chauffeur, where it was as warm as in a Ford, and

held on to the Italian flag, rescued from the other car.

The dinner was the most amusing thing I have yet done. I sat opposite the Italian Minister and next to an elderly gentleman everyone called 'Papa' Somebody, a very clever and interesting man who has lived many years in Constantinople. Aerts was across, then the Secretary of the Legation and the President of the Chamber of Commerce. Altogether the most mixed crowd imaginable: diplomats, soldiers, prominent members of the Italian colony, many untutored, all moneyed. One, a multimillionnaire, had come out of jail that very day, after serving a term for profiteering, in wheat, I believe. He was so pleased to be asked that he pulled out his check-book, at the table, and *ecco!* gave a thousand dollars to the Italian War Relief!

Marconi Napolitani started the dinner. I took only a slender helping, for looks, — as the fumes of cheese were strong, — and thereby created a sensation, almost an uproar: all eyes were suddenly fixed upon me, some with suspicion. Was it modesty? I explained that I adored spaghetti, but cheese never; and immediately all were pacified, smiling. Some even told stories about people they'd known, fine people too, who simply could n't stand cheese. The minister asked for a special cheeseless dish for me; but there was none, and I was soon happily forgotten in the general enthusiasm of spearing the elusive wigglers. It was Pantagruelian. They simply put away yards and yards and took more helpings. Absolute silence, except for the tapping of forks and the smacking of lips; no time for talk until the sacred dish had been finished and all plates scraped clean. Then sighs of satisfaction, as they leaned back and wiped their mouths on the napkins they were tucked in at the neck.

The minister is a very broad, very rotund little man, with a wide forehead, a pug nose, pop eyes, and flabby cheeks that give him the look of a Pekinese. We chatted together, later, and I found him gracious and very intelligent. Talking of racial traits, he wanted to know if I had any Russian blood in me! There are rare moments! As, for instance, when the French professor detected in me the modifications brought about by the American climate and environment, which tend to make us look like the Indian; when I, a pure Latin, am told confidentially that 'We Anglo-Saxons' must stick together and rule the world! when I am taken for a Slav, and represent America, while France is represented by an Alsatian, a Basque, and a German once removed! It's like topsy-turvy land!

Of course, there were speeches! An eloquent one by the minister and a very good one by Aerts. Each rose as the spirit moved him, and I felt uneasily conscious that it ought to move me, and soon. Not being an orator, I tried to be a diplomat. I waited until everyone had been thoroughly tired out by a very long and tedious discourse, — we listened to every speech standing, — and as all were about to sit down, I made their hearts sink by proposing a toast, and cheered them by making it very short and pleasing, taking for subject, Italia no longer Irredenta! No one had thought of those lost provinces Italy has been so longing for!

Then the ex-jail-bird rose. Round head, close-cropped gray hair, tired red-rimmed eyes. He wore a loose-fitting, gray business suit; a large diamond sparkled in his ready-made black four-in-hand, and, as he spoke, his knotty hands kept twisting a heavy gold chain, rattling with watch-charms. It was a humble speech, in Portuguese, for he had evidently lost fluency in his native tongue during the long years of

exile. He was only a working man, he said, holding out his open palms, a modest *trabalhador*, a self-made man. What was he, to stand there with the representative of His Majesty, with all their Excellencies?

The audience was touched and gave him a small ovation: 'Bravo, Antonio! Ben' ditto!' This success was too much for him. We were preparing to enjoy a well-earned rest, the steaming coffee before us, when, scraping his chair back, our Antonio arose again. 'I am only a *trabalhador*, a humble working man; I started without a cent and made every penny I now have. Who am I that I should stand here with his Excellency, the minister?' and so on.

It was getting wearisome, and this time the applause was perfunctory. Our *trabalhador* seemed puzzled, somewhat nettled, perhaps, at this cooling-off of enthusiasm. He sat moodily thinking it over a while, his thumbs stuck in his waistcoat pockets, and then, resolutely placing a heavy hand on the tablecloth, was about to brace himself up for a third effort. But a chubby, florid little chap had got ahead of him and was now standing at his place, amazed at his own rashness, petrified by feeling all those eyes fixed upon him. He remained speechless for some seconds, dazed, a simple foolish face and round eyes blinking at the light. 'I too have made a fortune,' he finally blurted out, 'and I—I don't know anything, either!' And he sat down amid the good-natured applause and began to sob at the thought of how happy his old father would have been to see this day. Friends came closer and patted him, consoled him. 'I have no family,' he said between sniffles, 'no family of my own, and I want to pay for this feast, all of it. This is the happiest day of my life; I would pay for it just the same, even if I had children to whom to leave my money. Viva Italia!

Viva! Viva Genova! Viva! Evviva il Rei!'

The answering 'Evviva!' made the windows rattle. Such abandon, such gestures, whole-hearted cheers and embraces! Democracy is here, among the Italians, as nowhere else. No stiffness, no formality with these people; they all mix happily together, a certain instinctive good-breeding, tact, respect for authority, making them keep distances. The minister was like a father to them all. To one who had impulsively seized his hand and wished to kiss it, he opened his arms, and they embraced.

The only other speech, the last, was Homeric in its naïve boastfulness. 'Who but I, with unequaled boldness, carried the flag of Italy in the wildest pampas, bringing with it our glorious civilization? Who explored and brought commerce to unknown African shores?' A pompous, rather surly-looking man he was, with a tawny kaiser moustache, bristling scornfully upward.

His panegyric was interrupted by a blare of brasses, shrieking trombones, cymbals, and thundering bass-drums. All Estoril in a torch-light procession, led by the *Sociedade Filarmonica Estorilense*, had turned out to honor the noble Allies! We rushed to the door, behind the minister, who replied to the enthusiastic vivas, and before I knew what had happened, had thrust me in front of him, in full view of the shouting populace, strange in the flicker of the torches, and was introducing me as 'The Great President Wilson's Special Representative.' It sounded as if I had been hurriedly sent down from Washington to greet the Estoril Glee and Trombone Club. Still, everyone was too happy to feel critical, and my eloquent 'Viva Portugal e viva Sidonio Paes!' was received with thunderous applause.

On the way back, the car baulked at every hill, and the nine passengers got

out in shifts of three and pushed! The little villages through which we passed were alive with light and song, and we were cheered wildly by soldiers and people, and more and more the nearer we came to the town. The crowds were still dense in Lisbon, and our progress was a continuous ovation.

The management of the Apollo had given us boxes for a special performance of the *Princeza Magalona*; but we got there too late, after midnight, and went straight to Maxim's, which had been selected as the gathering-place of the Allied clans. It has a beautiful ball-room, excellent music, and is accessible, being on the Avenida, a few yards from the hotel. We found the ladies of the legations having the time of their lives! In a real gambling club for the first time, examining everything and everybody, laughing and dancing, trying their luck at roulette, mixing with the habitués, who looked at them quite as curiously; all under the protection of diplomats, generals, colonels, down to yeomen first class!

Colonel Darcy was dancing like a seventeen-year-old and kept it up until 5 A.M. The very dignified and aristocratic counselor of the French Legation was having an uproarious time, whirling around on a lofty stool of the American Bar, and pouring colored cascades from one glass into another; while little Madame de Tilleman fluttered about anxiously with a forced smile of unconcern. Our staid Britishers were all a trifle mellow, and so unbelievably effusive that it made one regret the approach of the sobering dawn. If they could only be kept permanently in that state of geniality! I suppose that there really is n't enough champagne in the world for that! There was stiff old Stone doing pirouettes, then turning the ballet-skirt back into a napkin and waiting soberly on the table where some of the party were

supping! Sir Lancelot, somewhat lost without his monocle, stood on the edge of the crowd. I noticed him staring intently at an old yellow-and-blue cigarette-bag on the floor; he gave it a careless kick, picked it up cautiously, and brought it close to his eyes. 'By Jove,' he exclaimed, flushing slightly, as he caught my eye, 'I thought it was a bank-note, you know!' He spoke with a deliberateness that emphasized the British pronunciation: 'Ja-ove — na-ote.'

Every now and then, the band would strike up one of the Allied hymns, amid tremendous cheers and applause. The 'Star-Spangled Banner,' mangled and dragged into a dirge, passed almost unrecognized. 'What is that?' people asked. 'They can't be very happy in that country,' a woman remarked. I sent word to the conductor to double the *tempo*, make it lively. He had just received the music, he explained, and not having practised, was going cautiously. His second attempt was more successful, although still tinged with gloom. I left the festivities at their height — at 5 A.M.

So this is the end of the Great War! The climax of four years of suffering and sacrifice! One would have wished for a day of absolute peace, a day of dedication to those who gave their lives. To think of all the heroism, the devotion and faith of those who used to dream: 'If only I could live to see that day!' That day! How tawdry our celebration seems! And yet what could you expect, especially in a country that has felt the war so little and only indirectly? I was amazed even at the amount of feeling shown. Paris must have been glorious! Imagine the delirious joy, the singing, the dancing, the street enthusiasm, the wild ringing of bells! I wonder how it was in New York.



## II

December 15.

The President was shot last night in the Rocio station, as he was about to take the train for Oporto. He died a half-hour later. I heard of the shooting a few minutes after it had happened, at midnight, and hurried out. The neighboring streets were heavily guarded; people were being challenged and held up by policemen who suddenly darted out from under the shadows of the theatre's arcades and approached with leveled rifles. They were decidedly jumpy. I advanced deliberately, well under the glare of the arc-lights, was recognized, saluted, and passed on. The acrid smell of powder was in the air; in the excitement, the panic of the first moments, with no one to give orders, the police had lost their heads and fired into the crowd, killing or wounding a few innocents who had come to cheer the President, some army officers of his escort, and one or two other policemen.

It makes one feel desperate about these people. Sidonio Paes was really a strong man, clear-headed; a dictator, of course; but it is that, or having the country torn to pieces by the *chacals* of politicians. Now, who knows? There is really no one to succeed him. There may be a *coup d'état*, a revolution. The cannon are booming salutes every fifteen minutes.

The minister, General Brainard, and I drove to Belem, to the palace, early this afternoon. The entrance-hall was thronged: people of all classes and conditions, men and women, peasants, diplomats, sailors, officers, and privates. We put down our names on some black-bordered sheets of paper, more or less crumpled and ink-spotted, and dropped cards of condolence. An usher showed us into the inner rooms. The President's first aide, Camara, a burly chap,

stood at the door of the ante-chamber, his big face puffed up with tears. We shook hands with him and tried to comfort him. The variety of expressions was interesting: soldiers on guard staring vacantly like peaceful ruminants; gentlemen showing the same bored indifference as at an ordinary formal function; others with reddened eyes. It was perhaps the contagion of emotion, but General B——'s aide, who knew the President even less than we did, had tears trickling down his cheeks.

We exchanged a few words with the Minister of Marine, a fine old man, who has been appointed acting head of the government, and passed on to where the body lay in state. It was a very humble little room, almost uncomfortable-looking. A narrow bed of plain white wood, varnished, a clothes-press with mirrored door. On a table, at the foot of the bed, was an ordinary army sword and a blue-gray military cap, with a thin gold edge on the visor. The guard of honor was made up of two lines of soldiers, with a few sailors and a policeman or two. We stayed about ten minutes. The minister, before leaving, walked to the side of the bed and pressed his hand on the clasped hands, causing the body to move slightly; it gave me an unpleasant little sensation. I stood at attention, saluted, and followed the general out.

We found little Albuquerque, the second aide, at the door, sobbing. He's a nice young chap, a descendant of the great navigator, and just worshiped the President. I tried to console him.

'Oui, mais j'ai perdu mon chef, mon Président,' he sobbed, 'and now he can never see it.'

'What?' I asked.

'The telegram of congratulations, here, from President Wilson; it would have pleased him so, but now he can never see it: it came too late.'

Outside, a voice arose, 'Well, now,

ain't it a calamity, hey?' It was K—the representative of an American firm, looking very solemn. 'It certainly took the stuffin' out of the old fellow, did n't it though?'

On our way home, we left cards on various ministers. Thirty days of mourning now, no Christmas, no New Year's celebrations, and a dismal outlook.

December 16.

Bands of men and boys were going through the streets last night, cheering for their murdered President: hoarse shouts of 'Viva Sidonio Paes. Viva!' We were dining with Colonel Darcy—Major Stone, Rossi, and I. Rossi was more scornful than ever and declared this a perverted and degenerate country. I stood up for it, and reminded him that his own dear Italy had not always been without internal dissensions. Besides, I added, if he believed all he said, why did he propose to marry a Portuguese girl?

Rossi's eyes seemed to dilate, then he began to laugh. 'That man is never serious!'

The colonel wanted to know if it were true that the plump daughter of a former minister of state had broken off her engagement with a Portuguese officer, for his sake.

'I will never marry an aristocratic girl,' declared Rossi; and he gave a mimic of his idea of an aristocratic lady wrinkling his honest chubby face into a grimace and squeaking in affected tones. 'I will marry an Italian girl who can do everything, work hard, wash and cook, and be a lady too, and she will obey me absolutely!'

We roared, but he was intensely serious.

'*Mon cher ami*,' he glared fiercely at me, 'do you think, perhaps, I am a man who will be afraid of his wife?'

I studied him, and said solemnly, 'From certain characteristics, certain

traits of your physiognomy, I should say yes.'

Rossi was astonished and a trifle worried, but he grew stubborn. We evidently did n't know him—and so on.

'Do you consider yourself stronger than Julio Cesare and Marco Antonio?' I asked.

'No.'

'Well, what about Cleopatra?'

'That was in the old days!'

'Pshaw!' said the colonel, 'if your wife ever gets angry, you will crawl under the table and beg permission to come out.'

'She will allow you two cents a day for pocket money,' said the major.

'And four cents on your saint's day and on especial festivals,' I added.

Rossi was too indignant to speak.

'She will take away from you your monthly pay!'

'She will take it away from *me*? Never, *mon cher ami*!'

Rossi is an amusing combination of ingenuousness and shrewdness, for he is shrewd, and knows when it is profitable to keep on playing the fool. As the good man Lafontaine says, 'Le plus âne . . . n'est pas celui qu'on pense.'

December 17.

The first feeling of horror and grief over the murder of Sidonio Paes found expression in a general desire to rally around the government. Parliament has just elected the Minister of Marine, Rear-Admiral Canto e Castro, Provisional President, to serve until a general election can be held and the new constitution voted on. He is a fine elderly man, dignified, upright, respected by all, and can be absolutely relied upon to be loyal to his oath of office, although his personal sympathies are with the Royalists. But the situation is extremely difficult, and calls for a man of unusual vigor as well as wisdom. Wild rumors of all sorts are

rife: foreign intervention, sympathy of the Allied governments with the opposition, and so forth, showing a dangerous state of agitation and uncertainty.

Little news has come out about the assassination. The murderer declares that he acted alone and on his own responsibility, but most people are convinced that it was a political murder. 'The Democrats got him.' Some see a Masonic revenge, the Freemasons' lodge, on the Chiado, having been broken into, sacked, and completely wrecked a few weeks ago. I have gathered interesting details from various sources, among them Captain Smith. His chief sent him out, immediately after the shooting, to collect what information he could. He, doubtless mindful of his training as a Hearst reporter, managed to force his way into the council-chamber where an emergency meeting of the Cabinet was being held, and stayed there during the whole session, the Portuguese being either too excited or too polite to show him the door, or perhaps too overcome with awe at this incredible — enterprise — as were our British and French colleagues, later, when they heard of it.

It seems shots were fired by two men: the first missed, but in the confusion ensuing, the second murderer squeezed past between two policemen, seized the President's arm uplifted to his cap in salute, and shot him through the body. The President's brother received a sword-cut over the head, accidentally, perhaps. It is also reported that assassins were in wait at Entroncamento, the railroad junction, and at Oporto, so as to make absolutely sure. Stories of forebodings and warnings are current: although strongly urged, the President refused to put off this trip or even change the hour of departure. 'They'll get me sooner or later,' he answered. He was unusually depressed, and said to his aide upon

leaving the palace, 'I fear I'll never come back from this trip.' At the railway station, he expressed displeasure at the sight of the double line of infantry and police drawn up. 'One would think the Tsar of Russia was expected!'

A remark supposed to have been made by our minister, as he viewed the body at the palace, Sunday, is being repeated. It even came out as a headline in one of the papers. 'He was too great a man for this small country.' Colonel Darcy haw-hawed considerably about it and wondered whether it was a compliment!

Sidonio Paes was, without doubt, a strong man, and one whose services the country could ill afford to lose, at this time especially. A conservative, he sought to rally the various political groups: he had practically succeeded in winning the confidence of the Monarchists and was bringing about a reconciliation with the church. His programme of political and social reform was enlightened and broad, Albuquerque, his confidant, told me. 'You must remember that he had been in power a few days over a year only,' he said, 'and that he was kept too busy thwarting constant plots and intrigues to be able to undertake any serious constructive work; but it was coming.'

It is a fact that he kept the jails filled to capacity, and the African colonies of Angola and Mozambique amply supplied with labor. The work of repression was carried out effectively and quietly, and only the very rare early risers ever met the heavy trucks bristling with policemen's rifles and well laden with prospective colonists. Occasionally, too, you passed a procession of a dozen or so pale, sordid-looking men, the small fry, tramping toward prison under escort. I was told there were as many as ten thousand under arrest!

Sidonio Paes was suspected, by some,

of pro-Germanism. They pointed out that he had spent many years as ambassador in Berlin, and that the activity of Portuguese troops at the front practically ceased after he came to power. A friend of his intimated, also, that he greatly disliked the British. It must be remembered, however, that the Portuguese troops received a terrific mauling from the Germans in the March drive, and that their losses were probably such as to incapacitate them for further action until they had had a long period for rest and reorganization.

Incidentally, this March drive is the cause of much ill-feeling between British and Portuguese. The British declare that the 'little blighters ran like rabbits,' while the Portuguese side is that their troops were surrounded and suffered tremendous losses, from the fact that they kept on holding their line, unaware that the British had given way on both wings — some neglect or blunder in the communication services. It may be, too, that Sidonio Paes, determined by purely local considerations and without being in the least pro-German, decided that it would be foolish for Portugal to incur further losses in men and treasure, when her interests were not directly menaced, and especially with small prospect of adequate compensation. She had chosen the right side, proved herself true to the historic friendship with England, and might decently withdraw, without actually seeming to, by remaining inactive. I believe Sidonio Paes was, above all, a patriot, and his last words may well have been those reported: 'Salvem a patria!' Save the country!

### III

Januáry 23.

This *has been* a day, and is still a *night*, for, at this very minute, motor-trucks are rumbling down the Avenida,

greeted all along with hoarse shouts; a confused clamor rises from the Rocio, four squares away, with now and then a shriller yell, and there is the intermittent boom of cannon far off, scattered rifle-fire, snipers are very active, and — *bang* — there goes a bomb with sullen roar, a peculiar, short, deadened sound. One wild day of revolution; I've never seen the like, nor a day more perfect. An indigo-blue sky, luminous and deep, a languorous heat, almost tropical. Women were at their windows with parasols; the only clouds were little fleecy bursts of shrapnel and 'Viva Republica!' 'V'a r'poob'l'ca,' it sounds like, with a very strong 'poob.' Bullets sing past my windows. Jolly life, this, when perfectly irresponsible creatures, superexcited, mad with yelling, and intoxicated with the smell of powder, go about brandishing army rifles!

To begin properly: it was about time to start for the office when, *boom!* I looked out of the window and saw white smoke rising beyond the Rotunda, over the fort, which, with the Castello São Jorge, guards the city. What's up now? I wondered. A few minutes later, *boom, boom*, and so on with increasing frequency. I was opening the door, when Maria rushed out of her kitchen, followed by Doña Pinto.

'*Não*, the senhor must not go out!' she said, barring the way. 'They are all *doido* [crazy], and firing in the streets, and the Monarchist blue-and-white flag floats over the Rocio.'

That was startling news! I went back to my window. Nothing unusual, apparently: a boy shouting the morning paper '*Yo Sec*'; two or three men walking along; a woman balancing a huge hamper of turnips; ragged wretches basking drowsily on the benches.

I decided to go on. Doña Pinto and Maria were still in the corridor, discussing. An '*oficial estrangeiro*,' Lady

Pinto declared, would be absolutely safe; while Maria argued that stray bullets make no distinctions. She ran down ahead of me, and mustered six or seven women and children at the street door to say a last farewell to the reckless foreign devil.

Of course, there was nothing extraordinary — no blue-and-white flag over the Rocio; only numerous groups talking excitedly. With the approach of 'business hours,' however, things livened up. The crowds grew, more 'Viva Republicas' resounded, and there were the usual senseless rushes to one or the other side of the square, to see, to hear, to miss nothing. A man finds he's forgotten his pocket-handkerchief and starts back for it on the run, and immediately two hundred men trot at his heels. And — *boom, boom, boom* — the cannonading grew more intense. Gray military autos flying large Portuguese flags dashed noisily in all directions, raising clouds of dust; motorcycles with side-cars, fluttering the red or green cross; such racket and smells! A squad of firemen in shining brass helmets disappear in a side street; the crowd suddenly flocks to the rua Aurea side, to cheer a company of volunteers, as they swing up the Avenida; small groups of civilians, bundled up in cartridge-belts and reckless with their rifles, start vociferously for the front, waving their arms, shouting themselves red in the face in impassioned eulogies of their heroic sacrifice to the 'Repob'lica.' Very few policemen — I suppose they're all drafted. My stenographer girl appeared, ashen-faced, and asked if she might not go back home now, with her uncle. I told her to go and stay there.

At luncheon, I heard the inside of the story: some of the regular troops of the garrison of Lisbon went over to the Monarchists, while the others are remaining strictly neutral in their bar-

racks. At dawn the Fourth Cavalry from Belem, with various civilians, joined the rebels and occupied the hills of Monsanto, which dominate the city two or three miles away, near the wireless station. It is from there that they are firing on the fort, with a few batteries of seventy-fives. They have no heavy artillery. Why they did not actually seize the fort itself, which was practically stripped of its garrison, is a mystery. I was told they had sent the government an ultimatum demanding a surrender before 2 P.M.

We took a stroll in the afternoon, Colonel Darcy, Major Stone, Aerts, and I. The crowds on the Rocio were watching the evolutions of some airplanes — friendly, I hoped. Our three friends were there looking desperately forlorn, all clubs being closed. I gathered that their secret sympathies were with the Monarchists. 'Ah, the old days!' sighed Cardozo in my ear. 'The King was so democratic; he often walked on the street, unattended, like anybody else, his umbrella under his arm, puffing his cigar.'

'The social life, too!' Bastos shook his head sadly; 'you can't imagine how gay, how brilliant it was.' I judged altogether that the King of Portugal must have had much in common with the good Roi d'Yvetôt.

We continued up the Avenida, which was practically deserted, to within several hundred yards of the fort, and stopped to watch the effects of the bombardment. Presently an ambulance clanged by us and removed a too-venturesome spectator, who had got in the way of a piece of shrapnel. We ourselves were not in the line of fire, but one can't always count on the perfect accuracy of the enemy, and I proposed my windows as a safer place to watch the show. There we went and stayed until driven away by the intense sun.



The excitement seemed to grow toward nightfall; the tootings of the ambulance trumpets sounded more frequently; there were harangues and vivas from grimy heroes returning from somewhere. A truck-load of volunteers came tearing down the street at top speed, those in front standing unsteadily, with rifles leveled; and there was a lunatic who passed by at the head of a wild-eyed squad, revolver in hand, bellowing his 'Viva Repob'lica' with a challenging note, just aching for a chance to fire. I'd really feel uneasy without my uniform! An apparently harmless citizen, walking calmly ahead of you, suddenly throws up his arms with a delirious 'Viva,' immediately echoed all around; and bands of hoodlums are having a glorious time, patriotically swinging dirty caps round their heads and shouting to force others to answer.

Of course, all this is only a local aspect of the rebellion; the Monarchy is established in the north, and the troops are even reported to be marching down on Lisbon!

*January 25.*

The revolution is over so far as Lisbon is concerned, and the Republic stays. Up north, Braganza and Vizeu have surrendered, leaving Oporto practically isolated. Yesterday was the decisive day. The cannon thundered from 8 A.M. until 3 P.M. The firing was intense, a government destroyer on the Tagus joining in with its nine-inch guns. The cold wind that arose during the night must have made bivouacking on the hills of Monsanto anything but a joy, and perhaps hastened the end! The minister ordered all our officers and men to stay on board, as there was considerable sniping on the streets and we don't want complications. The excitement was much less, the crowds having yelled themselves tired and

hoarse the day before. An airplane dropped silvery proclamations on the town. It was rumored during the morning that the Monarchists had wiped out many Republicans by hoisting the white flag and turning on machine-guns. At four o'clock, the French Legation called me up to ask about the report that the Monarchists were in retreat; but the official confirmation came only later. Toward evening, bodies of troops began to return amid cheers; then came straggling, weary, mud-covered individuals, their red faces streaked with sweat, each surrounded by a chattering group of admirers. There was joy-firing, off and on, throughout the night, but otherwise no great celebration.

At the hotel I ran across Albuquerque, who was Sidonio Paes's aide and confidant. He was extremely despondent, and told me he had just resigned his post as aide to the Provisional President, as well as his commission in the army, because 'he did not want to be associated with the murderers of the President who would now surely come to power.' All around us I noticed many uneasy and gloomy faces. 'Monarchist sympathizers,' said Albuquerque, adding that he himself was one, and expected to be arrested soon, but did n't care anyway.

I got further light on the murky political situation. President Paes, a Republican, was in alliance with the Monarchists, forming the Conservative party. He was murdered by the Democrats, who, according to Albuquerque, are rowdies, the dregs of the population, led by demagogues and clever crooks. Fearing their return to power, the Monarchists started the present revolt, with the tacit approval of the Republicans. All the Lisbon troops had pledged their support, and success seemed so certain that the Monarchists did not even trouble to take ordinary precautions, and started

out with only two days' provisions and scanty ammunition. Three regiments, however, went back on their word and refused to move for either side! Imagine! Government troops remaining neutral with the existence of the Republic in the balance! The government was thus left practically without troops, and had to raise a volunteer army, some ten thousand men.

The Monarchists, who had all the regulars, officers, and men, were most contemptuous of the low rabble — 'that made them run!' I said.

'No,' answered Albuquerque, 'it's only that they were out of food and ammunition!'

I told him my opinion of men who start to upset a government with no more preparation than for a picnic! And as for the Democrats, they might be the scum of the population, but I had more respect for poor devils who, out of pure patriotism, took up their rifles and rushed to the defense of their country, than for the noble élite, who, while posing as defenders of law and order, went out to slaughter their fellow countrymen. And if the rabble should commit excesses later, from the lack of decent leaders, whose fault would it be? Where were those leaders?

Albuquerque said he had begged his friends not to start the revolt; but there was no stopping them, and, as they stood for the principles he believed in, he could not but wish them success. He had been sorely tempted, he said, on Thursday night, to bring out the 'neutral' regiments. They knew and trusted him and would have obeyed. He walked as far as the barracks of the Fort São Jorge, and then turned back, feeling he could not do it.

I felt sorry for the poor chap, he was so evidently sincere, and all broken up. But it's a queer mentality these people have! Politics and party above patriotism and country. Aerts told them

they'd cut a pretty figure at the Peace Conference! What the government, whatever it is, ought to do now, is to line up the ringleaders against a wall. But it won't; it prefers to give them a chance to live — to fight another day.

The two colonels and I — Stone has been promoted — strolled over the ground about the Rotunda this afternoon. The damage did n't seem very great; the rebels had good direction, but overshot the fort. There were a few abandoned gun-carriages and ammunition-vans here and there, and large dark stains indicating casualties among the mule-train. People were prying into shell-holes, hunting for fragments. We wandered on, to see how that part of the town had fared. Houses were all somewhat scarred, and a few had gaping shell-holes.

Unconsciously we joined in with the stream of people, and presently found ourselves in sight of Monsanto. A wavering black line, cut by the great white aqueduct at the bottom, was winding up the hill, ant-like, toward the rebel positions. I urged my colonels on, and we soon got to the top. The view over the city and the wide Tagus is magnificent. Lisbon, like Rome, is built on seven hills, and the deep ravines between some of them form natural boulevards. The ground was pitted and furrowed, especially around an abandoned battery of Krupps, attesting the excellent marksmanship of the 'rabble.' The wireless tower had been hit, and what remained of the wreck of the station looked like a sieve. We found two guileless youths, at the back, slyly cutting out of the plaster two unexploded shells! A smell of powder clung to the place, but the only signs of carnage were variegated chicken feathers blowing about in the wind. We met many friends, among them General and Mrs. Brainard, on top, and got home at sunset.

# GERMAN REFLECTIONS

BY PAUL ROHRBACH

## I

THREE years ago the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* wrote me a courteous letter, inquiring what objects Germany had in the war. This letter did not reach me until six months ago. Germany's war aims in 1916 no longer have practical importance. But a person who wishes to understand the present condition of Germany will find it very essential to know what influence the war aims of 1914-1918 exercised upon the public mind of that country. No one will find the key to the revolution and to the present condition of Germany unless he knows that the German people entered the war in August, 1914, an absolute unit, but that, in the course of the four years, clear-cut divisions of opinion and sentiment destroyed this unity.

It is by no means easy to understand German conditions from a distance. We must start with the sentiment that prevailed in that country when the war broke out. The whole nation was convinced that Germany had been attacked. For more than ten years it had watched a ring of hostile nations closing around it. It is popularly believed abroad that the Germans cherished plans of conquest and dreams of world-empire before the war. This opinion of Germany is false, but it is very natural that it should exist to-day among non-German nations, because a powerful propaganda has cultivated it during the war. It finds apparent corroboration in the writings of the Pan-

Germans and a few military men like General von Bernhardi. Bernhardi's books were unknown before the war outside of a narrow military circle. I do not think that the number of copies in all Germany exceeded a few thousand. Your rarely saw them in book-shops; I never saw them in a private house. Very few German civilians even knew the general by name. The Pan-Germans were a small but noisy group, without official influence. They had so little effect upon international policies that the warning by those persons who considered Pan-German speeches and writings a source of national peril remained unheeded. It is easily comprehensible why propagandists should seize upon such material. But the idea that German public opinion before the war, and the classes which controlled the public policy of the empire, were Pan-German, is absolutely false. The world-war was for Germany a people's war in the real sense.

What was the reason for this unanimity of public sentiment in regard to the war? It was due solely and entirely to the conviction that the war was a defensive one on Germany's part. This conviction will perhaps seem strange to a non-German, especially to a man who has been fighting Germany for years and has been completely under the influence of the war propaganda against that country. However, it is absolutely necessary, if one is to understand the events that followed in Germany, to

realize that in the summer of 1914 the nation was absolutely convinced that it had been attacked without reason by a group of hostile and encircling powers.

At the moment when the war broke out, and Italy refused to fulfill its engagements to the Triple Alliance, and Great Britain entered the ranks of Germany's enemies, public opinion in our country was far from confident of a great triumph. The common people, the heads of the government, and the General Staff contemplated little more than a successful defense. The tremendous solicitude and tension of the first weeks were suddenly relieved by the important victories in Belgium, France, and East Prussia. The military authorities had promised that their reports would be frank and veracious, whether we were victorious or defeated. They fulfilled their promise up to the battle of the Marne. Our utter defeat in that battle, which represented the complete failure of the General Staff's plan of campaign, was not made known to the people. We were told only that a different kind of war must now begin: that there would be no more brilliant victories, but a long-continued struggle against superior forces.

Notwithstanding our defeat on the Marne, the army leaders had tested the mighty power of their war-machine; but they underestimated the possibilities of growth in the forces of the enemy, and hoped ultimately to win a decisive victory. However, the people at large began to experience a reaction from their solicitude at the outbreak of the war, and the bitter feeling became general that Germany had been encircled and gratuitously attacked in the midst of its industrious and successful pursuit of the ways of peace. We began to hear the statement: 'We must have guaranties that such an outrage shall not befall us again; and we now see

that our army is strong enough to gain us such guaranties.'

Everything depended upon what was understood by guaranties. To Germany's undoing, it was a false conception that thereupon mastered public thought—guaranties by direct or indirect annexation on the borders, especially in Belgium. That afforded an opportunity for the Pan-Germans. From this time dates the beginning of their influence in the press and among the educated classes.

The Pan-German war aim, of safety by annexation, captured part of the nation. Among the remainder there was growing resistance to the protraction of the war in order to gain new territories. This is the point where a clear division first showed itself in the unity of the German nation, and from this point began our descent into our present misfortune.

The longer the war continued, the greater the sacrifices. The more effective the famine blockade, the more urgent became the demand from the masses for some way of restoring peace. Gradually an opinion gained ground among a majority of the common people, who were suffering most from the war, that it would be possible to end the conflict, but that generals, princes, and war profiteers wanted to gain new conquests, and would not stop the struggle. This bitter opposition first manifested itself in 1917. It became stronger in 1918; and it was only temporarily weakened by the preparations and the initial success of the great offensive of the latter year. In July, 1918, it surged back with full force. It was much more powerful among the people at large than in Parliament. The feeling of the people at large was: 'You people above could have relieved us of the calamity of the war long since if you would only have renounced your plans of conquest. You

have not done so. You have prolonged our misery from year to year. You are guilty.'

This sentiment did not find full expression, on account of the censorship; but it was a decisive factor in causing the German revolution. The other factor was the complete prostration and unnerving of the nation by the famine blockade. The effect of years of insufficient nourishment upon the mass of the people was not only physical, but, above all, psychological. The only effective and salutary measure for warding off the impending catastrophe would have been to remember the old truth that Germany could not fight a war which was not supported by the united public opinion of the nation, and that no war could have this support, in view of the national character and the influence of universal service, unless it were a war of defense.

Over and above this there was a third factor in the revolution — the promise of President Wilson that, if Germany made peace, she would be dealt with in accordance with the Fourteen Points; and, in addition, America's official attitude, which created the impression in Germany that the abolition of an autocratic form of government in general, and the removal of the House of Hohenzollern in particular, would make the peace terms easier for Germany. If the German people had not had faith in the Fourteen Points and in the assured alleviation of the peace conditions as compensation for renouncing the dynasty, it is probable that the revolution would not have taken the form of self-disarmament, and the enforced abdication of the Kaiser and of the other royal houses. Both moral and physical resistance to the revolution were crippled by the fearful exhaustion due to the famine blockade, and by the idea that it was a revolution for, first, a peace of good-

will and reconciliation, second, for freedom, and third, for bread.

Prince Max of Baden, who had become Imperial Chancellor, made a generous but vain attempt to salvage the monarchical idea in Germany, and to keep both the political and social revolution within peaceful limits. He exerted himself to the utmost to induce the Kaiser and the Crown Prince to abdicate voluntarily, and to leave to a constitutional convention, to be summoned immediately, the decision as to Germany's future form of government. But the Kaiser was ill-advised. He withdrew himself from the influence of his Chancellor by a sort of flight to military headquarters; and when he was informed there, on the morning of November 9, by his own generals, that the army would not defend him, it was too late to have the announcement of his abdication stop the violent course of revolution in Berlin.

## II

The most terrible misfortune which befell Germany, and which exhausted the remnant of her strength and power of recuperation, was the continuance of the blockade after the Armistice. The country was completely unprepared for the moral shock which this produced; for no one except the absolute pessimists, whose number was small, doubted that, after Mr. Wilson's promise, Germany would be dealt with in accordance with the Fourteen Points. Naturally they expected nothing like the continuance of the blockade. At once it was evident that both economical and social ruin threatened. The physical exhaustion of the nation, its moral prostration by the famine blockade, and its disarmament, which involved the delivery of its heavy artillery, its aviation equipment, and other war materials, the greater part of its



fleet, and all German territories on the left bank of the Rhine, to the victorious powers, made it absolutely impossible to resume the war. The whole nation realized that under no circumstances could it continue the struggle. It was so conscious of its own powerlessness that it could not interpret the continuation of the blockade, except as the result of premeditated hostile malice, designed to cripple Germany for generations, if not for all time to come.

Whatever the true reasons for prolonging the blockade may have been, its effect was extremely cruel. In September, 1918, Dr. Saleeby, one of the most distinguished medical men and physiological experts in England reported: 'The blockade is primarily responsible for Germany's present frightful food-crisis, and consequently for the permanent effects which will follow in its wake.'

The German government did not completely suppress discussion as to the effect of the famine blockade during the war, but it discouraged references likely to depress the people. The results began to be serious after 1916. People residing in the country and the well-to-do in the cities were able to get along, but the poorer classes already suffered. The insufficiency of the official rations was demonstrated in institutions for the insane, public hospitals, and many prisons where the inmates were not able to procure additional food by indirect means.

The three most serious effects of the famine blockade upon Germany are: first, an increase in tuberculosis, according to the physicians, of between two and three hundred per cent, and inability to combat the disease, when once contracted, by scientific feeding. Second, several hundred children afflicted with rachitis. In the third place, undernourishment has permanently affected the health of thousands of par-

ents, whose weakness will be transmitted to their descendants.

Germany was at war for four years and three months, and lost about two millions by death upon the battlefields and in hospitals. That amounts to an average of nearly thirteen hundred for every day of the war. Add to this another sixty per cent, or an average of eight hundred people who, since 1916, have died daily as a direct or indirect result of the famine blockade. This extra death-rate continued after the Armistice, on account of the prolongation of the blockade. We were not even permitted to carry on our coastal fisheries, and were prohibited from importing condensed milk from America for our suffering children.

Even had the famine blockade ended with the war itself, and had the same conditions that prevailed in the summer months of 1919 with respect to food-supplies existed in November and December, 1918, more than 100,000 lives would have been saved, and the moral recuperation of Germany would have already begun.

There is a limit to the resistance of any nation to suffering. So long as this limit is not exceeded, the average man retains his morale. The exaltation of national sentiment in war-time is an added resource. But if you exceed that limit, resistance speedily breaks down. With the Germans so exhausted in November, 1918, the sufferings imposed upon the people after that date, through the continuance of the famine blockade, fell upon a mass of human beings bereft of both physical and moral powers of resistance. The war has wrought moral ruin in every country of Europe. Its effects were obvious enough in Germany by the beginning of the fifth year of fighting. But what occurred during the famine months of the Armistice was the worst of all. The results of those months were mor-

disastrous to Germany's morale than those of all the four years of combat.

However, we have not exhausted the subject with the food question. The embargo upon raw materials was likewise disastrous. German factories were kept busy during the war making munitions and other military supplies, although many raw materials were not to be had. This war-business stopped. The labors of peace could not take its place except in some branches of the metal industry and a few other lines of minor importance. Following the revolution the working people became more exacting. That was no misfortune in itself. Everyone recognizes that social conditions in Germany, as well as in the rest of the world, have been profoundly affected by the war, and that the economic and political demands of the working classes will be quite different from what they were formerly.

But the situation in Germany would have been far sounder if a great section of the country's industrial plant had not been condemned to idleness after the Armistice. It was like a machine that overheats itself running without a burden. As a result of the revolution, wages and salaries were doubled at a stroke, and continued to increase subsequently. This applied to every laborer, every street-car employee, every clerk, every official. This sudden assault upon the revenues of the state and of private corporations could be met, in view of Germany's complete isolation from the rest of the world, only by increasing the issues of paper money, and adding immense sums to our national indebtedness.

Such a palliative was of only transient effect. As the result of paper inflation, prices rapidly rose, and the rise of prices led to renewed demands for higher salaries and wages. The German government committed many errors, especially immediately after the

Armistice, which had a depressing effect upon German exchange; but the beginning of the evil lay in the desperate conditions created by the Armistice. The revolution guaranteed every workingman his right to strike. That situation lasted about a year before the government recovered sufficient authority to justify an endeavor to protect from complete stoppage by striking employees at least those industries which were necessary to national existence, and to prevent striking laboring men from forcing their employers to pay their wages during the days and weeks they were on strike.

If it had been possible immediately after the conclusion of the Armistice to supply German manufacturers with enough raw materials to enable them to resume operations, and to furnish the population with food, for which our exchange — then about a third below par — would have enabled us to pay, the economic demands of the workers and employees could have been met by exporting manufactures instead of by issuing paper money and adding to our floating indebtedness. The high price-level in foreign markets would have made it possible to increase wages in Germany as soon as contact was established between the business world of that country and that of other lands. But as the situation actually developed, this was not possible. The increase of wages became a fearful calamity for Germany.

The greatest hardship falls upon the middle classes and small capitalists, who cannot increase their income by striking, and whose revenues are limited because they are unable to add to the price they charge for their services. These social groups are now gradually becoming part of the proletariat. They are being forced to relinquish one comfort and refinement of life after another. The purchasing power of money has

fallen so that clothing and shoes cost at least six times as much as they did before the war, and ordinary provisions cost from three to ten times as much. Books are three times as expensive as formerly. Even the simplest luxuries are too costly to be considered. Therefore there is no opportunity to gratify artistic tastes or to take vacations and travel. For the same reason young people, unless they are wealthy, are practically prohibited from marrying.

Another great hardship is the lack of dwellings. During the war very few houses were built, and the cost of construction is at least six times what it was formerly. Everyone is waiting until prices fall. To-day it is impossible to get a fair interest on money invested in new buildings, so there is no construction whatever under way. We have planned small-farm colonies for returning soldiers. It has been decided to parcel out the extensive estates, especially in eastern Germany, so as to provide the largest possible number of farms for soldiers — in particular those who were slightly wounded. Still, it is necessary to build houses and barns on these small tracts — something which cannot be thought of at prevailing prices. So our splendid scheme for colonizing people on the land is at a standstill, and this in turn is contributing a great deal to the prevailing political unrest and discontent.

### III

It is hard to say how Germany can work itself out of its present calamitous condition. The evils of the situation have made such headway that they cannot be overcome except with foreign help. The only country in a position to extend a large credit to Germany is America. Of course, I cannot discuss here whether American statesmen would consider such a measure, and

what attitude they would take toward Germany in principle and practice. Everything would have been different and better if the blockade had been lifted with the Armistice, and raw materials permitted to reach us. The eight-months' Armistice blockade is what crushed Germany beyond hope. Even to-day the question of raw materials is a vital one. Until Germany secures such materials, more than half of her industrial workers cannot be fully employed, and our exports will not be sufficient to pay for our subsistence.

As a counsel of desperation, we have begun to sacrifice abroad German securities and goods. The excessive fall in German exchange enables foreign countries to buy at very low prices anything that Germany has to offer — things that our own population cannot buy because they are too dear in our currency, although our people at home are in bitter need of them. Only a very few of our industries are operating at a profit, and those few are threatened with disaster in case the rich iron and coal resources in Upper Silesia should, as a result of the popular vote, be lost to Germany. If we can retain Upper Silesia, and procure a loan which will enable us to obtain on long credit raw materials for German manufacturers, — such as cotton, wool, and other textile fibres, hides and skins for our leather manufacturers, copper and tin, rubber and mineral oil, — then slow recovery is possible. Unless we do get these things, the situation in Germany will be just as desperate within a year at the utmost as it is now in Vienna, and in the German territories of the former Austrian monarchy.

The Bolsheviks, who are known in Germany as Spartacans (after Spartacus, the leader of the slave revolt in Ancient Rome), the Communists, and the Independent Social Democrats, are intent upon the complete overthrow of

the government and the existing social order, upon abolishing all national boundaries and differences, upon annihilating private property, and upon the dictatorship of the proletariat. With the moderate Social Democrats, who up to the present retain the support of a great majority of the Socialists in Germany, we reach the group of parties which recognize the present form of government as desirable, and would continue in some form or other the present social order. Some would retain the latter as it is; some would transform it methodically and gradually into a Socialist organization. The radical parties I have mentioned are weak in the German National Assembly. But among the mass of voters, men and women alike, *they have gained decidedly in strength since the election to the National Assembly in January, 1919, for the very reason that the economic situation has become so hopeless.*

The Independent Socialists and their allies counted upon stopping the factories and railways during the present winter by creating a coal-famine, and thus preventing the payment of wages. Thereupon they proposed to demand that the government should pay unemployment relief to all the idle, who would number several millions. If the government refused, they would inaugurate a new revolution, confiscate all private property, and establish a dictatorship of the proletariat. Their plan has been defeated up to the present by our ability to keep coal-production at a point which enabled our factories to continue in partial operation. Whether we shall succeed in doing this through the winter is yet a question. Our hope that this may be so is greatly strengthened, especially by the fact that the recent strikes showed that the government troops are loyal, that they will apparently protect the men who want

to work, and will prevent the plundering of the safes of the companies.

The critical factor is coal. Our production would be adequate if so much of the coal we mine did not have to be turned over to the Entente under the Peace Treaty, instead of to Germany. If the Entente would postpone its demand for deliveries from Germany for a period, this temporary relief would help us to keep control of the situation.

In a sense our extreme reactionaries are related to our radicals. Their objects are diametrically opposed, but their policy is the same, so far as utilizing the existing discontent and unrest is concerned. These reactionaries are the people who throughout the war insisted upon the so-called 'guaranties' for Germany. By this they meant the annexation of Belgium and certain French border districts. Only a few of these men contemplated the actual incorporation of Belgium into Germany. Most of them favored making that country a political dependency, with close military and economic ties with the Empire. These were the same people who failed to recognize how deep was the cleavage of opinion in the nation over the question whether our war was a defensive war or a war of conquest. These were the people who failed to comprehend the serious danger which the Kaiser's throne and the monarchical idea had incurred through the excessive strain it had placed upon the nation, and our resulting moral disintegration. Among the most active and determined adherents of this party are the old Prussian Conservatives, the owners of large estates, old army officers, bureaucrats of the military school, and part of the academic circles, including clergymen, professors, and teachers. These elements alone are not numerous enough to form a party of significant proportions.

These reactionaries cannot hope to become a powerful political influence except by securing aid from the mass of voters. In old days they were able to use physical pressure on their dependents, the rural laborers, and on the petty bourgeoisie of the small country towns in Eastern Germany, to assure their supremacy. These two resources were taken away from them by the revolution. The one resource they still have may prove very effective under certain conditions. It is the dissatisfaction of all those classes of society which, by habit of thought, are unable to see any prospect of bettering their condition through radical Socialism, but would prefer to that a return of the earlier political régime. These people do not bethink themselves that their proposal is absolutely Utopian, and that the monarchy, if restored, could bring no relief to Germany in its present desperate situation. They have no regard for the fact that a monarchy could be restored against the resolute resistance of the workers only by civil war.

The tactics of these Conservatives are very simple. They are careful not to recall that they themselves are the ones who destroyed the unity of the nation by their insistence on annexations, and thus incurred the responsibility for Germany's collapse. Of all the memories of the war, these Conservatives hate and abjure most the recollection that it would have been possible by timely political reforms at home, and by a policy hostile to annexations, to have brought into power in the enemy countries the parties favorable to peace. One of the greatest mistakes made by the present democratic government in Germany is that it has not forced the Conservatives to debate this question continuously.

The second item in the tactics of the reactionaries is to continue insisting,

with skillful variations of phrase, with all the measures of propaganda that their wealth and their control of an important section of the press place in their hands, that formerly Germany had a monarchy, government authority, prosperity, order, and respect abroad; whereas to-day the country has no monarchy; the former discipline and obedience to law have disappeared; and dissatisfaction and misery prevail everywhere. They imply that, if you restore the monarchy, you will restore all the blessings of the past.

In judging what prospects of success this agitation has, we must first make clear to ourselves that a great majority of the German people have thoroughly discarded all thought of restoring a monarchy for a long time. Whether they will change this opinion in the future is hard to say. Everyone knows that the Kaiser cannot be restored, and that the Crown Prince is an impossibility. It is generally recognized that there is scarcely a man of the royal family who possesses the character and capacity to rule Germany. The only exception perhaps would be Prince Max of Baden. He might have rescued Germany if the Kaiser had made him Chancellor immediately after the retirement of Bethmann-Hollweg. The Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria is also highly esteemed. He is a valiant, frank man, and has been unjustly stigmatized in the Entente press as responsible for many atrocities during the war. However, neither of these men is a candidate for the throne of Germany. They are, both of them, too wise and patriotic to seek that honor at the expense of a civil war.

The opinion seems to be widely held abroad that the old military system still has large support in Germany. This opinion is false. It probably owes its existence to the fact that our extreme conservative parties are our



most vehement and noisy political debaters. They control a number of very able journalists, and possess a certain talent for making themselves conspicuous, especially on such occasions as Hindenburg's recent visit to Berlin, to appear before the Parliamentary investigating committee. Incidents like the resistance offered by the German volunteers to their retirement from the Baltic Provinces, whether they had been invited previously by the Lett government, with promises of land for settlement, go to confirm this belief. The situation, however, is not what these people think. The troops refused to obey because they had been promised land.

A third influence has been brought to bear upon foreign opinion regarding Germany. Most of the journalists who have visited us from other countries have fallen into the hands of the most radical of our public men, and have been worked upon by them to believe that reaction is a serious danger in Germany. Now these German radicals consider any sort of patriotism a reaction. The man they hate and attack with the most bitterness is the Social Democrat War Minister, Herr Noske. Germany has him to thank for the fact that it did not become a scene of chaos, arson, and destruction during the first two months of the revolution. It is completely contrary to the truth to consider him a suspicious champion of militarism, such as he is represented abroad to be by our radical extremists.

Militarism in Germany is a thing of the past. I mean by this that the sentiment which we called by that name is limited to a small group of old reactionaries whom the people do not trust or support. Only one thing can make this spirit again a danger. That would be a situation that would render those citizens who are not committed to strikes and socialist uprisings so

desperate in their struggle for survival that they would lose their poise, and as a counsel of despair might give heed to the reactionary promises of the counter-revolutionists. The tragedy of this is that there are really fanatics among the extreme Conservatives who believe that a counter-revolution is possible, and are ready to employ force the moment the situation is favorable. There is not the slightest probability that a counter-revolution would succeed, for the supporters of monarchy have no forces behind them for an armed struggle. The common soldiers, most of the non-commissioned officers, and no small portion of the commissioned officers, came out of the war hostile to the monarchy; and it makes no practical difference so far as Germany is concerned whether this hatred is directed against the person of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, or against monarchy in principle. An overwhelming majority of the old army would fight to prevent the restoration of the monarchy, but under no circumstances would they fight to restore it. The soldiers, moreover, are still deeply impressed with the idea that, if the Kaiser and his clique and the General Staff had not prolonged the war by their impracticable demands, we might have escaped the military disaster and political collapse that actually occurred.

Healthy democratic progress is, accordingly, dependent in Germany upon a recovery of economic health. There is an alliance between the Democrats and the modern Socialist party, which the Catholic or Centre party has joined, on the condition that its demands in regard to church- and school-legislation be considered. Among the Democrats in Germany the principal difference in opinion is in regard to the extent to which socialization is desirable and practicable, and how far it is necessary,

to preserve individualism and private enterprise. It will not be difficult to reconcile these two groups on a basis of actual experience, just as soon as we can get back to normal working conditions. To restore the latter *we must have raw materials and credit. Unless we do obtain them we are in constant danger of Bolshevism on the one hand and of counter-revolution on the other.* Either of these would precipitate the final and complete ruin of Germany and constitute a common peril for all Europe; for the counter-revolution would ultimately result in Bolshevism.

Credit and raw materials are necessary, but they are not the only essentials. If they are to be effective, those points of the Peace Treaty must be revised which aim permanently to destroy Germany's economic existence. My country is willing and anxious to restore Belgium and northern France, and to pay as much as she can in addition, if she is able to arrive at an understanding with her previous opponents that will permit a recovery of her economic vigor.

Up to the present, we see no prospect of the Entente meeting us here. After all that has occurred, we can easily understand that our enemies may distrust us. But there is a simple way of removing this distrust. Send sensible, fair-minded people to Germany, to investigate the situation, and they will learn that the Germans who have practical influence honestly desire to perform their obligations. The worst thing for Germany is to encounter, not only distrust, but also permanent hostility and a design to ruin the country. Such a design appears in many paragraphs of the Versailles treaty, although the public men of the Allied countries and the United States may quite well be unaware of the fact.

With such peace conditions enforced, it will not be possible to revive

permanently Germany's economic vigor. Our newspapers report an interview between Premier Clemenceau and a French statesman, which ended with: 'There are twenty million Germans too many' (*vingt million de trop*). These words appear to be well substantiated. There is general fear in Germany that peace will not be possible for our people, but that we still face a moral prolongation of the war, only conducted by a different method. This fear lies like a weight of lead upon every German heart, and will continue to do so until some of the most oppressive conditions imposed by the treaty have been revised. Until that happens, and so long as Germany's economic life is rendered insecure by those conditions, and the whole situation is thus imperiled, the possibility of a desperate revolt continues. The German people understands full well that, for a long period to come, it is doomed, not only to the hardest toil, but also to a meagre and impoverished way of living. It is resigned to this, and feels that it is able to survive such conditions, thanks to its new democratic and social organization, but only if its obligations are made endurable, and are clearly defined, and are fundamentally just. Should it be otherwise, even democracy has no future in Germany; for a healthy plant can grow only in healthy soil and healthy air.

#### IV

I do not know whether I have succeeded in making myself perfectly clear to foreign readers. There are certain fields in which the members of different nations easily understand each other. Such, for instance, are those of pure science and commerce. But it is much more difficult for us to understand each other in matters of public policy. In commerce and science

we do not encounter national prejudices. In matters of public policy we are constantly encountering such national sentiment. There are German prejudices against America and American prejudices against Germany. Germans know all too little of the power of political and moral ideals among the Americans, and the Americans are disposed to look upon every German as a militarist.

In 1913 I was in the United States, and was much interested in observing in the normal schools the method of teaching history, geography, politics (civics), and social science. In a city in Oklahoma, where relatives of mine reside, I bought a number of school-books in one of the shops. They were the books 'adopted for the high schools in Oklahoma.' Among them was a book by the professor of history in the University of Minnesota, Willis West, entitled *Modern History of Europe from Charlemagne to the Present Time*, and a special edition of the *Natural Advanced Geography*, by J. W. Redway and Russell Hinman. Both were modern editions recently published. I assume that millions of young people in America derive their impressions of Germany from them.

In Professor West's book I read, on pages 481 and 482, these two sentences: 'Prussia is almost as autocratic as Russia'; and 'in Germany a policeman's evidence is equal to that of five independent witnesses.' I spent the first twenty years of my life in the Baltic Provinces under Russian rule, and most of the following thirty years in Prussia. Since my change of residence I have frequently been in Russia for considerable periods. I know the faults of the Prussian system, and opposed them vigorously even before the war. American readers can verify this from a translation of a book of mine, published by the Macmillan Company, in 1915,

under the title *German World-Policies*. To compare Prussia with Russia, even allowing for all the evils of Prussian militarism, would be like comparing Boston and Seattle! The sentence regarding the testimony of policemen in court is absolutely false — as false of Germany before the war as it would have been if applied to the United States. German prosecutors were accustomed to discount the testimony of policemen in court precisely because they were policemen.

Now, when the author of this textbook of modern history criticizes Germany and German conditions in other matters, what authority does he possess for a reader who knows at first hand the blunders he has fallen into upon the points I have just mentioned? If a person were in doubt, he would be apt to assume that the author was in error in every case, and was merely wildly prejudiced against everything German.

The geography textbook has 152 large pages and many good maps. In most respects it is excellent. I am able to criticize it intelligently because geography is a subject of which I have made a scientific study. A little over half a page is devoted to Germany. The geographical description of Germany reads as follows: 'The southern half of the German Empire lies on the Alpine plateau, from which rise several groups of low and much-worn volcanic mountains. The sandy lowlands of the north are covered with the drift of the old Scandinavian glacier.'

From this account it would be quite impossible to recognize either northern or southern Germany. The only volcanic mountains in our country are a couple of isolated and extinct mounds in southern Germany, and it is impossible to imagine what the author means by 'Alpine plateau.' I will cite only one more sentence: 'Breslau and

Cologne are great cotton-manufacturing centres.' It would be just as accurate for an author writing about the United States to say, 'Los Angeles and Buffalo are the centres of the American textile industry.'

I quote these examples merely to show that false statements regarding Germany are frequently published in America and taught there, and become part of public opinion regarding my country. Where errors of this kind are possible in respect to geography, history, and social conditions, errors regarding political conditions are quite as likely to get abroad.

One of the greatest untruths under which the German nation is now suffering is that Germany has incurred the guilt for atrocities and reprehensible acts in connection with the origin and conduct of the war, and that every German citizen is responsible for the invasion of Belgium, the devastation of northern France, and the campaign for annexation. This is not true. The German people and the German government would in my opinion do wisely to insist and to continue insisting that all questions regarding the guilt for the war be heard before a neutral tribunal, a tribunal which should have the right to require the presentation, not only of German evidence, but also of documents and sworn statements from Germany's opponents.

Germany is criticized for the manifesto issued by a group of professors early in the war, which denied the

atrocities alleged in Belgium. This manifesto has been bandied about in the newspapers of the world for five years. However, on July 27, 1915, a declaration signed by ninety high officials, leading statesmen, professors, and publicists, was presented to the Imperial Chancellor, and later published, protesting against annexation, and demanding that any peace should be accepted which left Germany's pre-war status unimpaired. This document, which I personally signed, has remained practically unknown.

Before Germany is judged by foreign countries, their peoples must be made to understand that, even before the war and throughout the war, there were two Germanys—a military Germany and a democratic Germany. Military Germany is crushed and will not revive. A person who is intimidated by the spectre of its threatened resurrection either does not know the present conditions in Germany, or he wishes to utilize the peace in Germany to continue war against that country. Democratic Germany, however, will not be able to survive unless her former opponents, who were able to win complete success in the war only after the United States joined their coalition, grant her the material and moral conditions that make such survival possible. These conditions are raw materials, credit, and the removal of those provisions of the Versailles Treaty that stifle every hope of Germany's recovery.

# THE CRISIS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

## I

I PASSED the months of March and April, 1919, in Paris. Can you guess by what remote symbol my imagination was obsessed during those two months? — the Tower of Babel! For the first time it seemed to me that I understood the profound significance of that passage in the Bible, which had always left an impression of enigmatic and slightly bizarre obscurity in my mind. I am almost tempted to say that during those two months I saw with my own eyes the confusion of tongues and dispersion of peoples actually come to pass in the very heart of Paris. Not until some later day shall we learn how many mistakes were made and how much time was lost by the representatives of all mankind at Paris, because they had not one, and only one, language with which all were familiar.

But a more serious matter than the confusion of speech was the confusion of mind. What a chaos! Those things which, to some, were good and righteous and just, were to others evil and vengeful and oppressive. The doctrines which during the war had been anathematized most vehemently, which had been made synonymous with Germany and her cause, reappeared, scarcely disguised, at the Congress, in the train of the victors, like official advisers of the policies to be followed in the reorganization of Europe and Asia. President Wilson's Fourteen Points, accepted on the conclusion of the Armistice, by victors and van-

quished alike, as the basis of the peace to be arrived at by mutual consent, proved three months later to be nothing more than an immense misunderstanding. Being a little vague in their author's mind and in the original draft, they were, day after day, ridiculed, discredited, distorted, sometimes applied in part, sometimes laid aside, now interpreted in one sense, and the next day in a sense directly contrary — and most frequently adopted with compromises which changed their meaning or reduced them to mere ironical plays upon words.

In this endless confusion, discussion, instead of allaying discord,\* aroused it by inflaming men's passions. From day to day one felt that the peoples concerned, whose unity the peace was supposed to reconstruct, were becoming disgusted with one another, and asked nothing more than to be left to themselves, each with its selfishness and its animosities. (I have often wondered what the capital of France would have been if the enemy's representatives had been admitted to the Congress, as they were to the Congress of Vienna, a hundred and five years ago.) After the confusion of tongues followed the dispersion of men. The nations turned their backs on one another, and departed, each to its solitary fate.

Such seems to be the tragic epilogue of the most tragic of wars. And yet, only six years since, in the early months



of 1914, Western civilization seemed to be a unit. We believed that we knew what we meant when we spoke of 'good and evil,' 'right and violence,' 'justice and oppression,' 'liberty and despotism.' And when Germany, in a frenzied outburst of pride and ambition, shattered that unity, we believed that we were in accord. But that was, again, a delusion. No sooner was the Armistice signed than the confusion of tongues became universal.

How did it happen? Why? What is this new Tower of Babel, which sees the ancient miracle reënacted at its feet? Such is the fateful question of life or death with which Western civilization is confronted. Let us try to solve it without fear and without shrinking; for it is a problem the solution of which demands, not only profound thought, but a fearless spirit.

## II

Numerous are they who lay the blame for this confusion of tongues upon Mr. Wilson and the idealists, of whom, in Europe, at least, Mr. Wilson was momentarily the idol. Some have essayed to represent the world-war as a war of principle; but all those pleasing doctrines, more or less celebrated, for whose advancement the war was supposed to have been fought, could have no other result, according to this school of thought, than endless confusion, when imported into a discussion of things political and military, in which it was necessary to grasp realities and not to go hunting phantoms. And the realities were the inevitable conflict of ambitions and interests, the unconquerable selfishness of nations and states, the supreme and final judgment of force. On the other hand, right, justice, the principle of nationality, the liberty of the peoples are the phantoms: mere words, when it comes to the great

conflicts of history which force, and force only, can decide.

This current was much stronger at the Congress than one would have said, judging by appearances alone. It was concealed; but it was functioning vigorously beneath the official phraseology, which was more or less courteous to the Fourteen Points and their author, but quite out of tune with opinions of the American President and his activity expressed in private conversations. But the strength of the current appears in the decisions of the Congress. The peace is the more or less harmonious result of divergent predispositions and ideas. But among these predispositions and ideas the most manifest of all — the one which has exerted the greatest influence and which has imparted its character to the various treaties concluded down to the present time — is that which might be called the 'Napoleonic' idea.

The peace concluded at Paris in 1919 did not, like that concluded at Vienna in 1815, undertake to reorganize Europe, according to a plan mutually agreed upon by victors and vanquished: it attempted to reduce to impotence the enemies of the victorious alliance by territorial amputations, by imposing disarmament upon the vanquished, by the creation of a certain number of new states, whose duty it shall be to hold in check the powers which were responsible for the world-war, and especially the most dangerous of them — Germany. This peace resembles those which were made by Napoleon during the last years of his reign (and which lasted so short a time) far more closely than it resembles the peace of Vienna, which was based on the principle of legitimate sovereignty. It is no exaggeration to say that the treaties signed at Versailles and at Saint-Germain are pure Bonaparte, tempered by a certain respect for the principle of nationality.

Whenever it was possible to take advantage of that principle, to create new states or strengthen old ones, it was done.

It is clear that such a peace, however excellent it may be in itself, bears very little resemblance to a peace based upon such principles as President Wilson and the idealists had in mind. It is clear, also, that the attempt to conclude a 'Napoleonic' peace, under cover of a discussion of principles which are its very antithesis, was certain to cause great confusion. The opponents of President Wilson are right, in a certain degree, when they say that, if the question of principles had not been raised; if the peoples had not been led to believe that 'justice' and 'right' could decide such a conflict; if everybody had boldly faced the 'realities,' the confusion of tongues would not have come to pass, and the treaty of peace would have been more coherent. But it remains to be seen if it was possible not to raise the question of principles, and if, as many people in Europe seem to think, justice and right, self-determination of peoples, the principle of nationality, the League of Nations, are all an invention of Mr. Wilson and the small knot of dreaming idealists, or something more profound. There lies the whole question.

### III

There is no doubt that, if Western civilization were disposed, following the example of certain periods and certain nations, to bow, always without discussion, to the decrees of the God of Battle, as being just in themselves, President Wilson and all the other idealists would have been embarrassingly in the way. Their action could not fail to put bounds to the sovereign and absolute rights which victory conferred over the political map of the

world. But such a conception of war and of victory is possible only in civilizations completely under the domination of the military element. Only men of war can look upon war as a game, the result of which is accepted beforehand as just, without discussion, and by a sort of professional convention. According to this theory, winning a war is the same thing as winning a game of cards. The victor is entitled to enjoy his victory in the same measure in which his adversary would have enjoyed it if the war god had pronounced in his favor; just as the lucky gambler is entitled to pocket the cash of the opponent, who, had fortune been different, would have taken his. That is why Napoleon, who was a great soldier, but a soldier pure and simple, thought himself entitled to destroy and remake enemy states, just as his adversaries would have utterly destroyed his Empire if they had beaten him.

But this theory of war can no longer be entertained by the people, the masses, the civil elements, in an ancient civilization like that of Western Europe. Nations cannot be interested in war as a game forming an end in itself, but must look upon it as a means of gratifying certain passions or of defending certain interests. Now, among these passions justice must have its place, for the very reason that war may readily do violence to it. Victory is capricious: it passes from one combatant to the other while, in most cases, the human intellect cannot grasp very clearly the reason for the change. Professional soldiers may accept these freaks of fortune; but peoples, on the contrary, will never agree that their property, their independence, their liberty, their existence hang on the result of a battle or a war; that is to say, of events to which no one possesses the mysterious key.

One understands, too, why the whole

history of civilization is an effort to erect for states and peoples, under varying forms, guaranties against the caprices of the god of war, and to withdraw them from the blind régime of omnipotent force. The solutions of this problem which have been put forward, while differing widely in form, can all, in substance, be reduced to two: either to limit the development of force itself, in such wise that one can regard with indifference the justice or injustice of these solutions because they can never seriously threaten the essential well-being of the vanquished; or to allow force to develop freely, but to subject it to a moral discipline which will prevent it from violating right and justice.

The first solution is the easier. To it many civilized peoples have had recourse in the past — in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, for example. The great writers on international law of the eighteenth century — Vattel, for instance — maintain that, if there be just and unjust wars, the justice or injustice of war is a question which concerns only natural law, that is to say, the conscience of sovereigns, and their responsibility at the bar of history and of God. In practice and in reality, these writers advised each belligerent, as a matter of convention, to regard the adversary's cause as no less than his own, and never to claim to be the representative of righteousness against force and violence.

This doctrine, superficially considered, may well seem to us absurd and almost immoral; but by what arguments did these authors justify it? They said that, without this convention, there was neither code of law nor authority to decide the question of right and wrong as between the belligerent states; that each people would be the judge of its own cause; and so each would be convinced that it alone

was in the right, and that all the offenses were the adversary's. Consequently wars would come to be endless and universal. They would be endless because neither party would yield until its powers were exhausted; and the one that did yield would yield only to begin again as soon as it was in a position to do so; for justice demands that all wrongs be redressed. They would become universal, because every people, being convinced that it was defending no mere political interest but the supreme blessings of life, would seek to make sure of every prop it could find.

Thus conceived and justified, we cannot deny that this doctrine is profoundly and humanly true, but only on one condition: that the war does not threaten the essential well-being of the belligerents. It would be absurd to ask a state to admit that its enemy's cause is as just as its own, when it is called upon to fight for its existence against an adversary who is determined, if victorious, to annihilate it.

Thus it was in the eighteenth century. The monarchies of that day waged a limited, conventionalized warfare which the strategists of the nineteenth century held in great contempt. But this conventional warfare was simply one method of making force less dangerous even in its most unjust caprices, by limiting the resources at its disposal; and of rendering useless the dangerous discussions concerning the justice of wars and of their results.

The nineteenth century shattered this limited, conventionalized conception of war: the French Revolution and Napoleon substituted for it what Marshal Foch calls 'absolute' — that is to say, unlimited — war, which recognizes as legitimate all possible methods of annihilating the enemy as rapidly as may be. This is a purely technical conception of war, evolved by military

circles, which succeeded in imposing itself temporarily upon the world, thanks to the upheaval of Europe caused by the French Revolution.

But the conscience of the nations was not slow to react, at the Congress of Vienna. That Congress was, despite certain errors, — as with respect to Belgium, — a very serious attempt to make the states of Europe and their relations subject to a body of principles which would have the effect of immunizing them from the most dangerous caprices of force. We forgot this too readily in the midst of the civil wars which rent Europe asunder during the nineteenth century. Indeed, people came finally to believe that the principle of nationality was invented by the Prince de Talleyrand, the better to deceive all the world. But the Prince de Talleyrand was a more profound intellect than his futile detractors imagine; he was, in truth, one of the most profound intellects in the political history of the century; and posterity has thus far failed to realize the immense service he rendered to Europe, by finding this principle of unity still living in European monarchy, and adapting it, by an ingenious generalization, to the needs of a period which had taken from monarchy a part of its consecrated character and created other forms of government. Legitimate sovereignty, conceived as the consecration of governments by lapse of time, was to the Congress of Vienna a sacrosanct principle before which force, even victory itself, must of necessity bend the knee. At that Congress it played the part which the Fourteen Points should have played at Paris. By accepting it as the basis of the new order of things, the Congress of Vienna avowed, much more frankly and definitely than the Congress of Paris, that force alone, as Talleyrand said, creates no right.

#### IV

After the French Revolution, then, Europe adopted the second solution of the great problem of force and justice in the world. Powerless to revert to the limited, conventional type of warfare, it subjected force to a principle destined to prevent it from committing excesses. This principle, derived from the past and adapted to the present, was strong enough and vital enough to ensure thirty years of peace to Europe. But it was not strong enough to control completely, and unaided, the life and history of Europe.

The Revolution of 1848 gave birth to a new principle, or, to be more exact, to several new principles, which had germinated in obscurity during the thirty-three years of peace, safeguarded by the principle of legitimacy. They were the principle of nationality, the right of peoples to be free, and the obligation to respect their will. These principles had their birth in a noble sentiment, but they were all very vague, and had not, like the principle of legitimacy, a solid foundation in tradition and reason. By setting themselves up in opposition to the principle of legitimacy, as the representatives of a new and better world, they succeeded in weakening it, without the power to take its place and perform its functions with equal force.

More and more, as these new principles permeated the universal conscience, Western civilization came to regard as essential to its happiness a social order in which force should respect certain principles of right and justice. But it did not know how to formulate these principles with the clarity and definiteness which they required in order to govern the world; it could not recognize any authority charged with the duty of deciding doubtful questions, and of imposing

respect for these principles upon the passions and selfish interests which might have sought to violate them. In its eyes justice and right were not empty words: they were, on the contrary, living, but still sadly confused, realities, which it ardently desired, but knew not how or where to obtain.

As the principles capable of imposing respect for right and justice grew weaker, the material resources which the states had at their disposal increased to a fabulous degree. The doctrine of 'unconditional' war, the military institutions of the French Revolution, the development of industry and of wealth, created gradually the most gigantic armies that the world had yet seen.

Thereupon a terrible tragedy began in the history of Western civilization — a tragedy which the great writers on international law of the eighteenth century, unconscious prophets, had predicted to their heedless grandsons. The first act of this tragedy was 1870, the last and greatest of the wars growing out of the turmoil in which the Revolution of 1848 had involved Europe. For the first time a great power declared that it considered as of no effect a treaty imposed upon it by force, at the end of an unsuccessful war, because it violated an indefeasible right of the people of Alsace and Lorraine. For the first time the doctrine that there are such things as rights of populations, superior to force, of which governments cannot dispose, issued from men's lips and in revolutionary speeches and programmes, to become the guiding principle of the politics of one of the great states of Europe.

It was a tremendous revolution in the history of Western civilization; but, like all revolutions, it should have been carried to its extremest consequences. A new body of international law should have been created, with its doctrines and its organs, which should have de-

fined the rights of peoples before which force must lay down its arms. If we admit that a treaty is invalid when it violates these principles, and if we permit a people to define its own rights in its own way, then will come to pass what was foreseen by the great writers on international law in the eighteenth century: no treaty will have any value whatsoever, and a state of war will become permanent and peace an absolute impossibility. Every state will declare to be of no effect, as contrary to right and justice, all treaties which do not happen to suit it. It will simply have to adopt the definition of 'right' and 'justice' which its own desires and ambitions demand at any given time.

Europe did not realize the perilous situation which was destined to develop gradually as a result of this great incomplete revolution. France maintained as against Germany, arrogant in her ever-increasing strength, the principle that the right of the peoples is to be regarded as sacred; but she dared not go further and lay the foundation of the new international law which would have justified her protest by making it more definite. Weakened by the violence which she had undergone, by internal disturbances, by the distrust which encompassed her, by the ineradicable contradiction between the tendencies which had rent her for three centuries, she retired within herself, in an attitude of immutable but passive protest.

Europe looked on at this species of inactive duel between right and force, with a curiosity not exempt from a sort of malevolent irony, as if it were a matter which concerned Germany and France alone. But gradually an increasing sense of discomfort spread throughout Europe. Cast a glance at the forty-three years between the treaty of Frankfort and the world-war; how deep-seated was the universal distrust



pervading those years, which should by rights have been among the most brilliant in history! Why was it that the vast riches accumulated in that long period of peace gave to the world neither tranquillity nor happiness? It was because during that period Europe enjoyed only an apparent peace. The war declared on July 18, 1870, really continued without remission. The treaty of Frankfort was no more than an armistice. A peace which, in the eyes of the vanquished, is but an iniquitous imposition of violence, is a mere truce so long as the vanquished has some chance of shaking off the yoke and of making an attempt to wreak vengeance, either alone or with allies. The sole guaranty of the treaty is the force which imposed it. In fact, from the treaty of Frankfort sprang the unlimited rivalry in armaments and the diplomatic contest for alliances which resulted in the world-war; both were simply desperate efforts to preserve by force a situation which force had created by imposing that treaty upon the vanquished.

And the tragedy has not come to an end with the world-war — far from it. We must have the courage to see and to speak the truth. That war, waged for the triumph of justice, threatens to extend this tragic situation throughout Europe. It has shown us how strong, even in their lack of definiteness, are the sentiments which we express by the words justice, right, liberty of the people. Except for these vague phrases, and except for the emotion they have the power to awaken, no state would have been capable of arousing the various peoples to the enormous effort of the war. The strength of these sentiments was so great that even the aggressors tried to utilize it. They did all they could — in part successfully — to make their people believe that they too were fighting for justice and for

liberty. The very enormity of the act of violence of which the world was a victim for four years, and the extent of the danger incurred by all the belligerent states, were sure to carry to extremes in men's minds the sentiments of justice and right. But the exaltation of sentiment was not accompanied, either during the war or afterward, by any serious effort to give precision to the meaning of the words. In what sense should we understand the right of peoples to dispose of themselves? What must we understand by 'nationality' and by 'self-determination'? And what are to be the principles and the instruments of the international law of the future? These are the points upon which no one has sought to acquire precise information. All the peoples are left at liberty to define right and justice as they please; consequently they have found in their consciences only a very weak resistance to the dangerous passion which victory was fatally certain to arouse in them. This passion, most dangerous in itself, and by reason of the paroxysmal heights to which victory has excited it, is the one which seemed to be a great force, whereas it is in reality a great weakness, of the Western world — its bland and artless confidence in its own omnipotence.

## V

This point is so important for a true comprehension of the terrible crisis in which Europe is now struggling, that I shall dwell upon it for a moment, at the cost of making a slight digression. Western civilization has made great strides in the past century: its learning, its wealth, the power which it has achieved with the aid of its discoveries and its inventions, have intoxicated it. At the same time that it called upon justice to regulate the relations between nations and to reign over the

world, it gradually lost all idea of what was possible, and of the limitation of its powers in all spheres of activity. The world-war, a ghastly mirror wherein Western civilization might detect all its deformities, was a decisive proof of this tragic contradiction. It was to the powers attacked a war of right and justice; but it was also, for everybody involved, a series of frenzied assaults upon human nature, in order to obtain from it the impossible; as if the impossible had become the simplest and most natural thing in the world.

How amazed future historians will be at this amazing blindness! We took millions of men, educated in peace and for peace; we tore them, day by day, from their homes, from their families, from their private affairs, and, after a few weeks of instruction, we hurled them into the horrors and terrors of the bloodiest war that has ever ravished the earth; we subjected societies accustomed for three or four generations to the enjoyment of full political and economic freedom to the most arbitrary despotism. Certain men, all of them raised to power during this period by the hazard of the most trivial parliamentary combinations, disposed, during three or four years, of the property and the liberty and lives of millions of other men, with the boundless power wielded by Louis the Fourteenth or Diocletian; yet no one was surprised.

Day by day it was necessary, in order to carry on the war, to consume the wealth accumulated by three generations. In four years Europe destroyed the ingenious system by which it drew raw materials and harvests from other continents and supported a dense population; it converted the credits which it possessed all over the world into debts; it lost a part of the clientele which throughout the world fed its industries and kept its agriculture alive; it condemned itself

to depopulation and to prolonged destitution. But the masses went through the crisis, being fully persuaded that the world was the richer for it, and that Western civilization was capable of causing wealth to flow even from destruction. Victory carried to the point of frenzy this blind confidence in the possibility of the impossible. The war came to an end with the complete destruction of two empires and the almost complete destruction of a third. A fourth empire had already disappeared during the war. These four countries governed almost one half of Europe and Asia. Nothing takes longer and is more difficult to create than a government; but how many people have seen and measured with their eyes the enormous abyss which is yawning in Europe and Asia? The great majority regarded all these occurrences as perfectly natural; and, especially since the victory, has had no fear that the consequences of this catastrophe would affect the whole world. It was well acquainted with the ministers and diplomatists who were to meet in Paris; it knew that they were men, because it had spewed them out and assailed them with insults, like servants, a hundred times before that day; yet it expected, and still expects, from these men, with naïve confidence, a miracle which only gods could bring to pass. The peoples have believed, and still believe, that a few ministers and diplomats, assembled in Paris, pen in hand, before a map, could in a few weeks reconstruct the work of centuries, create a new order out of the chaos and void left by the crumbling of four empires, and restore peace and prosperity to the world after such horrifying destruction!

## VI

Everybody recalls this frenzied excitement of the nations after the vic-

tory, because everybody took part in it, more or less. The craving for peace and justice was not extinct in men's hearts; but the principles which were to have bestowed that peace upon the world were sorely vague and ill-defined, and they became still more confused through the action of the passions roused by victory, especially through the action of that exalted confidence in their own omnipotence which victory inspired in the various governments. It was so easy for each people to persuade itself that whatever it desired — even vengeance and oppression of the vanquished — was right and justice! The statesmen, skeptics by profession, had never had a very lively faith in the principles of liberty and justice about which they had prated so much during the war; they believed in the superior rights of force, all the more strongly because they imagined that they possessed it; and because they were subjected, after victory, to the influence of the military element.

In fine, the confidence of the peoples in their omnipotence — the prevailing malady of the age — being over-stimulated by victory, was destined inevitably to infect them. Napoleon did not believe in the boundless power of his will until after the legendary triumphs of a unique career. But he was of an epoch when men were more distrustful of themselves than we are. Nothing on earth could have made the men who negotiated treaties in those days believe that there would come a day, toward the end of a war, when they would be as gods, creating states and nations by a frown. And yet not one of them had the slightest difficulty in deeming himself a god, for at least a year of his life.

Thus it is that the peace of Paris, in the end, contrary to all preconceived ideas, bears a much greater resemblance to Napoleon's great treaties than to the peace of Vienna. The subtle, ingenious,

and sometimes chimerical schemes of force had much more weight therein than the application of any moral principle. We cannot say that the principle of nationality, which should have played in the Congress of Paris the rôle played at Vienna by the principle of legitimacy, was altogether neglected. But the attempt was made to combine it with the self-seeking designs of force by creating, in the name of the principle of nationality, great states too often composed of divergent and more or less hostile national elements. The peoples looked on at what was being done because they had no comprehension of it; indeed, they could have none, for they themselves had no precise conception of what they demanded in the name of right and justice.

But the sentiment which they meant to express by those words still exists, and is beginning already to manifest itself anew. The tragedy predicted by the great writers of the eighteenth century is bound to continue, spreading now from France and Germany to the whole of Europe. There is no room for illusions: the Germans will adopt toward the treaty of Versailles the same attitude that the French adopted toward the treaty of Frankfort. They will say that it violates the principles of President Wilson, and the rights of free peoples, as they define those rights to suit the necessities of their cause; that it is, therefore, null and void, and that they submit to it simply because it is imposed upon them by force.

All the peoples who are dissatisfied, for any reason, with the treaties which have reconstituted Europe will do the same; so that there will be no other guaranty of public order than force.

The consequences of such a situation it is easy to foresee, at least in their general tenor; and they seem likely to be especially serious in the states which the treaties of Versailles and Saint-

German have built upon the ruins of the former Austrian Empire. In the construction of these new states the mixture of the principle of nationality with the crafty schemings of force is more evident than in the mere transformations of former states. There have been constituted states which are half-national, like the great states of the West, and half-imperialistic, as were the former Austrian and Russian empires, in the hope that they will checkmate the expansion of Germanism.

The future will tell us in what measure this hope can be fulfilled; but without seeking to assume the mantle of the prophet, one may for the moment wonder what authority these states will possess over the peoples which belong to other nationalities. Ancient states may be able with comparative ease to impose their sway upon a different race, because they have the prestige and authority born of lapse of time — according to Talleyrand, the most potent source of legitimacy. Although the awakening of the spirit of nationality in the Austrian Empire began in the first half of the nineteenth century, the prestige of the crown of the Hapsburgs was able to hold together until 1914 Slavs, Hungarians, and Germans, in a single state. But it would be rash to believe, for example, that Professor Masaryk's republic will enjoy the same prestige in the eyes of Hungarians and Germans that the Conference of Paris has ascribed to it; that the Hungarians and Germans will regard it as their legitimate government and will hold themselves bound to obey it. Sacred in the eyes of the Czechs, as the expression of their nationality, and therefore legitimate, the new republic will be, in the eyes of the other nationalities, a foreign government, imposed upon them by force, without a single element of legitimacy.

Every people will consider itself at

liberty to rebel whenever it has the power. Thus the foundation of these new states, so far as their non-national subjects are concerned, will be mere brute force, unless they discover some means of satisfying the national consciences of all the nationalities included within their boundaries, as Switzerland has succeeded in doing. Aside from this possibility, which at this moment seems most problematical, these states will be compelled to apply to their non-national subjects a system of government much more harsh and oppressive than that of Austria. And this will be still another paradoxical result of a war in which so much blood has been shed in the cause of liberty of the peoples!

## VII

So, then, the confusion of tongues which has come about at Paris is the consequence of a deep-seated and serious disease which is undermining Western civilization. This disease is manifested in an impotent aspiration toward a world-order based upon justice. This aspiration is vigorous and sincere, for it has sprung, not from a morbid degeneracy of sentiment, but from a vital necessity. But for it, Western civilization would be enslaved, and would in time be destroyed by the most monstrous aggregation of the elements of force which the genius of man has ever been able to create. But this aspiration is impossible of fulfillment, for the doctrines and institutions essential to such fulfillment are lacking. The Congress of Vienna discovered one principle which was capable of bringing a little order into war-ravaged Europe. The Congress of Paris has not discovered such an one, because all those of which it tried to make use were vague expedients of the moment.

The crisis is serious, and cannot be averted unless Western civilization

shall find some principle of union — a common language, an Esperanto of the spirit if not of the flesh. Now such a principle can be found only in the principle of nationality, understood and loyally applied in its strict, definite signification, as a principle of right, after the style of the principle of legitimacy; or in universally accepted doctrines — supra-natural, so to speak — which will make it possible, and even desirable, for different races and peoples to live under the same government.

This is what the Bolsheviki are trying to do in Russia, when they seek to maintain the unity of the Empire by substituting for the dynastic principle the idea of the fraternity of the proletarian masses; that is to say, by substituting one universal idea for another. The attempt will probably fail; but it is not, in itself, so mad as people seem to think, especially from the standpoint of the Russians, who rushed to save the Empire from dismemberment after the overthrow of the dynastic idea, which, down to the world-war, held in check all separatist and nationalist tendencies. In this way we can understand why so many of the Tsar's generals have taken service with the new government.

I shall not try to draw aside the veil of the future and guess which of the two solutions has the better chance of success. But I do not consider that I am putting forward too bold a hypothesis if I say that neither will be able to bestow upon Western civilization the peace and good order of which it stands in need, so long as men's minds shall continue to be swayed by this overweening confidence in the omnipotence of the modern man, and by the intellectual confusion to which such confidence gives birth. So long as this confidence and this confusion shall endure, the tongues of men will become more and more confounded upon earth, and

the generous doctrines of universal fraternity will serve only to kindle anew the flames of war.

Such has been the tragic destiny of Europe from the French Revolution to the Russian Revolution: as soon as an idea of fraternity among men appears, wars, within and without, break forth anew, implacable and never-ending. How is this contradiction to be explained? Did not the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries derive this inspiring idea from Christianity, which inundated the world with love and benevolence? Aye; but they modified it by taking from it the profound pessimism which characterizes it in Christian doctrine, and substituting therefor an exalted confidence in human nature and in the unlimited power of its genius.

Therein lies the whole danger. Men have never felt themselves to be brothers in good-fortune, in pride, in ambition, in success, in the emotion born of conquest and of enjoyment of earthly blessings; but in the face of danger, in misfortune, in times of trial. Christianity could bid men to regard one another and to treat one another as brothers, because at the same time it told them that they were weak and imperfect creatures, needing to assist one another and always menaced by the enemy they held concealed within themselves. The nineteenth century, on the contrary, told men that they were brothers, but told them at the same time that they were destined, one and all, to be monarchs of the universe. And in order to be monarchs of the universe, men and nations, instead of embracing like brothers, threw themselves upon one another, arms in hand.

But the crucial days are drawing near; the peoples which make up Western civilization may to-day rediscover a deep-rooted sentiment of brotherhood in the consciousness of the common



misery into which they have fallen. This is not the material poverty, dire as it is, which threatens directly the less wealthy peoples of Europe, and indirectly those most favored by fortune: it is the slavery to mere matter, which lies, an intolerable burden, upon us all. In order to attain the summit of power, in order to become rulers of the universe, we have created, by fire and the sword, instruments of formidable strength. They were intended to serve us as slaves: to give us wealth, power, freedom of spirit, dominion over time and space, ubiquity. They have given us certain of these almost divine privileges; but they have become our masters. Created to serve us, they rule, as tyrannical despots, all of Western civilization, awaiting the moment to devour it, a living victim.

What was, in reality, the phenomenon of over-production before the war, which was one of the causes of the awful catastrophe? It was simply production and consumption over and above all needs, which had become obligatory for Western civilization, and was forced upon whole peoples, in order to keep their economic system in operation. It was not the machinery which functioned to satisfy our needs: it was we who were fain to work and increase our needs in such measure as was necessary to keep all the existing machinery at work.

The war broke out. It has been defined as a war of *matériel*. The definition is exact enough, — at least, in a certain sense, — because weapons played a greater part in it than in other wars, to the disadvantage of the human factor. As in peace men were slaves of their trade, — of the lathe or the locomotive, — so in war they were slaves of the trench and the cannon. The length of the war, the torrents of blood that were shed, the prodigious expenditure, the superhuman fatigue of the troops—

these are other consequences of this tyranny which the instrument exerts over its creator.

And, the war being at an end, do we not believe that this despotism of matter will manifest itself in new and unanticipated shapes? The most brilliant of civilizations threatens to be wiped out for lack of coal; intellectual life is strangled by the price of paper! The masses are in revolt to-day against this shocking tyranny; indolence, strikes, the hope of obtaining higher wages for fewer hours of work, are simply frenzied attempts to break the chain of this new slavery. But to-day, as always, the slave who tries to break his fetters, in an outburst of rage, does no more than wound his bruised limbs.

The secret of the way to recover freedom lies deeper than this. It is necessary that the instruments turn about and serve the master who created them, instead of directing him; and they will not so turn until the day when the master shall cease to ask them to give him a power incompatible with the laws of life and of human nature.

The questions of peace within and of peace without lead to the same conclusion: the first essential condition of salvation is a return to a clearer and more precise consciousness of the limits set by nature and by actualities to the longings and ambitions of Western civilization.

The task is hard: all the spiritual energy of our age will scarcely suffice to accomplish it; for we must needs overcome many passions, selfish motives, and prejudices. Let religion, art, literature, science, and politics unite to accomplish this mission and to save Western civilization from the blood-soaked destruction which otherwise may well befall it anew.

Let the League of Nations organize speedily, and with the necessary force to conquer the distrust and hatred

which encompass it. Let it succeed, above all, in solving the capital question — that with which all others are connected: the question of armaments. It is in this matter of army organization that the frenzy of the unlimited, the disease of which Western civilization is dying, has manifested itself most violently and most menacingly. It is in the matter of army organization that the sense of what is possible, and of what I have called the human measure of our efforts, should first of all be born anew. If the unlimited rivalry in armaments between the great powers shall be renewed, at the present stage of economic exhaustion, political turmoil, and uncertainty between peace and war in which Europe is struggling, it is hard to see by what miracle we can avert a general war, which will bring the whole world, victors and vanquished, down to the same level of misery. The result of this policy will be bankruptcy, famine, and either a social revolution or a horrible despotism.

There is but one way to escape this danger: a general agreement between all the powers, Germany included. The principles which should underlie the agreement would seem to be two: an engagement on the part of the great European powers not to exceed a certain maximum of military and naval armaments, which should be the same for all, whatever the size of their population; and the creation of a code of maritime law, under the guaranty of all the powers, which will make the sea the common highway of mankind.

However great the obstacles in the way of reaching this agreement, they cannot be beyond the moral and intellectual powers of Western civilization; for we could not live on except on the condition that they are overcome. But if we do overcome them, the League of Nations will be the temple of justice, erected by wisdom, confronting the Tower of Babel, erected by pride; and in the shadow of that temple men will learn again to speak a common tongue.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### A SMALL BUT COSTLY CROWN

Possibly, like Mr. Salteena, I am 'not quite a gentleman.' I know that once Englishmen thought that no Americans were gentlemen, and there may have been some truth in the idea; though I know of no more dreadful confession to make than that of Mr. Salteena. At any rate, I used to look at 'royalty' and the nobility as Mr. Salteena did; and I used to pay rather particular attention to the 'small but costly crowns' upon their heads. Indeed, do not all of us Americans do the

same? Do we not expect some outward sign of rank, and some obvious manifestation of nobility, on the part of a titled person?

But this was all before I lived a little in England. When I came back and was met with the query, 'How did the English aristocracy act in the war?' I was almost as much at a loss to reply as any true-born Englishman. 'Has anyone written a book about it?' they said to me. 'Is it not true that the noblemen showed up better than would have been expected; that they are not degenerate after all?'

Ah, Mr. Salteena, not only must he wear a costly crown, but it must indeed be a 'sinister son of Queen Victoria' who wears it. We will not allow to the English noble that similarity to all the rest of mankind which he has, and likes; he must not be insignificant, at least in the eyes of a foreign people.

I told my questioners that the aristocracy was just like the rest of England. That answer produced quiet, but not satisfaction. So my own curiosity was aroused, and I asked an English friend.

'Nobody here,' my friend replied, 'has been sufficiently interested in our aristocracy to write a book, or even an article, about them in connection with the war. I don't see why they should.' (My friend, I fear, is a bit of a Bolshevik.) 'It's an entirely American point of view to suppose that the aristocracy, whoever they may be, are peculiar persons whose conduct in war differs fundamentally from anyone else's. You must know from your own experiences that they were just caught up in it like all the rest of us, and, except for a certain outrageous lot who were "unworn by war-work" in the *Sketch* and *Tatler* every week, behaved fairly well, and no differently from anyone else. Bretton's father [Bretton is the son of a nobleman who once held cabinet office] was a sergeant in the R—. That sort of thing was not usual, though. It savors too much of advertisement for the average Englishman. So generally they just got commissions and were killed off like the rest.'

Thus did my friend reply — a hopeless democrat he, not to call him anything unkind. He is, I might say perhaps in partial extenuation, a member of an old county family.

I asked another Englishman, a rather close acquaintance of mine, and the son of a prominent manufacturer. His answer was altogether different. He

rode to the rescue gallantly with a mention of the performances of Lord Beaverbrook as publicist, Lord Northcliffe as propagandist, Lord Ernle as grower of the nation's food, and Lord Rhondda as savior of the same food. But I was forced to point out to myself, though I forebore to remind him, that those four peers, all having been born commoners, and all having been ennobled presumably for distinguished governmental service, are an example merely of the soundness of the British common stock, and not at all of the achievements of the aristocracy.

'Do you remember,' said I finally to myself, 'the Duke of Omnium, whom you used to admire so much? Trollope, his creator, was a veracious gentleman. And do you remember how modest the Duke was, in spite of his great position? and how, when his wife, the Lady Glencora, complained of his humility, he asked if she would have him wear his coronet every day?

'Or do you remember his friend the Lady Rosina de Courcy, the only person in England who treated him as a friend and not as a great man; and how Lady Glencora asked what they talked about when they took long walks? (For the Lady Rosina was an old lady.)

"Cork soles," answered the Duke. "We talk about cork soles. Lady Rosina has a favourite shoemaker in Silverbridge who makes most excellent cork soles for her half-worn boots. She has nearly persuaded me to try them."

This is too sobering a draught for you, fellow American, who, like me, wish that the Duke of Omnium had worn his coronet every day, and that the inward grace of nobility (when it dwells in coroneted heads) should be supplemented at all times by the concrete sign of rank. What glamour it would add to life if one could recognize a countess by her coiffure and a Knight of the Garter by the blue ribbon on his

breast, when they stroll across Hyde Park! Who has heard the cottager's 'my lady' to the lady of the manor, or seen the curtsy that some little children are still taught to drop to their betters, without wishing that some visible token would give the ticket-collector on the railway a chance to show his passion for inequality, and would allow even you and me to forget our democratic simplicity and salute on the street 'my lord.'

Or do we fear (*O Postume, Postume!*) that nowadays the gateman is too full of social insubordination, and the consciousness of the incredible number of shillings he gets every week, to count any man his better? Or must we admit that there are titled heads that would not look worthy of a coronet? Surely the years since King Arthur made glorious the knighthood, or King James invented baronets, have not fled away to any such ill end.

Yet I remember meeting once a member of parliament, a wealthy and a very hearty man, who had made his money in gas-fixtures and who to this day lights his house with gas — sturdy sign of independence and lack of false shame. With a modicum of his fortune, presented judiciously in one large sum, he had saved his party in a lean year and had helped a dozen statesmen into parliament. He has become Sir Henry Burrell. He belongs to that same order of 'knights bachelor' to which Sir Uther Pendragon and Sir Philip Sidney belonged. In this age, one realizes, it is as splendid a service to His Majesty to light the realm by gas as it used to be to preserve it with the sword. But as I conversed with Sir Henry's wife, with Lady Burrell, I was so strongly reminded of a neighbor of my childhood, a Mrs. Brown, that I called her Mrs. Brown — twice.

No, I should not want to give the insignia of rank to Sir Henry Burrell.

#### A MAID IN THE HOUSE

'Don't go to the door, children! Let Katie.'

Thus early began my aversion. In her place Katie might have been all very well; but in our house, as all along our street, she was a spoil-sport. What child — who is allowed — but flies to answer the door-bell as his dearest prerogative, interviews tramps, scrapes with his tongue, as long as an ant-eater's, the cake-batter bowl and the ice-cream dasher — in short, is always under foot? Perhaps Katie would n't have minded his licking the dasher, either — unless, as he suspected, she saved it for herself; she might have given him a lump of dough to impregnate with rich grime; but his mother, so considerate of Katie at his expense, always called him away and whistled him down the wind. Nor could he, like a boy whose mother does her own work, recount at the dinner-table the news he had heard. Katie might repeat it to Annie, and Annie to the subject of it, her employer. It must not be mentioned that the Lutheran minister wore a wig, because Katie is a Lutheran. Patent medicines must not be laughed at, because Katie has a bottle of Pain-Bouncer on her bureau.

It is a ticklish matter for mother, too, to know whether or not to dust the living-room. If she does, it may seem a reproach to Katie's thoroughness; if she does not, it may seem to be throwing extra work on Katie; for dusting, whether pro or con, was not mentioned in the bond. It is the same with the desserts: to suggest that mother make her lovely charlotte russe may seem a reflection on the cottage pudding we had yesterday. Father, too, has learned to care, and eats what he does not like, lest silent aspersions be cast.

Maids are in the house, not of it. They are unnaturalized citizens. Their

dreaded air of censorship may be the unavoidable result of having never been consulted about the arrangements. 'I told Katie our meal hours, and how fond we are of griddle-cakes for lunch.' Why not, 'I asked Katie whether she likes griddle-cakes, and whether she thinks we'd better have supper half an hour earlier'?

A partner would not be always tacitly condemning his enterprise, as so many maids, in what I believe to be subconscious protest against their humiliating lack of responsibility, incessantly and exasperatingly do. A co-worker, whose criticisms were invited and weighed, would not be muttering them with blackened brows behind the roller towel.

'The whole relation of master and servant,' says a California sage, 'is false.' Is this the reason that there is so frequently on the employer's side an unbecoming but not ungrounded fear of some causeless loud outbreak, some unseemly defiance? Though so sorely ill at ease, we stick to our hair-shirt; to our curiously prized little perquisites of being called 'Mrs.' and 'Miss,' while we address to a total stranger the 'Katie' of intimate friendship; to our privilege of sitting at a different table, with flowers on it, served with silver forks, while only plated ones are found in the pantry drawer; and of not introducing Katie to the friends she serves, as we would introduce the doctor or tutor, whose business is equally unrelated.

Is the sedentary leisure to grow bilious worth it? Is it worth while to have to walk three miles a day and do setting-up exercises as a substitute for housework? worth the stifling of that hospitable impulse to invite the two old ladies calling to stay to tea, because we've had all the company we dare that week? Or, if we ask them, is it worth the uneasy wonder whether that

old back-ache of Katie's will be coming on again? Is it worth the enlarged grocer's bills, when we wish already that we had n't seen that picture in the *Survey* of the dark-eyed little Rumanian child starving on his hospital cot?

The operation for maidicitis is all but painless for all concerned. Few, indeed, are looking for the post; and many another career, less stunting and repressive, even though poorer in creature-comforts, lies open. Freedom lies in that quarter, privacy and individuality for the maid; freedom, too, for the household, to joke, to meddle, to be noisy, to have company; freedom to lock the house and with a clear conscience prolong the motoring trip and sup at an inn; freedom, above all, from the accustomed damper of continuous mild embarrassment, as we muddle along at the too-delicate task of perpetuating a worn anomaly in semi-human relations.

#### ASPARAGUS FOR DINNER

It is really a wonder that city people can get any pleasure out of eating. Yet in the spring they probably do hail the thought of asparagus for dinner with a degree of pleasurable anticipation. When the housekeeper realizes that this vegetable is in the market, she goes to the telephone and orders what will come to her marked 'S grass.' She goes through the hollow form of asking, 'Is it nice and fresh?' and the grocer goes through the equally hollow form of replying, 'Yes, madam.' Then she hangs up the receiver, conscious that if it is not nice and fresh, plenty of salt and pepper and butter will make it appear so when it comes to the table.

Or the housewife may go marketing for herself and see the bunches of asparagus standing in shallow trays of water, the stalks respectably tied together with fibre, and each the exact match of



its neighbor. She may break a stalk to see if it is tender, and the clerk may assure her that it is 'absolutely fresh, cut this morning.'

Having a purely commercial and gastronomical relation to the asparagus, neither is fired by that phrase; but never again can I be told that asparagus was cut this morning without in imagination seeing the bed from which it was cut. There is a romance about such a bed that is wholly lost upon the city dweller. It has been lost upon me for far too many years; but now, at the staid age of forty, I have come into an asparagus-bed.

One very early spring Sunday, strolling around our newly acquired farm, Paul and I discovered, sticking up through the winter mulch, the lilac-colored stalks, and we exclaimed in chorus, 'Asparagus for dinner to-morrow.' Even then I did not know all the rapture that phrase was to embody. 'From garden to skillet' is my motto; so, putting the water on to boil, I took a long thin knife made very sharp for the purpose, and a shallow basket, and went forth.

My asparagus bed lies 'eastward in Eden,' with several rows of pear and cherry trees to the west and the newly ploughed garden to the south. Off to the north stretches a valley, with an alluring road winding past red and yellow houses, good brown ploughed fields, and greening meadows. Beyond the valley hills rise, tier on tier, in ever-

paling tints of purple and blue, till they merge into the dim outlines of the White Mountains, receding or advancing as the sun and the clouds play upon them. It is hard to keep my mind on even such enchanting things as asparagus-tips, invitingly pink and green.

Holding a tip lightly between the fingers of one hand, while with the long sharp knife deftly severing the stalk well underground, would be joy enough; but it is only a small part of the delight involved in the process. Over my head, so near as to make collision seem inevitable, skim lovely blue-satin swallows, their orange-pink breasts flashing as they dip; from the nearby garden fat robins pull luscious angle-worms, bracing themselves for the effort; on the peak of a shed-roof a song sparrow pours all the joy of life into a torrent of melody; while from the orchard comes the intimate, emotional song of blue-birds, house-hunting. One day a less familiar note drew my eyes to the pear tree at the end of the row, and there sat a scarlet tanager, making a most dramatic splash of color against the white blossoms. And over all comes the soft, sweet 'air from Hesperides blown thro' the cherry trees.' All this and much more — blue sky, ever-changing tints of budding spring, fragrance of a hundred growing things — is released by the phrase 'Asparagus for dinner' when one has one's own bed.

Yes, it is a wonder city people find any pleasure in eating.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The first of the four volumes of the great pheasant monograph of **William Beebe**, Honorary Curator of Ornithology at the New York Zoological Park, has recently come from the press of Witherby & Company in London. This sumptuous volume was made possible by the generosity of Colonel Anthony R. Kuser and is illustrated by studies of unexampled merit, engraved in full color by the best European and American artists. William T. Hornaday, the well-known scientist, speaks of it in the Zoological Society Bulletin thus:—

First of all, it is something new under the sun. It pulses with life and interest and with the charming personal touch of the author. . . . The science of ornithology is made fascinating to the general reader of Mr. Beebe's abundant text, demonstrating that when science is written by a superior hand it can be both interesting and delightful.

The monograph, which seems to us quite comparable with Audubon, is sold at \$250 the set. The enterprise is not a commercial one; the great and varied expense of field-investigation, travel, and manufacture cannot be met by the sale of these books. But the set is incomparably worth having.

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**Sisley Huddleston** is an English journalist of high professional standing. He represented the *Westminster Gazette* at the Peace Conference and his despatches attracted widespread attention. Mr. Arnold Bennett, quite as shrewd a judge of politics at large as in the appraisal of character in his Five Towns, writes that he considers Mr. Huddleston's reports the most useful which came from Paris during the whole period of the Conference. A number of our readers may care to draw from their libraries Mr. Huddleston's *Peace-Making in Paris*, which is well worth reading. Reverend John Sheridan Zelig, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Troy, New York, in succession to another friend of the *Atlantic*, Reverend Joseph H. Odell, served for a year as a chaplain in the A.E.F. His article will be found especially interesting by anyone who is speculatively concerned

with the effect of war on character. We need hardly add that his story is an accurate report of his attractive inquiry. Mr. Grundy, quite as discerning, and, perhaps, shrewder than his consort, desires, in this instance, to remain personally unidentified.

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**Owen Wister** very rarely, nowadays, breaks his silence, but we are glad to say that he is at work upon a book of very special interest at this time. **Marianne Gauss** sends this, her first contribution, from Greeley, Colorado. The third American Portrait in **Gamaliel Bradford's** new series will be James McNeill Whistler, a subject worthy of the subtlety of the appraiser. **Edwin Bonta** is an architect of Syracuse who was engaged in relief work in Russia during the war. He traveled extensively through Russia, and had, moreover, the advantage of knowing the Russian language.

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It was not to be expected that the 'Story of Opal' would be received without incredulity, and the general enjoyment of it has amply outweighed both the off-hand skepticism of people who are sure that at six or seven they could not have written nearly so well, and the careful and intelligent criticism of constitutional unbelievers. We do feel, however, that many of the arguments brought forward are quite beside the point. Nobody denies that it is natural for a child to imagine fanciful stories of its parentage. But those who maintain that Opal is the daughter of Mr. Whiteley, and speak of chance 'geographies' and 'primers' as the sources of her inspiration, are building a considerable superstructure on a very slender foundation. Opal's familiarity with names and dates in French and English history may be parrot knowledge, but it is none the less extensive, and her own explanation has at least the merit of adequacy. The occasional fragments of the ritual of the Roman Catholic church, entirely foreign to the camp where Opal lived, have also to be accounted for. Most of all, — and this is the real point of the

discussion, — how did a child of such parents, so brought up, come by her style of composition, distinctive by its amusing tags and quirks, but far more by its singular appropriateness and unspoiled charm? As a Californian correspondent truthfully and beautifully remarks: 'Who Opal's parents were, I don't pretend to know, but this I do know — that grapes are not gathered from thorns, or figs from thistles.'

In the *Atlantic* not half of the narrative can appear, but in the autumn we shall publish the diary complete, and then critics can bring the book to court, and lovers can take it home.

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**Nathaniel Horton Batchelder** graduated from Harvard in 1901, and since its foundation has been head-master of Loomis Institute at Windsor, Connecticut.

Unlike many advocates of new ideas in education [he writes], I succeeded under the old régime at Hackley, and as department head at Hotchkiss; and Loomis practices what I preach, both as to content and course of study (we do not prepare for trades, however), and 'self-help.'

**Olive Tilford Dargan** returns to the verse which founded her reputation, from the pleasant stories of mountain-folk which the *Atlantic* has been printing with general commendation. 'My Bow Saves Egypt' is the last chapter which we are printing of **Robert Haven Schaffler's** interesting and amusing adventures. With the other *Atlantic* chapters it will form part of a volume soon to be presented by our neighbors, Houghton Mifflin Company, under the happy title 'Fiddlers' Luck.'

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**Howard S. Bliss, D.D.**, is head of the Protestant Syrian College in Beirût. To his energy, patience, and wisdom is due the remarkable record of the Protestant College, which was not molested by the Turks during the war, in spite of the fanatical religious prejudice by which it was constantly assailed. **Joseph Seronde**, Professor of French at the University of Pennsylvania, was commissioned lieutenant, senior grade, in the Naval Reserve and was ordered to Lisbon in May, 1918. Later he became Naval Attaché, Acting, and thus enjoyed exceptional opportunities during his stay for an intimate acquaintance with men and

events. Many of the details he relates of the murder of the President and the attempt at the restoration of ex-King Manuel to the throne, etc., are quite unknown outside of Portugal. The *Atlantic* welcomes the opportunity to publish this agreeable paper from an observer whose systematic habits led him to jot down comments on people, scenes, and government under the freshness of first impressions. This material was intended for letters and not for publication, but it has since been put into form well adapted for a book. **Paul Rohrbach** is a German publicist and lecturer, and a member of the militant-Socialist party.

In 1915-1916 [he writes], I caused a comprehensive collection to be made of enemy propaganda, in which strong Pan-German ideas were used to demonstrate that the programme of Germany was a menace to the rest of the world. These emanated from England, France, Italy, America and from other countries. I appealed to Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg to make a vigorous official announcement drawing a clear line between government sentiment in Germany and the programme of the Pan-German Nationalists. This he refused to do because he feared it would impair the sentiment of unity of the people.

**Guglielmo Ferrero**, the most distinguished of contemporary Italian historians, has contributed many illuminating papers to the *Atlantic*. He sends this contribution at our request, from Belgium, whither he went to take part in an important congress relating to European rehabilitation.

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The mute inglorious lexicographers who, as long experience assures us, form a not inconsiderable portion of the *Atlantic's* audience, have taken the magazine to court on a nice question of orthography. The matter is put in a nutshell by Mr. H. K. Raymanton of Worcester, who kindly writes us:—

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In Mr. Root's article, 'The Virtue of Intolerance' in the March *Atlantic*, I find the expression, 'worth a tinker's damn.' Owing to a misconception as to its origin, the expression is used here, as elsewhere generally, incorrectly. It refers not to the supposedly traditional profanity of tinkers but to a technical operation of the trade. The old-time peripatetic tinker in mending a hole in a kettle or pan was accustomed to take a bit of the housewife's bread and mould of it about the hole a doughnut-shaped form, called a dam. Into this the molten solder was poured, the dam preventing its spread. The heat of the solidifying solder naturally reduced the bread to powder, which, after

the finish of the operation, was blown away as being of no further use. Hence the appositeness of the expression, 'not worth a tinker's dam,' referring to a thing that has completely outworn its usefulness.

It is a well-ordered attack, and we bring up our reserves at once. We quote the *Oxford New English Dictionary* as the ultimate authority. Under TINKER — 'not to care or be worth a tinker's curse or damn, with reference to the reputed addiction of tinkers to profane swearing.'

And then our most learned authority, referring to the derivation suggested by our critic, styles it 'an ingenious but baseless conjecture suggesting another origin.'

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The invitation implied by R. S. V. P. to discuss the insistent question of boys has prompted a number of excellent comments. Where we should like to use a dozen, we select one, coming from a scientist who touches nothing which he does not illumine, Edward S. Morse of Salem, Massachusetts.

I have read with the keenest interest the article entitled 'Boys' in the March number of the *Atlantic*. The writer's observations and explanations of the boy's attitude toward the various problems that confront him, and the reactions that arise in meeting these problems, are admirable. Every thinking man recalls his own boyhood and realizes the truth of the various indictments as to his feelings and behaviors in his relation to family, friends, and the world at large.

The author politely invites responses, and so I venture to dissent from his statement that 'boys are not young savages.' The boy in his impulses and behaviors is rigidly sustaining the recapitulation theory of von Baer, so eloquently defended by Agassiz, namely, that the young of higher forms of life resemble the mature condition of lower forms of life in their respective groups. The embryo bird, with its wing fingers widely apart and in some terminating in claws, recalls certain reptilia lower down. The early stages of toads and frogs, with swimming tail and gills on the sides recalling the dominant character of fishes, may be mentioned as well-known illustrations. Of course everyone is familiar with the monkey characters of an infant: arms and legs of proportionally the same length, divergence of the big toe, soles of feet facing each other, absence of a frontal sinus, wide diverging wings of the nose, nostrils opening forward, powerful grasp of fingers, and later with his monkey stages of climbing, destructive instincts, mischievousness, biting for offense, all sustaining the recapitulation theory. By no chance is he ever called a rhinoceros, giraffe, or any other mammal, but all ways, 'You little monkey!'

If one connotes the dominant characteristics of

a boy, he cannot fail to recognize the marks of a savage. The boy is lazy, cruel, superstitious; he loves a banging noise and makes it; he loves bright colors; he is indifferent to bodily cleanliness and has no regard for the property rights of others, raiding with other boys his own father's grapevines. His instincts are tribal. In the cities these tribes, or gangs, are led by boys who are the most valiant fighters, chiefs, in fact. These tribes have names usually derived from the streets or regions of the city; and in Portland, Maine, for example, when I was a boy, one was known as a Clay Cover, Brackett Streeter, Hog Ender, etc. At times it was dangerous for a boy to venture outside his stamping-ground. Fierce fights took place between these gangs, with missiles of snowballs, sticks, and stones. Hundreds of windows were broken, and the police often found difficulty in suppressing these fights.

The boy takes naturally to savage weapons, the stone, sling, lance, club, and especially to the bow and arrow; and curiously enough, in the use of the bow he invariably uses the lowest savage release of the arrow by using the thumb and finger and not the modern method of three fingers on the string. The neolithic people, whose remains are dug up in the peat bogs of Denmark, I discovered, used a knobbed arrow, proving the practice of the lowest savage release. The contemptuous treatment by the boy of the female of his kind points to a savage trait. His drawings of a man by single lines for body, arms, and legs, are absolutely identical with the drawings of Indians to-day, and to the petroglyphs and prehistoric rock-inscriptions of the man-child of ancient times. If he draws a face in profile, the eye is represented as seen in full face, again shown in the drawings of ancient Egyptians. He is a victim of subjective phenomena, and when he deliberately tells his mother that he saw a big bear in the garden, paining her by the first lie, her grief would be greatly assuaged if she realized that it was an ethnologic lie and perfectly innocent of any commandment-breaking.

It will be understood that to these generalizations there are profound exceptions. There are savage tribes in Africa and in New Guinea who are rigidly honest and truth-telling, as there are boys who are not cruel and do not lie. The Boy Scout movement, 'Our Dumb Animals,' and journals for boys, have accomplished much in modifying the savage traits of boyhood, but the principle remains the same.

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The 'monstrous regiment of women' (as John Knox used to style the royal advance-guard of the present democratic army) which seeks to pull Mrs. Keyes off the fence seems to be nicely balanced by the serried cohorts who strive to hold her on.

*From a lady in Providence:—*

I regret to see you wasting your talents upon such an article. I should be ashamed to sit upon any fence, and am thankful that your husband voted right in spite of you. Thank God I was

brought up on the right principles — Temperance, Anti-Slavery, and Equal Suffrage. It is a pity that you have not kept more abreast with the times.

*From the newly appointed State Chairman of the Woman's Democratic Committee in New Hampshire:—*

I feel just the way we do when we say, 'The child is born and is a boy.' The article is a corker. You may well be proud of yourself, and the *Atlantic* of itself.

*From a lady in San Francisco:—*

The only good argument I have ever heard against suffrage is that so many nice women are against it; but if many nice women are as illogical as you are, Heaven help us!

*From an Iowan reader, whose whole letter our readers would find very interesting, had we only space for it:—*

The trouble seems to be that women do not sufficiently honor and respect themselves and their high opportunities. They look with contempt upon their so-called 'monotonous drudgery' and imagine that men's work is more interesting; though what could better deserve the term 'monotonous drudgery' than the occupation of the average man, it is hard to conceive. As law and custom now permit women to join men in every field except that of politics, it is the forbidden which is most attractive; a mysterious delightful region from which men exclude women for purely selfish reasons.

*From a teacher—a man—in the high school at Santa Barbara, California:—*

I was an anti-suffragist for years, and voted against suffrage in this state; but after women were given the ballot, I became president of a study club whose object it was to help women adapt themselves to their new duties. . . . I can't help writing you that your article is the most sensible one on the subject that I have ever read, and will, I believe, do immense good in the districts where suffrage is to be tried for the first time.

*From a Massachusetts lady who devotes sixteen pages to the subject:—*

It makes my blood boil with rage to read such an article. What kind of a man made the remark about women getting the bloom rubbed off? . . . You are utterly unfair when you talk about paregoric, and successful men do not neglect their children. I am surprised at such an opinion.

*Poetically, from Rhode Island:—*

You seem to have it all by rote,  
Just why a woman ought to vote;  
Do use a little sense!  
I pity your adversity,  
But think it's mere perversity  
That keeps you on the fence!

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Our poets are still our soothsayers, and we are proud to put forward Mr. Frank

Parker Stockbridge as one who sees the *Atlantic's* world steadily and whole. He writes:—

#### TEMPORA MUTANTUR

(On the cover of the March, 1920, *Atlantic*, appears the startling legend, 'Present Edition 125,000 copies.')

One hundred and twenty-five thousand!

The figures leap out from the page.

This number gigantic *can't* mean the *Atlantic*?  
What change has come over the age?

Yet it looks like the same old *Atlantic*,

The volume our infancy knew  
(In the earlier eighties, we fancy, the date is,  
It first met our juvenile view).

Skowhegan subscribed to a copy;

Through Old Town its sinuous track  
Left a tenuous trail in the wake of the mail,  
From Saco to 'Quoddy and back.

Like a seer of eld it stood, bridging

The gap between pulpit and pew—

Of Culture the preacher, the mentor and teacher  
When Culture pertained to the few.

But—a hundred and twenty-five thousand!

By the ghost of great James Russell L.

We beseech you, explain to a reader from Maine  
What it means, what these numerals tell.

Has Culture caught up with the census?

Or has the *Atlantic* emerged

From its ægis of class to appeal to the mass—  
From its time-honored pathway diverged?

One eighth of a million subscribers!

It would n't surprise us from Hearst,  
But when the *Atlantic* cuts up such an antic  
Don't blame us for fearing the worst.

'Of course, you have seen the *Atlantic*!'

That once-deadly thrust of the snob

No longer may serve one who seeks to unnerve  
one

Too lately emerged from the mob.

When Dr. Jacks opens those club-rooms

Where coolies and Lascars and Kurds  
With pundits pedantic all read the *Atlantic*  
And weld a world's welfare with words,

We shall meet them and greet them as brothers,

For, whatever our station or caste,  
Uncle Sam's sons and daughters between the  
broad waters

All read the *Atlantic*, at last!

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The *Atlantic* was issued in 1857 at 25 cents a copy. In 1864 the price was increased to 35 cents. With regret, and after a year's serious consideration, we feel obliged to make a further increase to 40 cents—the annual subscription for the present, at any rate, remaining at \$4.00.